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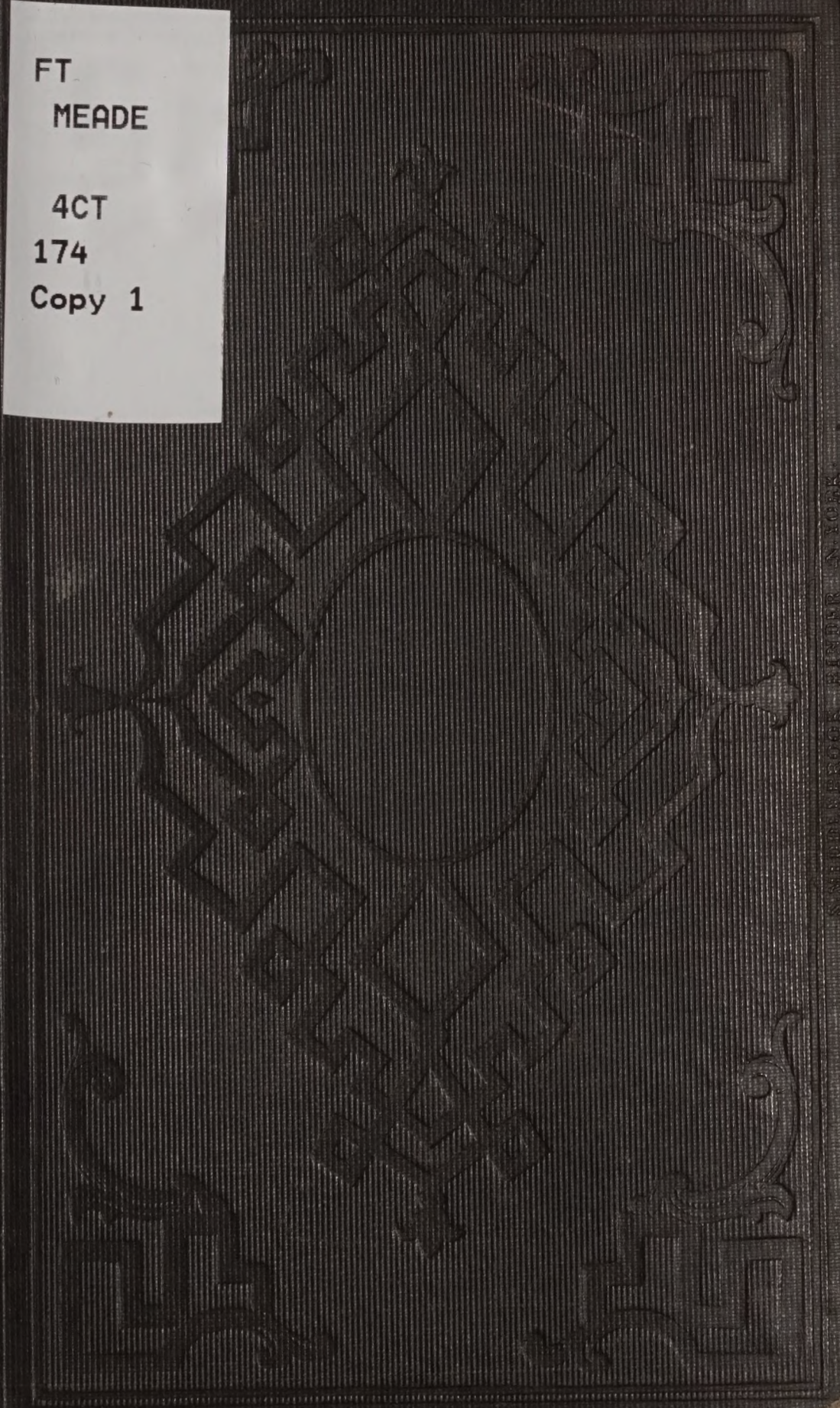

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MY SCHOOL-BOY DAYS

AND

MY YOUTHFUL COMPANIONS.

We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
And summer's days when we were young;
Sweet youthful days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.

WORDSWORTH.

NEW YORK:
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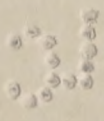

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MY SCHOOL DAYS.

CHAPTER I.

My first school was one in which "smal Latin and less Greek" were taught, but our good old mother tongue was made the leading object of our master's care. Here it was that I laid the foundation of my little pyramid of knowledge. And, perhaps, I could not have been placed in a situation more likely to ensure a well-laid foundation. The first object to be gained on the part of a teacher is, the attention of his juvenile disciples: that effected, he may mould their minds as he pleases. And truly the very appearance of my first master, Mr. Brown, was sufficient to engage attention. He was a tall, portly man, with an ample face, and a keen eye, over which hung a brow that plainly told his scholars, if they were remiss in their duties, his able right arm would wield the cane or the rod, with which his desk was ever graced to their sorrow. I have often thought, in later years, that his face responded to this sentiment of the poet, Cowper:—

"Plants raised with tenderness are seldom strong;
Man's coltish disposition asks the thong;
And without discipline the favourite child,
Like a neglected forester, runs wild."

Still, with all this, Mr. Brown had a kind heart, and to me he was especially merciful. It has often been my boast, that I never "tasted his cane or his rod." On one occasion, however, I richly deserved it, and it was to his kindness alone that I owed my escape.

It was a fine afternoon in spring, and, tempted by the beauties which nature unfolded around my path, I resolved to roam abroad at pleasure. I did so for some little time without compunction. I gazed at the lark, as she soared upwards to the skies, hymning her note of praise, with delight; and gaily chased the bee and the butterfly, as they flew from flower to flower in search of their honied sweets and pleasure. At length, however, my heart smote me that I was doing wrong; but what was I then to do? The hour for taking my seat at the desk honourably, was gone by, and I could not recall it. It was a miserable thought, and, after retracing my steps toward the school, I stopped, seated myself, on a stile, and wept.

The place I chose for this act of voluntary penance was within sight of Mr. Brown, and, espying me from the window, he forthwith despatched a messenger to recall me to my duty. But, no! I fancied that I already saw him flourishing his rod, and could not venture within. His messenger, also, confirmed me in my fears and my obstinacy. Possessing those feelings of inhumanity, so common to boyhood, he assured me, exultingly, that "master would surely give me the birch, and that all the boys would be pleased to see me

wince." I could not doubt his veracity, so I only wept the more, and resolved that they should not have that pleasure; at least, on that day.

Whoever errs must, sooner or later, be called to an account for his transgressions. Young as I was, I felt this truth; and, after spending a sleepless night, I resolved manfully to meet my punishment, as soon as the school-bell again called me into my master's presence. Nor was I deterred by the repeated assurances from my fellow-scholars, as I passed along, that I should certainly "catch the rod." I went, but I shall never forget the feelings which possessed me as I passed over the threshold of my school-room. They were a mixture of shame and fear, both of which were evident in my countenance. However, I proceeded to hang up my hat, and to unstring my satchel, with a tolerable degree of fortitude. I had already performed these preliminaries when I was thus summoned to the desk:—"F——, come here." With an alacrity worthy of a better cause, I obeyed, my eyes involuntarily cast upon the floor. There was deep silence all over the room, and anxious expectation. But it was disappointed. Bidding me look up, my kind-hearted master demanded—as he put on one of his peculiar lowering frowns, before which many an urchin culprit had trembled—whether I thought I had not acted very wrong? "Yes, sir," was the bold reply. "Then go to your desk, sir," he rejoined, as a smile half played upon his lips, and he flourished

his awful rod over my head, "and if you acthus again, rest assured you shall not escape due punishment." "Thank you, sir," I replied, and, seating myself at my desk, resolved never to play truant, nor to risk the vengeance of Mr. Brown again.

It is the wisdom of all, whether in youth or in manhood, when they err, to acknowledge their errors, and that not only with respect to man, but still more to God. If mankind acted thus, generally, how much sin and misery would they escape! But, instead of this, it too frequently happens, that one crime receives the cloak of another, by which the sinner hopes to hide it. He forgets that the eye of the Almighty is all-seeing, and that if he could ascend up to heaven, or make his bed in hell—if he could take the wings of the morning, and dwell beyond the utmost seas—and if he endeavoured to wrap himself around by the thick darkness of the night, still he could not hope to escape the vengeance of Him whose presence is every where, and to whom the thick darkness and the broad glare of day are one.

I cannot think, however, that I owed my escape from the rod of Mr. Brown solely to my having frankly acknowledged my error, for I have known others do the same, and yet receive the smart of its infliction. The truth is, I was his prime favourite, and, perhaps, it was from this cause, chiefly, that the urchin crew longed to see me whipped for my folly. Envy ever waits upon favouritism like a shadow, and I have frequently felt its effects in

bitter taunts and sly pinches. By the elder boys, especially, I was ironically called their "young master," and they would frequently add, that I should look a fine fellow in the desk, and especially if I put on "old Dickey's spectacles." As I was their junior by several years, and, moreover, of a diminutive stature for my age, I felt these taunts severely, and would sometimes have given all the marbles I had in my pocket not to have been a favourite.

Still this was only a momentary feeling; at least, I was pleased at being the pet of Mr. Brown, and my face has been lit up with pleasure, when, as he frequently did, he held me up as an example to other boys. "Ned is the boy for study," he would familiarly say, on these occasions; "I wish you were all like him, and then my cane and rod might be thrown behind the fire." But my chief triumph was when any friends came to see his school. As soon as I saw them pass the threshold, I knew what would follow—that I should certainly be called upon to exhibit before them.

My chief skill, at that time, was in orthography. Entick was at my fingers' ends, and after bidding me mount my stool, that I might be seen, my kind-hearted master would direct his visitors to put any words they pleased to me, assuring them that they could not puzzle me. Many a trial of skill of this kind I have had, and, after having come off triumphantly, Mr. Brown would invariably sum up the exhibition by bidding me spell a word not to be found in the multiplied lexicons in the whole

world—Honorificabilitudinity! Having accomplished this great task to my own and my master's satisfaction, I would sit down amid the plaudits of the visitors and the increased envy of my fellow-pupils. After this exhibition, indeed, I never failed to come in for a double share of ironical taunts. No sooner were we dismissed than the boys would crowd about me, and while some amused themselves by patting my hat over my face, others would call upon all around to observe what a fine fellow their young master was. Such conduct, on their part, exhibited the natural tendency of the human heart to envy, which their unsophisticated natures would not permit them to conceal; but, at the same time, it had this salutary effect—it checked my vanity. I was then too young to reflect upon this; but I have since thought that it was by no means wise, on the part of my teacher, to show an undue partiality for one to the disparagement of all the rest. It was well meant; but he was not aware what bad passions were called into action by his kindness, and to what persecution he subjected his favourite. But this was not endured long. Having acquired all he could teach, I was about to be sent among strangers. The parting words of my first master, as he grasped my tiny hand, were:—"Ned, thou hast been a diligent boy, and if thou continuest to be so, I have no doubt thou wilt make a figure in the world; for honour and rewards are ever obtained by diligence."

CHAPTER II.

My new master, Mr. White, was, in every sense of the word, a second parent. He had the fear of God before his eyes, and he was sensibly alive to the importance of his charge. Hence he would not receive more pupils under his care than he could inspect himself; feeling that he could not properly delegate his trust to others.

I well remember the day when I went to this school. It was a beautiful morning on which I travelled to the village where my new master resided, and even had I not been of an ardent, hopeful, and cheerful disposition, the scenery would have been soothing. Everything, as we passed along, was beautiful to look upon. At the foot of the village, we passed under a verdant grove of chestnut trees; then over a river whose meandering streams might be seen for many a mile; then ascended a gently rising hill, having on each side undulating fields, which were here and there overshadowed by the giant limbs of the oak, and by a great variety of forest trees indigenous to our native soil, and at length we halted before my future master's gate. Unlike most boys, my heart beat high with hope as we alighted, and I felt that, although separated from my parents, I should yet be happy.

Nor did the appearance of Mr. White remove that feeling; rather it confirmed my hopes of happiness. There was nothing of that austerity about him which is by some

deemed essential to form the schoolmaster. His face was calm and contemplative, and his manners such as indicated at once the scholar, the Christian, and the gentleman. His appearance was, indeed, so pleasing, that, as I looked at him, I thought that I should love him; not knowing then, that to love was better than to fear, and more likely to ensure my obedience and happiness. And, as his manners and appearance were pleasing, so also was his conversation. There was nothing of that rhetorical boast about him, which is the characteristic of the profession, and which, unhappily, seems necessary, in the present state of society, to ensure success. Instead of running about to every nook of his dwelling and premises to show what advantages his pupils would derive from being placed under his roof, he seated himself calmly in his chair, and conversed with me in language so kind and affable, as at once won my confidence and regard. He then took me by the hand, and led the way into the school-room.

Now, the thought of what companions I was likely to have had long occupied my attention. I knew, indeed, that they would be boys; but, the question with me was, wha sort of boys: how many would be big, and how many little, and whether any were so little as myself. The first thing I did, therefore, when I went into the school-room, was to give a broad stare at my new companions. Instantly I observed there were about twenty, and that they were of all ages, from my own upwards. At the same time, I observed that

they all seemed very happy, and were very respectful to their master. I was reflecting upon this with childish satisfaction, when Mr. White, taking my hand and placing me full in front of them, observed, while every eye was directed full in my face, "I have brought you a new companion—one who is younger than most of you; be kind to him, and I hope he will be fond of you, and of your school, when he knows more of us." Mr. White, added: "As it is usual to give an extra half holiday when a new pupil arrives, perhaps you will have no objection to such a treat. All who would wish it, will be pleased to hold up their hands."

Every hand was then held on high: for who loves and enjoys a holiday more than school-boys?

"All, I declare," said Mr. White, pleasantly; "and now all who do *not* wish it, will be pleased to hold up their hands."

Not a hand was seen, for all thrust them into their pockets as by instinct.

"None, positively," resumed our master, laughing; "well then go, and our young friend may, if he wishes, accompany you."

I nodded assent, and dropping one tear as I parted with my parent, followed the joyous youths to their place of pastime, and in a few minutes, who in the wide world could be more happy than we? One flew his kite, and another whipped his top; some were employed in cricket, while I and others were busied round the chalky ring, and all were as happy as the bee that hummed his pleasure as he

whizzed by our ears. It was a little world of delight, for none cared for the morrow; the passing moment was all and everything to us. Like the giddy world at large, we laughed as time hastened on, and heeded not its rapid strides.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. White had said to my parents, that he superintended the actions of his pupils in their recreations with the same vigilance that he did their studies in the school-room. This was not mere boast. No sooner was he set at liberty, than he appeared with a book in his hand, and seated himself in a summer-house erected for the purpose, at the corner of the play-ground, from whence he might observe all that passed. His face, however, assumed such a deep, thoughtful expression, that, as I looked at him, I considered all might do as they pleased, and yet escape his observation. But it was not so. A short time only had elapsed before all were summoned to the door of the summer-house, and William Burcell bade to take the prominent place in the group.

"Now, William," said our master, as we thus stood before him, "I have called you to this what may be deemed high station among your companions, in order that you

might give us a specimen of your powers of oratory. Repeat, for I know you can, the beautiful lines of Cowper, on cruelty to animals. William hung down his head, and mumbled out—

"I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessy sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail,
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
And charged, perhaps, with venom, that intrudes—
A visitor unwelcome—into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose,—th' alcove,
The chamber, or refectory—may die;
A necessary act incurs no blame.
Not so when, held within their proper bounds,
And guiltless of offence they range the air,
Or take their pastime in the spacious field;
There they are privileged; and he that hunts
Or harms them there, is guilty of a wrong,
Disturbs the economy of Nature's realm,
Who, when she formed, designed them an abode.
The sum is this;—If man's convenience, health,
Or safety, interfere, his right and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
Else they are all—the meanest things that are,—
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first;
Who in his sovereign wisdom made them all.
Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too."

At this point William grew pale and stopped, and it was only at the imperative command of our master that he continued:—

"The spring time of our years
Is soon dishonoured and defiled; in most
By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand
To check them. But, alas! none sooner shoots,
If unrestrained, into luxuriant growth,
Than cruelty, most devilish of them all.
Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act,
By which Heaven moves in pardoning guilty man;
And he that shows none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it, and not find it, in his turn."

"Well, William," resumed our master, "you have at length got through your task; but why did you mumble so, and halt in the midst of it? Did you think the piece not worth repeating?"

"No, sir," replied William; "I think it very good."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. White; "and doubtless it is very good, for it contains a fine lesson on humanity, which a boy before me would do well to follow. Can you tell which boy it is among you, William?"

"No, sir," rejoined William, as the colour flew into his hitherto pale cheeks.

"What, add sin to sin, William!" exclaimed our master gravely. "I will venture to say that there is not a boy before me who did not at once perceive that your confusion denoted guilt. Follow me, boys."

Mr. White led the way, holding William by the hand, till at length he halted over the fragments of a poor butterfly. As all stood around him, he continued:—"I will not ask you, William, who has been guilty of this atrocious act, lest you should add to your guilt by telling another falsehood. Boys, as I sat in my summer-house, I saw this poor butterfly gaily flitting from flower to flower in your neat little gardens, and I imagined, as I saw it thus happy, that if it had reason and speech, it would say:—

'I love those good boys who are playing around,
And I wish that their bliss may last long and abound,
For every sweet flower I alight on with glee,
Was reared by their skill and their labour for me.'

"Ah, hapless insect! as thou wast thus enjoying the labours of these 'good boys,' one of them, out of wanton cruelty, grasped thee in his rude hand, and destroyed thy pleasures and thy life. That boy was William Burcell!"

As Mr. White uttered this last sentence, his countenance betrayed such deep anger and determination, that the culprit trembled before him, confessed his fault, and began to beg pardon.

"What mercy," asked our master, "did you show to this mangled insect?"

"None, sir," replied William, now evidently deeming frankness his only hope of escape from punishment.

"Then how can you hope for mercy?" replied Mr. White, "for it is the merciful alone that can obtain it. However, it is not for me to avenge the death of this poor butterfly. It was not my creature. All the skill and ingenuity that I possess, could not produce half so beautiful and wonderful an insect. Oh! William, William, you have destroyed one of the fair creations of infinite Wisdom, and that out of mere wanton sport. And what, think you, would your parents say, if some one, hardened to pity, should with rude hand destroy their beloved son William? Would they not cause him to be punished?"

"Yes, sir," replied William; "for I know they love me."

"And think you, then," continued our master, "that God does not love his crea-

tures? Mean though that poor insect may seem in your eyes, he tenderly cared for it, and your wanton deed is noted down in his book of remembrance, to be punished on some future day, if his pardon is not obtained. Let me exhort you then, William, to seek pardon for the wanton outrage you have committed on this his creature, and for the falsehood by which you endeavoured to conceal your fault."

William promised to obey, as the tears flowed down his cheeks; and Mr. White took the opportunity of giving us all a word of advice on the subject of cruelty to animals.

"Mankind act in general," said he, "as if every creature but man is insensible to pain. Hence it is we see the finished gentleman, alike with the sturdy wagoner, belabour his horses to urge their speed or their strength. Hence it is, also, we see the boy spin the chafer, and crush the butterfly. It was from the love that God bears to his creatures, that we find in Scripture so many injunctions to mercy on the part of man. Under the law of Moses, the Jew was enjoined to assist the beast of a foe, if he saw it in a helpless situation, and if any one discovered a nest of young birds he was to let the parent go free. This proves that the meaner works of the Creator are the objects of his care.

"And there is yet another powerful consideration why we should not indulge ourselves in acts of cruelty towards the brute creation. It has been well said, that he who can look

with pleasure upon the agonies of an unoffending and unresisting animal, will soon learn to view the sufferings of a fellow-creature with indifference. He will acquire the power of viewing them with triumph, if that fellow-creature should become the victim of his resentment, be it just or unjust. Such an instance I have known in life. When I was a school boy, like yourselves, one, whose name I will veil under the title of Inhumanitas, a boy about my own age, was ever employed in destroying reptiles and insects. If a frog hopped across his path he hopped after it, till it was crushed beneath his foot; and if a fly was seen in the window he would mount the desk, and not descend till it had expired between his clenched finger and thumb. The very boys used to hoot him for his cruelty; but it was to no purpose. He waged war with them for their humanity, and many of them smarted beneath the effects of his wanton cruelty. And such as Inhumanitas was at school so is he now in the world. From tormenting insects and reptiles he has learned to torment men. To offend him, is a sure method of obtaining his vengeance, if it is within his power to inflict it. As, therefore, boys, you value your own happiness and prospects in the world, show mercy to the brute creation."

While our instructor was thus haranguing his little flock, William Burcell's cheeks were still suffused with tears, and I am glad to say that his after conduct proved that he had profited by the lesson. He even became cele-

brated among us for his humanity, and, on one occasion, I heard him repeating these humane lines of Aikin's over a drowning fly, as he rescued it from danger :—

"In yonder glass behold a drowning fly!
Its little feet how vainly does it ply!
Its cries I understand not, yet it cries;
And tender hearts can feel its agonies.
Poor helpless victim! and will no one save,
Will no one snatch thee from the threatening grave?
Is there no friendly hand, no helper, nigh?
And must thou, little struggler, must thou die?—
Thou shalt not; whilst this hand can set thee free,
Thou shalt not die—this hand shall rescue thee;
My finger's tip shall prove a friendly shore;
There, trembler! all thy dangers now are o'er;
Wipe thy wet wings, and banish all thy fear;
Go, join thy buzzing brothers in the air."

Such was the first admonition which I heard from my new master, and I was so struck with it, that when I resumed my place around the chalky ring, I fairly forgot my play, and turning to the boy next me, I asked whether master was not what they call a philosopher?

"Perhaps so," he replied; "but mind your game, or you will lose."

But the question was one of importance to me, and, therefore, I turned to a second for its solution.

"I cannot tell," he answered; "but you see he can lecture us. It is your turn: knuckle down."

Still intent upon gaining a reply to my question, however, I appealed to a third, who, seeing the game virtually stopped, bade me go and ask the master himself. The hint seemed a good one to my childish fancy, and without waiting to take my turn in the ring, I approached him for that purpose, amidst the laughter of my companions. "Please,

sir," said I, as I stood before him, "are you not a philosopher?"

The question seemed so strange to my instructor, Mr. White, that, putting down his book, and raising his spectacles to his forehead, he eyed me attentively for some time before he replied. "Am I not a philosopher?" he at length reiterated; "my fine fellow, I can hardly answer your question. I am not known in the world as such; but only as a schoolmaster. Here I am, as you see, in the midst of you all, shut out from intercourse with society, and little cared for by that society. But what are your notions of a philopher?"

"That he is a great man," I replied.

"You are doubtless correct," rejoined Mr. White; "but how could you think me a great man?"

"Because I have heard my parents say, that true greatness consists in wisdom, and that those who are wise are called philosophers."

"Your parents," replied our master, "have formed a correct notion of true greatness. The wise are ever to be preferred before the mighty, as we learn from the sage Solomon.—'There was a little city,' says he, 'and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it. Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city.' But the world does not think as Solomon thought, for he adds: 'yet no man remembered that same poor man.' So, then, you see, that wisdom does not always gain

celebrity, and that every wise man is not placed by the world in the rank of philosophers. Your question is one, therefore, I can scarcely answer; but, at the same time, I should be glad to be looked up to as such by all the boys under my care, for then they would perhaps pay greater attention to my lessons. Indeed, for this end," he added, jocularly, "I will assume a proud station: I will pronounce myself to be a philosopher among little boys! I trust you will all be willing disciples."

"All," thought I, as I turned round upon my heels.—I thought I was there alone. But no! It appears, when I directed my steps to the summer-house, a silent signal had gone the round of the merry group that some particular fun was going forward, and that each had moved on silent tip-toe in the rear. On turning round, therefore, I not only met their full gaze, but was greeted with a loud laugh, and a louder bravo! For the moment I felt abashed, but this was soon succeeded by a glow of pride. On retiring, I found that I had at once jumped into notoriety. All formed the ring around me, and unanimously dubbed me "the young philosopher," one of them, named Charles Murphy, wittily observing, as they dispersed to resume their games, that he hoped I should not prove a second Diogenes.

"No fear of that," I replied to myself, and, taking up my neglected taw, knuckled down, and won the game amidst chagrin and applause.

CHAPTER IV.

"Art thou a man professionally tied,
With all thy faculties elsewhere applied,
Too busy to intend a meaner care,
Than how to enrich thyself, and next thine heir;
Or art thou (as, though rich, perhaps thou art)
But poor in knowledge, having none to impart:—
Behold that figure, neat, though plainly clad;
His sprightly mingled with a shade of sad;
Not of a nimble tongue, though now and then
Heard to articulate like other men;
No jester, and yet lively in discourse,
His phrase well chosen, clear, and full of force;
And his address, if not quite French in ease,
Not English stiff, but frank, and formed to please;
Low in the world, because he scorns its arts;
A man of letters, manners, morals, parts;
Unpatronized, and therefore little known;
Wise for himself, and his few friends alone—
In him thy well-appointed proxy see,
Armed for a work too difficult for thee;
Prepared by taste, by learning, and true worth,
To form thy son, and strike his genius forth."

COWPER.

I can almost imagine that the poet who penned the above lines was acquainted with my instructor, and that he intended them for his picture. By his taste, learning, and worth, he was, indeed, qualified for the difficult task of forming the character of youth, and of calling forth their talent. But he was not always successful. Many a boy was placed under his care, while I was living beneath his roof, who proved deaf to his instructions, and hardened against his reproofs.

There were three in particular, who used to be called "the trio" by their companions, that caused our master much grief of heart. These were Limbert, Martin, and Jackson.

The trio all entered our school at one season, after the Midsummer vacation. They

came from different parts of London, and, singular enough, were all the sons of widows. But, though strangers to each other on their arrival, they soon verified the old saying, that

"Birds of a feather
Flock together."

In a few days they exhibited their characters, by one of the most guilty actions a school boy can commit.

It was on a brilliant morning, in the month of August, that we assembled in our school-room, and Mr. White, having called over our names, found the trio missing. As they slept in one room, "I presume they are not dressed," said our master, and ringing the bell, he bade a servant request their attendance. The servant went, and returned with the intelligence that they were not there, and that the housemaid had informed him, that they rose very early, and had told her, as they went out of the gate, that they were going out for a walk this fine morning.

"A walk this fine morning!" exclaimed Mr. White, as a shade of deep anxiety spread over his face, "a run, I fear;" and taking his hat and walking-stick, instantly started off on the road to London.

This was something new to me and my school-fellows, for we had been treated with such uniform kindness, that the thought of running away had never entered our heads. As soon as our master was gone, therefore, we hastened to the gate, and having watched him till he was out of sight, we wedged ourselves together in close circle to debate the question

whether the trio had in reality absconded, or had, as they assured the servant, only "gone out for a walk this fine morning."

Perhaps the House of Commons, when debating on some grave question which concerns our country's weal, never exhibited more earnestness than we did on this occasion. The debate was even stormy. All, indeed, except myself, were speakers: some taking one side of the question, and some the other. "I say they have run away," and, "I say they could never be so foolish," making up the sum total of the argument. At length, taking advantage of a cessation in the din, I requested to speak a few words on the subject.

"Silence! the philosopher!" was immediately echoed around, and after a few moments spent in enjoining silence, it was obtained, and I commenced.

"It appears to me certain," said I, "that the trio"——

As this was the first time the runaways had been called "the trio," I was here interrupted by loud acclamations of, "Well said, the trio! Well said, the trio! go on! the trio!"

"It appears to me certain," I resumed, "that the trio have in reality run away. How long is it, do you think, since you first commenced your debate?"

"Can't tell," exclaimed several voices.

"Then I can," I replied, with a look of triumph, "it is more than a full hour, and you will soon hear the breakfast bell."

"Oh, never mind breakfast, philosopher," said Charles Murphy; "to the question."

"Well, then," I continued, "I will proceed at once to the question. The trio must now have been out four hours, and I think you will all agree with me, that after so long a walk they must want their breakfast, and wanting it, would certainly have appeared before now in hopes of receiving it."

To most of my schoolfellows this was conclusive reasoning, and it was hailed with a loud and long "bravo!" Some, however, still appeared incredulous, and I proposed to settle the discussion by a show of hands; the majority being the criterion that they were certainly run away.

The hands raised to settle the question were as twelve to five, and it was now decided that such was the fact. But another question, equally interesting, was instantly mooted as to the why and wherefore they had taken such a step, and I was called upon for my opinion. Just at that moment, however, the breakfast bell rang, and the debate was consequently deferred.

I do not remember that breakfast was ever finished in so brief a period, or with so much advantage to Mr. White's larder, as on that eventful morning. All seemed to have taken Charles Murphy's advice, "not to mind the breakfast," and no sooner had we returned thanks than we repaired to our former position at the gate.

"Well, now, philosopher," said Timpson, "what is the reason why the trio have run away? But recollect that master is kind, and therefore that cannot be the reason."

"You say right, Timpson," I replied, "master is kind; but then the trio have not been here long enough to be won by his kindness. You and I have, and I am sure that we should never think of causing him so much trouble, and I may add, pain. Only think of his losing his breakfast through the misconduct of the trio."

"Oh, never mind the breakfast," said Charles Murphy, vehemently. "You a philosopher, and make so much ado about a breakfast! Again, I say, never mind the breakfast. We have lost it, and so have the trio themselves, and so we have all lost it together."

"I have heard," I rejoined, "that there is some comfort in not being alone in a misfortune, but I feel for our master. I will hope, however, he has had his breakfast, and proceed to the question. My opinion is, therefore, that the misconduct of the trio is owing to their being left without a father."

"A wise opinion that," said Herbert, with a sneer; "why should they act wrong any the more for being without a father? I should rather think that they would have been glad to have found one; for I have often heard my parents call our master a second parent."

Feeling my reputation at stake, I rejoined, as I assumed an air of consequence: "When I give an opinion I have my reasons for it. Our master has often said, that mothers spoil children, and you must all allow that he is wise. I maintain, therefore, that the trio have been spoiled—that they have all been

allowed to do as they pleased, and if you do not hear Mr. White say so, I am willing to forfeit a handful of marbles."

The offer of such a forfeiture seemed to carry conviction along with it, and it was agreed by all that I was correct in my opinion.

Having thus settled this grave point, a general wish began to be expressed that our master would return. Not that we did not rejoice at being set free from lessons. We were right glad of this circumstance, but we could take no advantage of our liberty. Not a top was spun, not a wicket set up, and not a marble placed in the chalky circle. We lingered about the gate anxiously watching Mr. White's return.

The clock had struck twelve, when a post-chaise was seen in the distance, the driver of which was urging on his steeds at a rapid pace. On it came, and no one among us suspected whom it contained, but it stopped at our gate, and our instructor and the trio alighted! "Hurrah," vociferated all the boys at the top of their voices, nor did they cease till they had gained the very threshold of the school-room, whither our master led the way.

Adopting a common phrase, if I were to live a thousand years, I should never forget the appearance of the trio as they stood exposed to the grave look of Mr. White, and the bewildering gaze of their fellow-scholars. To use a strong figure, their faces were clothed with shame, and it was evident that they expected a severe castigation. They appeared to be somewhat relieved, however, by our master's

addressing himself to those he had left behind in the language of reprehension.

"Boys," said he, "I am sorry you displayed such a feeling on my return from this morning's adventure. You should never rejoice over the unfortunate. It is the refinement of cruelty to a sensitive mind, which I would fain hope that these unhappy boys possess."

Now, although our master was a wise man, he could not always read the heart. On this occasion, especially, he was mistaken in his views, and I considered that he had reproved us unjustly. Hence, as I had by this time gained much credit with him, and as it was part of his system to allow his pupils to answer him if they thought he was in error, I ventured to vindicate our mutual honours.

"Sir," said I, "if you had seen our anxiety for your return, you would not thus have reproved us; and I believe that our loud hurrah proceeded rather from the pleasure we felt at seeing you, than from a feeling of exultation over our school-fellows. Such at least were my feelings; the rest can only answer for themselves."

Forgetting the presence of the master in their feelings of triumph at my vindication of their honour, my companions exclaimed with one voice, "We felt as you felt, philosopher;" and our master, smiling, thus resumed:—"I have to thank you, then, my boys, for your feelings of regard to me. It compensates in some measure for the anxieties of the morning. At the same time, it would have been prudent of you to have repressed your delight,

for the note of joy ever grates upon the ears of the unhappy. But, perhaps, you would like to hear a relation of my adventure this morning."

All nodded assent.

"Well, then," continued he, "as it will form an introduction to the lesson I design to give you on this occasion, I will relate it in few words. You all saw me pass out of the gate."—

"Yes, sir," said Rumble, "and we saw you till you were out of sight."

"And you saw me till I was out of sight then," reiterated our master; "I hope I shall not find that you took any advantage of my absence. Good boys, as I have often told you, will act the same in the absence of their master as in his presence; knowing that there is an eye which observes all their ways. But to proceed. I went on the London road. It was some time before I could obtain any tidings of these unhappy boys; and my heart was filled with sorrow at the thought that the young are so prone to stray. I thought, that if they only knew half the trouble, anxiety, and care, which they cause their parents and preceptors, surely they would take care how they offended them. I thought, also, that if they knew to how much misery they exposed themselves in time and in eternity by their misconduct, they would pray for grace to enable them to live so as not to offend God or man. I was ruminating thus, at the same time dropping a tear over their folly, when I met a traveller in a gig, who,

upon my describing the objects of my search, informed me that he had met them some distance on the road. 'Well,' thought I to myself, 'what is to be done? I cannot overtake them: I will even put their parents to the expense of a post-chaise'—for, be it remembered, all expenses of this kind fall upon them—'in the hope that I may be the instrument of saving their sons from ruin.' I was the more inclined to this, because I recollected that they had neither of them a father, and thought how much they had been indulged by their fond widowed mothers.'

"Did I not tell you so!" at this point I exclaimed triumphantly, as I gazed around on my companions, inwardly feeling pleasure at saving my credit and my marbles.

"Tell them what?" inquired Mr. White, and after my explanation he resumed. "So a post-chaise was called, and I was soon seated in it; previously giving directions to the driver what to do if he saw three young gentlemen in the road. We came within a few miles of London, and the unhappy objects of my search appeared in view. I stopped them, and placed them in the post-chaise; they appeared sadly fatigued as they entered. We had a silent journey home; and now," continued Mr. White, addressing himself to the culprits, "let me ask you what you think of your conduct?"

All acknowledged that they had acted wrong; but evidently rather from the fear of punishment than from genuine repentance. To this effect did our preceptor express his sen-

timents, and then he proceeded to show them the evil of their conduct. "Unhappy boys," said he, "you have grievously offended this morning, and that not only myself, but God. Only reflect for one moment, how great is the goodness which he has shown to you. He has given you kind mothers, and friends, and I would hope a kind preceptor; and he has poured around you comforts which thousands upon thousands can never hope to enjoy. You might have been born among the savages of New Zealand, or the poor degraded Hottentots; but he has cast your lot in a fair place, and you rebel against him. This is the chief point in your error; but there are others, if not of equal, yet of great magnitude. Will it not, do you think, cause your mothers bitter anguish of heart, when they hear of your evil doings?"

All wept bitterly, and were silent.

"I have no doubt it will," resumed Mr. White. "And then, myself, do you not think that I have suffered? My anxiety has been great this morning through your misconduct."

"And we, sir," said Charles Murphy, as he looked archly at me, (for, as will be seen, he was a wag,) "we, sir, have lost our breakfast."

"I am sorry for that, my boys," rejoined our master; "you must make up for it at dinner, the time for which is fast approaching. And now," added our master, "it is time to reflect upon the punishment that should be awarded to these unhappy boys."

On hearing this the trio began to weep

bitterly, and to implore forgiveness, promising that they would never do the like again.

"Probably, you may never have the opportunity," replied he, "for the punishment of such conduct is usually expulsion from school, than which nothing can be more disgraceful or disastrous to a boy's future prospects in the world. To this effect I shall write to your parents, and when I have penned the letter I will read it to you. Meantime, and till I have their reply, I shall treat you as the other boys."

At this point the bell rang for dinner, and we did ample justice to the meal, according to Mr. White's suggestion. We all longed for a little private conversation with the trio on the subject of their adventure, and, grace said, we hastened into the playground; our master taking his usual seat to pen his letters.

On repairing to the play-ground the trio, from shame, naturally took up their position at the remotest corner, and we as naturally followed them. A double ring was formed around them, from which they could not hope to escape, and the question "What did you run away for?" was poured into their ears from all quarters. For a long time they stood sullen and silent; but Charles Murphy having sarcastically taxed them with being "mammy sick," they stoutly denied it, and declared they would not tell.

While thus situated I was proceeding to remind my companions of the infallible opinion I had expressed in the morning, and to assert that the trio themselves could not deny

it, since it had been confirmed by our master, when we were summoned to the summer-house to hear the letter read. When we reached it, our master desired the trio to stand forward, remarking that what he was about to read was a copy of the letter he intended to send to each of their mothers. It read thus:—

"'DEAR MADAM.—It gives me unfeigned grief to inform you of an event which will cause you sorrow. Being a parent myself, I can enter into the feelings you will endure when you read the following paragraph.

"'On assembling my scholars this morning I discovered that your son with two others—both the sons of widows like yourself—had risen early in the morning, and had escaped from my paternal roof. Feeling the deepest anxiety for those youths placed under my care, I immediately set out in pursuit of them, and it was only by hiring a post-chaise, that I was enabled to overtake them. When I did, they had already reached the vicinity of your dwelling, and had it not been for the shock, which I conceived the circumstance would have given to your feelings, I should at once have taken them to their houses, and seeing them safe under your roof, resigned my charge. As it is, I am under the painful necessity of requesting you to recall them, that they may be saved from the shame and odium of expulsion from school, which is the usual consequence of such misconduct.

"'Condoling with you in your griefs, and

hoping that the God of all grace may support the widow in her troubles, according to his sure promise,

"'I remain, etc.'

"Such is the letter," continued Mr. White, "which I shall post to each of your parents this evening, and till I receive an answer I shall consider you as part of my charge. Only remember, that if you run away again, I shall not take the trouble to follow you. A boy who runs away twice from school forfeits all claim for such attention. He must be cast into society unwatched and unpitied." Then, addressing himself to us, he added, "I expect, as you value your honour and my friendship, that, till answers to these letters arrive, you will not once refer to the subject of this morning's adventure. Go, and be happy."

I believe we all obeyed Mr. White's injunctions, but there was not an eye which did not strictly observe the conduct of the trio during the time that elapsed before the return of the post. As it grew near it was evident that they became restless; and as for play, if they joined in it, it was but performed mechanically. It was a golden harvest for me, for, playing with Martin, I fairly won most of his marbles through his abstraction. Charles Murphy, also, thus triumphed over Limbert, and I remember that we chuckled over the feat secretly with much glee. Both Charles and myself ought to have known better, than to have played with them under such disadvantageous circumstances, or at least to have

given up the spoil to them again, But though I had gained the name of a philosopher, I was still an unthinking boy, and so was Charles Murphy. Some time after, however, I offered Martin reparation, which he politely refused.

At length the hour for the return of the post arrived, and as the postman always came when we were at liberty, we looked for him with more than our wonted anxiety. His well-known ring, which, like his knock, never sounded but twice, was soon heard, and instead of the usual question—"Any letter for me, posty?" we instinctively inquired, "Any letter for master, posty?"

"What's the meaning of all this?" said posty. "Don't you want to hear from your mothers, this fine morning?"

"Oh, never mind, posty," we all exclaimed; "any letter for master, posty?—tell us."

"Three!" said posty, laconically, and "three letters for master," was vociferated aloud until we heard the reproving voice of our master, while posty stood staring and wondering at the cause of the scene before him. He little knew what tidings of mighty import he had brought to our circle in his bag that morning. Nor did he much care, for, as was his wont, when he had delivered his letters, he turned upon his heels, and whistled the well-known tune of "Away dull care;" a tune suggested to him, I presume, that he might not reflect upon the fact that he was the perpetual bearer of the ti-

dings of sorrow, and of joy too, to the human race.

As soon as our master had received his three letters, he repaired to the summer-house, and although he had reproved us for the unseemly exhibition of feeling we had displayed, and from his known character, we might yet expect a grave lecture on the subject, we all lingered around and watched his movements: the trio alone excepted. He opened the first letter, and he had not read long before he laid it down to wipe the rising tear. He then resumed and finished reading it, and, as he laid it down, he was heard to ejaculate:—"Affecting, indeed! May the Almighty be the support of the widow, and the guide of the fatherless!" Similar feelings were exhibited as he read the other two, and similar ejaculations followed their reading, as he laid them down. After he had read them all, he folded his legs and covered his face with his hands, that he might hide his emotion from his pupils, and meditate upon the manner in which he should act. He continued in this posture for some time, when, having recovered his fortitude, he again summoned us all before him; the trio again taking the prominent place in the group.

After a brief pause, he observed—"If you had known, boys, what sentiments these letters contain, you would not have shown such a feeling as you did when the postman delivered them into my hands. When shall I be able to teach you how to behave aright at all times and seasons? I fear, never. I fear I

shall always be compelled to sigh over your wayward dispositions."

All hung down their heads, and some few expressed regret.

"Well," resumed he, "I will pass that over; be more watchful for the future." Then, addressing himself to the trio, he continued:—"I have received a letter from each of your mothers, on the subject of your recent misconduct, which fills my heart with sorrow. I cannot tell you which is the most affecting, nor read them all to you, but I will take the one respecting Martin as a specimen of the whole. Indeed, they are all much alike, which is natural, since they were all indited by the same feeling—that of heartfelt grief. This letter reads thus:

"Dear Sir,—You rightly judged that the contents of your letter would cause me great grief of heart. My tears flow fast as I take up my pen to reply.

"How much I regret that a child of mine could act so basely as to run away from a kind friend, and to cause that friend such trouble and anxiety, words cannot express. I regret it on your account; but pardon me if I say that I should regret it more on my own and my dear child's account—for dear he is still, though he has greatly erred—if his misconduct should prove the means of his being taken from your parental care. As you pity the widow and fatherless, let me entreat you yet to retain him under your roof. Try him once more; and my prayers

shall be daily offered up that he may not offend again. I fear that I have been too indulgent to him, but I know that you will feel for my situation, and I trust that you will kindly accede to a request, made in the midst of tears and great anguish of heart. I am impatient to receive a reply in the affirmative.

"'Tell my unhappy boy, if you please, that I am too much grieved at his conduct to write to him to-day—and tell him, also, that I feel I have placed him under one who will act, and who is able to act, the part of his lost father to him; and that I charge him, on pain of my heaviest displeasure, to render to you all due obedience. If he does not, he will suffer for it through life—perhaps in eternity. Such a thought is, indeed, a bitter one; my tears flow fast as I subscribe myself, with my best regards, yours,

"'Dear Sir,

"'Very respectfully,

"'MARTHA MARTIN.'

"Such is the letter of Mrs. Martin," continued our preceptor, "and such, as I said before, are the sentiments of the others. They all deplore the error of their sons in the most tender language, and they all earnestly request me to retain them under my care. I feel that if I do, I shall impose on myself no easy task. For the act of running away imports a wandering and unsettled disposition, which experience has taught me is very difficult to correct. But shall I turn away my ears from the prayer of the widow?

I cannot. Boys, I do not ask you whether you wish to remain. Touched by your mother's sorrows, I am willing to retain you in my school; but recollect that the doors and gates are open to you, and if you are disposed to run away again, go! I will keep no one in my house by restraint. I wish to be loved and esteemed, not to be disliked and feared—to be obeyed from a wish to please, rather than from the feeling of compulsion. Remember, I am no tyrant; but a parent; and as such I wish you to consider me. For where there is no love, there can be no true obedience. Let the past then be forgotten, or if it be remembered by you, let it only serve to remind you how prone you are to err, and to drive you to a throne of grace, to pray that, for the future, you may not offend God, your parents, or your preceptor, by such conduct. Your present and future happiness depends, in a great measure, upon your conduct now; for the character of boys in general only shadows forth that which they will be when grown up to manhood."

As Mr. White ceased, he shook hands cordially with the trio, and assured them that he considered them as part of his family. Each one of them wept, but whether it was from sorrow for their offence, or that they were not going home, I cannot say. Certain it is, however, that they did not profit much by his advice. They did not attempt, it is true, to run away again; but of all the boys my master ever had placed under his care, they proved to be among the most trouble-

some. Martin, in particular, caused him much anxiety, and his freaks demanded his utmost vigilance to check them. I have often wondered, indeed, that he did not dismiss him from his community; and pondering over the subject, I could only account for his not doing so, by his being the son of a widow. As it was, he retained Martin and the rest of the trio till their parents thought they had completed their education, when they were removed. This was before I left him, for although I was there before them, I was yet their junior. And perhaps this may be one reason why he was not so successful in forming their characters. I have often heard him say, that the branches of the vine cannot be trained too soon, and that if they are left to harden by time, it is difficult to give them their due shape and course: obviously meaning by this figure, that the time to commence the proper formation of the human mind is in the earlier years of life. That season lost, irreparable mischief is done to the child and the world at large.

The manner in which our master parted with the trio was very different from that in which he usually parted with his scholars. There was not that warmth of affection seen in his countenance, nor were those breathings of certain hope to the prospect of becoming useful members of society heard to drop from his lips. He evidently had his doubts upon the subject, as his parting words to Martin prove. "Martin," said he, "you are now going to leave me, after having been under my

roof two years. How much anxiety of heart you have caused me during that period words cannot express. No money, if I received ten times as much with you, could compensate for that anxiety. But money is not the reward I look for: that is but dust, and perisheth in the using. My chief reward is the satisfaction of having formed a character which will prove a burning and a shining light to the world. I wish I could think, or even have the remotest hope, that it will be so with you, but from your previous unstable conduct, I tremble. You have listened, indeed, to my counsels, and although you have not hitherto heeded them, you may in after life. That is a question which time only can decide. I hope I have done my duty, and I leave the issue in His hands who is all-wise and all-gracious. Martin, let these my parting words sink deep into your heart:—You have yet a widowed mother. As you would hope to smooth her dying pillow, take care that your conduct is that of a dutiful son. You have a God that takes note of all your actions: as you would hope to escape his anger, pray for grace, that you may be enabled to act aright. You have a soul to be saved: as you value its immortal happiness, seek daily for pardon through the merits and atonement of our all-sufficient Saviour, Jesus Christ."

Martin dropped a tear or two as our preceptor concluded his admonitions, and I have every reason to believe that he ever held him in high estimation; but I fear he did not pro-

fit by his instructions in the best sense of the word. I have met him several times, but his character, in a great degree, reflects that which it was in youth. He is more steady, yet he is unstable still. As, however, I never fail to remind him of our good master, and of his sage advice, I hope yet to see him an improved character.

Concerning the other members of the trio, I have lost sight of them from the time they left school. I know not to what part of the world their steps may have been directed. But the final goal to all is certain, for that is the grave. My young readers, prepare for that in youth, and then you will be able to resign yourself to its cold shades without a sigh or tear of regret.

CHAPTER V.

The foregoing pages will disclose the fact, that the trio were not the only boys who caused our preceptor much anxiety. There was scarce one in the whole group but what had his follies, which demanded correction: no, not even the Philosopher!

My besetting sin was vanity. And this was no wonder, for young heads are easily turned, and that even by just commendation. Tell a boy he is clever, and you tempt him to become as proud and vain as the peacock on the lawn.

My first master had ventured to assert that, if I continued as diligent as I had been under his care, I should one day make a figure in the world—my uncle John, one day when I was visiting him, predicted that I should become a great man—my constant companions had by this time learned to court my counsel—and to sum up all, my preceptor, of whom I am now writing, often held me up as an example, and sometimes would bid me take a seat by his side in the summer-house, that he might talk with me on subjects beyond the grasp of youthful minds in general. What wonder was it, therefore, that I grew vain and arrogant?

Mr. White soon discovered the error into which I had fallen, and he laboured with all his might to correct it. I well remember the occasion on which it was first displayed to his view. A party of us were standing near his usual seat, to discuss a question which Charles Murphy had mooted: namely—"Whether it would be a fine afternoon." It was then already one o'clock, and the question was one of importance to us, for having been very diligent in our morning studies, our kind master had promised we should go down to the garden of "Old Reuben," than which nothing could be a greater treat. Opinion was much divided on this subject. One feared that a light cloud passing over our heads was the forerunner of others in which rain might be concealed; another feared that the sun being very hot would certainly draw up rain; while a third concluded, from the

crowing of the cock in the poultry yard, that it would as certainly be fine. They were thus expressing themselves, when, eyeing them with contempt, I requested silence, and having obtained it, I exclaimed: "You are all simpletons, and know nothing at all about the matter. You weather-wise indeed! Do you not see that the wind is in the north?" "Yes," replied all, having taken a view of the weather-cock on the steeple of our village church, "but what of that?"

"What of that!" I rejoined ironically; "why Solomon has said, that the north wind drives away rain. So trouble not your wise heads about the matter. It will certainly be fine, and we shall not only see Old Reuben, but taste his strawberries!"

It was a scene worthy the touch of an artist; for being of a diminutive size, I had to look up in the faces of my companions in order to exhibit my contempt for their sagacity. I was yet doing this, and they, taking no note of my arrogance, were raising the usual hurrah! at my infallible decision, when I heard the voice of Mr. White calling me to him, and bidding the rest go to play in the distance.

I saw that there was something the matter, but what I could not divine, for it was most unusual for him to give one of his pupils a moral lesson without permitting the others to receive its benefit. But this he did, it soon appeared, out of kindness to me. "I called you here alone," said he, "that you might not be lowered in the estimation of your com-

panions. Let me ask you, what you think of the conduct you displayed just now when consulting about the weather: a subject which neither you nor they can rightly determine."

Now, although I could have seen in the twinkling of an eye any fault which my companions might have committed, however minute that fault might have been, yet was I as blind as an owl dazzled by the rays of the midday sun to my own. Hence I rejoined:—"What conduct, sir? I am not aware that I have committed any error."

"Indeed!" replied he; "I am very sorry for that. It makes me fear that my commendation of you has had a bad effect upon your mind: that it has only been the means of fostering your pride, and that it is rapidly growing into a habit. Not to be conscious of our besetting sin is a state in which there is much danger. It was not so much what you said to your companions, as the looks you gave them. You manifested contempt for their capacities, and plainly showed that you deemed no one's voice but your own worthy to be heard. This is an evil of no ordinary magnitude to be found in the breast of a child, for if it grows up with your years, you may become a monster in the world."

"I hope not, sir," I ejaculated; "for I would not become formidable to my species."

"Every monster," rejoined Mr. White, "is not formidable, nor do I wish you to suppose that I thought you would become formidable. The proud man is a monster:

for he has departed further from God and original righteousness than any sinner upon earth. Zeno has well said, that nothing is more unseemly than pride, especially in young persons; and an English poet has put his branding mark upon it in these lines:—

"'Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools:
Whatever nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needless pride;
For, as in bodies, so in souls we find,
What wants in blood and spirits swells in wind:
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense:
In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies,
All quit their sphere or rush into the skies;
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels—angels would be gods!"

What think you has man to be proud of? Of his wisdom? No, surely, for that is given to him from above, and should only tend to make him humble. Of his station in creation? No, surely, for of all God's creatures, fair and noble as he appears, he alone is a sinner, and therefore should be humble. The disciples of Plato reduced all the causes and arguments for humility to these several heads:—That the spirit of man is light and troublesome—that his body is brutish and sickly—that he is constant in folly and error, and inconsistent in his manners and good purposes—that his labours are vain, intricate, and endless—that his fortune is changeable, seldom pleasing, and never perfect—that his wisdom is not perfected till he is on the borders of the grave—and that his death is certain, always ready at the door, and never far off. Now, I appeal to your reason, whether,

if we dwell upon these considerations, we shall not see that it is very foolish and hurtful to our minds to be proud?

These arguments convicted me of my error, and before I left my preceptor's presence, I thanked him, and promised to be careful for the future not to show my contempt for my companions. But I knew not my own heart. Pride clung to it, as the burrs to my dress in my rambles, and he frequently had occasion to reprove me for similar conduct. I revere his memory for his care; for, by it I have learned in some measure, the lesson of humility. I have learned to subscribe to this sentiment of the poet:—

"Wisdom retires; she hates the crowd,
And, with a secret scorn,
Aloof she climbs her steepy seat,
Where nor the grave nor giddy feet
Of the loarned vulgar, or the rude,
Have e'er a passage worn." WATTS.

Charles Murphy had his faults. Charles was a pleasant companion, but his volatile spirit frequently led him into error and consequent disgrace. But the errors of Charles did not proceed from a vicious disposition; rather, they were the offspring of the want of thought, and many a bitter tear did they cause him. "Philosopher," he would say to me sometimes in secret, "I wish I was not so much inclined to waggery; you see how much pain it causes me, through the reproofs of our preceptor. Have you any remedy for it in your system of philosophy?" Charles did not see that in the question he put to me in my philosophical capacity, he was indulging in the error which I believe he sincerely de-

plored, and I could then only tell him, that the best remedy was to keep his tongue still.

But Charles Murphy's waggery did not consist alone in words; though that was bad enough, since it frequently led to dissensions in our happy community. On several occasions his waggish disposition led him to commit actions that even endangered the lives of his fellow-pupils. One morning, especially, Charles was thus led into error. He seemed to have awakened with more than usual lightheartedness, and, after playing off some of his droll tricks, he suddenly exclaimed: "I have a glorious thought, philosopher;" and turning to the boys who slept in our room, he asked, "Who is for a ride in the air?" The idea of such a treat seemed to please the whole; and Charles gravely proposed tying the sheets and the blankets together, that each might, in turn, have a ride up and down from our bedroom window. As it was no mean height from the ground, I at once saw the danger of the proposal, and remonstrated with him on his folly. But the thought was such a glorious one to Charles, that he could not forego it, and the only reply was—"A fine philosopher you must be to think of danger! Come, boys, all hands to work." Every hand but my own was in requisition, and the required length of sheet and blanket was soon found. "Now, who has the first ride?" inquired Charles. Each one of them rushed to the window, but as they looked down, a dread of danger seemed to seize them all, and none replied. "So you have all turned philoso-

phers, have you?" inquired Charles, sarcastically; "all afraid, are you? what cowards!" The thought of being considered a coward raised the colour in the cheeks of William Weston, who had gained celebrity for his bravery in rushing into pools of water, or through bramble bushes, and the like, and he declared that he was not afraid, and was ready for the excursion.

He had no sooner expressed his willingness, than he entered the noose prepared for the adventurer, and off he started. "Steady," said Charles, "steady boys, hold tight, and let him go down gently." But, unfortunately, William Weston had not travelled many inches before he showed himself a true coward. He kicked and screamed, and I believe, if I had not flown to the rescue—if I had not exhorted them to hold tight or he would be dashed to the ground, poor William would have had a fearful fall. As it was, he alighted safely on the ground, and his screams soon brought out our master.

In the excitement of the moment, not one of us had considered that the adventurer, in his flight, would have to pass full in front of our preceptor's window. This was a sad oversight; for when the adventurer had gained that particular altitude, he was awakened by his screams, and rushing to the window, he threw it open, and loudly demanded what we were doing? There certainly was no need of the question, but from the stupor which the deed seemed to occasion him, it was repeated amidst our silence several times; till,

at length, William, recovering from his fright, and still wishing to sustain his character for bravery, replied, "Please, sir, I am not going to run away; I am only having a ride in the air."

There was no occasion for the adventurer to say this, for he was still in his night-dress. Our master saw this, and therefore he simply replied; "A ride in the air, sir! stand where you are." William readily obeyed the injunction; nor could we, I believe, with our united force, have drawn him up again.

As Mr. White closed his window, "Now, Charley," said I, "prepare for a lecture. The deed is all your own." Charles turned pale, and without wishing to exculpate himself, for he was a high-minded boy, he threw himself on his bed, and hid his face from the gaze of his companions.

It was not many minutes before our master's footsteps were heard at our door. He was accompanied by the adventurer, and, entering with a grave countenance, he charged us all to dress immediately and descend to the school-room. All obeyed in silence, and we were soon arraigned before Mr. White's desk.

Whenever any error had been committed in my presence, it was our master's custom to demand of me the relation of it in every particular: who were the movers, and who the actors. I was thus called upon to relate William Weston's adventure, which I did to his evident satisfaction; for, although I was not afraid of kicks and blows, I believe I never made the worst of the matter; and, on this

occasion, I endeavoured to extenuate the fault which Charles had committed, by attributing it to his light-heartedness, and thoughtless love of fun.

"I have no doubt," replied Mr. White, "that this atrocious act did proceed from this cause; but it scarcely makes it the less criminal. Charles, Charles, how often have I told you, that your waggery, in which you indulge, may one day lead you to commit mischief for which you will ever have cause to repent! This boy, through your wantonness, might now have been a corpse but for the care of a watchful Providence. Yes, Charles, his blood might now have been streaming on the ground, and you consigned over to the hands of justice. Nor is this all. My reputation would have received a stain from which I could never have hoped to recover, although I could not have been justly charged with negligence. I saw you here last night, safe and happy, and hoped to find you so this morning; but you, from a sheer love of fun, have, by your wanton act, endangered your schoolfellow and distressed my mind. I lift up my heart with gratitude to Heaven for the preservation of this boy. But let me again warn you, that, if you still indulge in your thoughtlessness, you may one day become noted for recklessness. The one, by an easy transition, leads to the other, and Charles Murphy, may, therefore, become the scorn and hatred of all whom he may meet with in life."

Charles wept bitterly, and seeing him thus

penitent—and I believe it was genuine repentance—our master turned his conversation to William Weston. "And you, Weston," said he, "are scarcely less culpable, and are in no less danger of one day committing a fatal error, than Charles Murphy. Your daring is your bane, and I have observed it with sorrow. I once knew a boy, who, like yourself, could not brook the idea of being called a coward, and was ready to do any thing within reach of his power, so that he might be deemed brave. If his companions dared him to do any thing, it was done in an instant. He was such a brave fellow! But what think you was the result? Why, one day they dared him to jump into a quagmire, and he took the fatal leap, and lost his life. But brave boys become sometimes, not only enemies to themselves, but to the world. Napoleon was what the world calls brave in his youth, and he became a scourge to Europe and Asia. I would not, however, suppose for one moment, that you will ever be such a one as Napoleon, nor will I do either you or him the honour of pronouncing you brave. Bold, reckless daring is not bravery, for that consists, not in actions of might or wantonness, but in courage amidst dangers; suffering the ills of life with patience and fortitude. You know that sometimes in our walks, I call to see a poor old cottager, named Wakefield, who has been bed-ridden for many a long year. Pain and anguish are his portion, but he endures all with such Christian fortitude, that I never yet heard a sigh escape his

lips. Here is a specimen of true fortitude. This poor man is a hero, indeed, and he will one day wear the crown of glory, and hold in his hand the palm of victory in heaven. I once repeated these lines of the poet to him:—

"'Bear up, my friend,
Serenely, and break through the stormy brine,
With steady prow; know we shall once arrive
At the fair haven of eternal bliss
To which we ever steer; whether, as kings
Of wide command, we've spread the spacious sea
With a broad and painted fleet, or rowed along,
In a thin cock-boat, with a little oar.'" WATTS.

"Sir," replied the afflicted man, with a look of reproach, "I know in whom I have believed. I shall be more than conqueror through Him that loved us;" meaning our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"If, therefore, you would wish to acquire a character for true fortitude, follow the example of this poor man."

The lessons given to the two culprits on this occasion had a salutary effect on them both; for although Charles Murphy still indulged in his waggery, it was with more caution; and as for William Weston, I believe he no more aspired to be thought brave as heretofore; for when he once dared, in our walks, to jump over a ditch, to gather a daffodil beyond our reach, he looked significantly at Mr. White, who was then in the distance, and wisely forbore. Perhaps he thought that he should be immersed beyond the power of extrication; or, at least, expose himself to danger; if so, he was certainly mistaken, for the water and the mire together

were not more than sufficient to cover his ankles.

I wish I could persuade myself that John Cope profited as much by Mr. White's instructions as Charles Murphy, and the over-brave Weston. But it was not so: his besetting sin was such as could not be so easily overcome. "John Cope," our master was often heard to exclaim with a sigh, "I fear you are on the high road to become a rogue!" This was very strong language, but his fears have been verified.

Soon after John Cope was introduced into our community, it was observed that our store of marbles, etc. became very low, and that his rose in proportion as ours diminished. As "fair play" had been the order of our play-ground before he entered, it did not at first occur to us that something was wrong in the matter. At length, however, when we were all fairly on the eve of bankruptcy, suspicions arose in our bosoms that all was not right. The honour of discovering the fact was afterwards, by universal consent, attributed to my segacity; and I think, indeed, that I had a fair claim to that honour. Contrasting, one day, the shrivelled appearance of my bag with the bloated bag belonging to John Cope, and recollecting that I was considered by all my companions an adept in every species of games wherein marbles were concerned, I stealthily assembled many of them around me, and holding up my bag to their view, thus harangued them in a half-whisper:—"You know that when John

Cope entered our school, this bag was so full that it could hold no more. Look at it now!"

"Where is it?" inquired Charles Murphy; "I can scarcely see it, it is become so lean."

"It is lean indeed, Charles," I rejoined, as I heaved a deep sigh, which made them all laugh loudly; "but now only look at the bag which John Cope has on his arm yonder. How large are its dimensions, and how full!"

"Some of mine are there!" exclaimed the group, as the sigh went round, which made me laugh in my turn; "but what have we to do with his bag, or its contents?"

"Nothing at all," I rejoined; "for he has won them, and it may be concluded that they are his. And yet, the question is, whether he has won them fairly?"

"I hope you do not mean to charge him with being a cheat," said the right-minded Arthur Sampson; "that would be too bad!"

"I charge him not, Arthur," I replied indignantly; "I am above such conduct without proof. Nay, recollecting our master's advice, which he has so frequently given us, that we should not even suspect any one of a fraud without reason, I am unwilling even to suspect John Cope. But," added I, as I whirled my bag round full in their faces, "is there not a reason for suspicion?"

"If," said Charles Murphy, "your bag being nearly empty, Philosopher, may be considered a reason, then have you reason strong enough, for the clatter which its contents make is but very faint. How many have you left?"

"Only seven," I replied.

"Only seven!" Charles rejoined, "well, never mind, Philosopher; seven is a lucky number, you know, and by your skill you may yet win your others back again, with some of ours, and even his own in the bargain."

"I mean to try whether I cannot," I replied; "but I have one request to make of you all; namely, that you will form yourselves into a ring, and watch minutely to see whether there is fair play."

All my companions signified their ready acquiescence to my request, and I marched up to John Cope, and boldly challenged him to some game of skill at marbles.

Looking wistfully at my bag, Cope interrogated me as to how many it contained.

"Only seven," I replied; "you have won the rest."

"Only seven!" rejoined Cope: "they are hardly worth playing for: but as you say I have the rest, I may as well have *them*."

"I think so too," I rejoined, "if you can win them."

"*If* I can win them!" replied Cope, significantly, as he prepared for the contest: "I do not imagine that to be a very difficult task."

"Perhaps not," I rejoined, "for I will play you six out at once, and if you win these, you shall play for the seventh, my good old china-taw, afterwards."

"Agreed," said Cope; and we commenced the game, watched eagerly by all around; and Charles Murphy observing that now, in-

deed, I acted just as a philosopher ought to act—nobly!

We had played a little while before either of us gained any advantage; but presently Cope, by an unfair movement, had placed me in such a position, that it was evident my marbles would soon be in his bag. As he knelt down for the purpose of completing his triumph, we looked at each other, and in one moment set up a loud shout of "A cheat! —a cheat!" So clamorous were we, and withal so indignant, that John Cope turned pale, and jumping up, put himself into an attitude of defence, as though he expected we should fall upon him. But this he had no occasion to fear. Even if Mr. White had not been near, I believe we had all so profited by his lessons on the subject of fighting, that neither of us would have hurt a hair of his head. He had taught us to respect our characters; for such work, he used to say, was that of dogs and bears—not of rational beings.

John Cope soon discovered our peaceable dispositions; for, attracted by our clamour, our master mingled among us, and thus addressed him:—"Cope," said he, "why put yourself into such a bold position? Not a boy here will venture to assail you; and I fear you must have committed some offence, or you would not consider yourself in danger. Fear always accompanies guilt. I heard the boys exclaiming that some one was a cheat: did their charge refer to you?"

"Yes, sir," replied Cope, as the colour mounted to his cheeks.

"And is their charge just or unjust?" asked Mr. White.

Evidently conscience-stricken, Cope made no reply; and our master demanded of me an explanation; adding, that the charge was a grave one, and ought not to have been made without having its foundation laid in truth.

"Sir," I replied, "I hope we should not be so unjust as to charge Cope with being a cheat, unless we had sufficient proof of it. We respect your instructions too much on that subject." I then explained the matter fully, beginning at the cause of our suspicions, and proceeding downwards to the unfair movement of Cope. My charge was confirmed by all my companions; and Mr. White, being convinced that Cope was in reality a cheat, gave him a grave lecture on the subject. "It is not," said he, "that any real value can be attached to the prizes you have evidently won so unfairly from the boys; they are mere bits of clay; it is in the act that your crime consists. Who cheats his companions out of a paltry marble, would, if it lay in his power, cheat them out of their fortunes. The crime, therefore, must be considered in the same light. And what is it, in reality, to be a cheat? Tell me, Cope."

"I cannot tell," muttered Cope.

"It may seem a harsh term," continued Mr. White, "but it is to be a thief! A cheat may not, indeed, subject himself to the laws of his country, but he is criminal as well as the man who puts a pistol to your head, and demands your money or your life. Of the

two he is more ignoble, for he gains his prizes by mean and discreditable shifts. Your crime, therefore, Cope, is no mean one, and if you indulge in it, it may one day cost you your honour—nay, your life. Such habits as these, if they become confirmed, make the rogue—that pest and scorn of the world. It is my duty, therefore, to seek to correct it. Although it is not my usual habit to inflict any punishment upon those who may offend in my school, I must pnnish you in a manner which I know will be severely felt. Open your bag, sir, and scatter its contents upon the ground, that each boy may have what is yet his own."

Cope obeyed the command, though with evident reluctance; and while he stood weeping for the loss of his treasures, we each transferred them to our empty bags, with a light heart. When we had done so, I interrogated my companions whether our master was not a wise man?

"He is, Philosopher," said Charles Murphy, archly. "He ought to have been a judge!"

It was a standing maxim with Mr. White, that when once a delinquent was punished, his crime should be forgotten, and we should mingle together in our pastimes as before. On this occasion, however, he saw fit to give us a piece of advice which set his own maxim at defiance. "Boys," said he, as he retired to his summer-house, "you must be on your guard." And truly we acted to the very letter of this advice. We did not scout John

Cope as unworthy of our friendship, or of joining in our pastimes, but a strict watch was kept over his movements; and many a time have we guided his knuckles to the mark he had unjustly overreached; but this had no effect upon his conduct, and Mr. White often had to lecture him on the same subject. On one occasion, indeed, he even had the temerity to endeavour to overreach our master, who often used to unbend from study and mingle in our pastimes. The event was one of the most noted in my school-history. He saw Cope's unfair movement, and in a stentorian voice he exclaimed, "John Cope, you are a sad cheat; I never play with a trickster!" Having said this, he retired, and resumed his books, and we all instantly left our game, and left John Cope to play his double game of wicket alone—if he could.

CHAPTER VI.

The season when we received our principal lessons on the sin of quarrelling was when Edward Grainger was "one amongst us:" for then, in truth, there was occasion for them.

Ned Grainger possessed such a peculiar disposition, that, if we had all been of the same mind, our playground would have been the continual scene of discord and strife. A mere look would offend him, and rouse his anger to such an intense degree, that if he had any

opportunity afforded him by the absence of our master, his coat would be off, and the offender called upon to stand forward to answer for his offence.

On one occasion Mr. White was detained in his parlour by friends longer than usual, and during his absence Charles Murphy had played off one of the most innocent jokes his quick wit had ever invented upon the said Edward Grainger. The choleric gentleman's coat was soon off, and poor Charles summoned to stand forth to meet him.

"Really," said Charles, imploringly, "I hope I have not offended you. I am sure I did not mean it; and if I have, I beg your pardon."

Any right-minded boy would have taken this apology, even if there had been cause for deep offence; but it was not so with Grainger. He seemed only the more enraged; and his conduct at length became so insulting, that Charles, in an evil moment, prepared for the combat, and had I not enlisted some of the others on my side to stand between them, we should have witnessed such a scene as had never before been witnessed in our playground since the day that I first set foot therein.

We were thus situated when Mr. White, having bade his friends farewell, suddenly appeared among us, and sternly demanded the cause of all the disturbance. As usual, he looked to me for a relation of the event, and when I ceased, he continued: "Charles, I am afraid your waggery will one day cost

you dear. But I will do you the justice to suppose that you meant no offence; and where none is meant none should be taken. Your sensible apology, also, ought to have satisfied this irascible boy; for 'a soft answer,' as Solomon observes, 'turneth away wrath.' Well has it been said by Plato, that 'passionate persons are like men who stand on their heads: they see all things the wrong way.' Your conduct, Grainger, is most disgraceful; and let me warn you, that if you continue thus, I shall expel you from my school. To live with persons who are passionate and quarrelsome, is like living in a house that is on fire; and the peace of my pupils shall not long be disturbed by you. Let me ask you, what have you ever gained by being quarrelsome?"

"Nothing, sir!" replied Grainger, sturdily; "but I will not be offended."

To have made his real sentiments known, he ought to have added "with impunity," and our good master taking advantage of his blunder, replied to that effect. "But," continued he, "I am willing to take your reply as it stands. I am willing to think that you will now resolve to try and take offence no more. By taking revenge, a man or boy is but even with his enemy; in passing over it, he is superior. A poet has given this sage advice upon the sin to which you are so prone:—

"'Learn well betimes to curb pernicious ire,
Nor stay till kindling sparks ascend the fire;
Be all mad rage, all anger then resigned—
A cruel heart ill suits a human mind.'

History records that an emperor of China, once making progress through his dominions, was entertained in a house in which the master, with his wives and children, his daughters-in-law, grandchildren, and servants, all lived together in harmony. Struck with admiration at the spectacle, the emperor requested the master of the house to inform him what means he employed to preserve quiet among such a number and variety of persons. The old man, taking out a pencil, wrote these three words—*Patience, patience, patience.* In passing through this world, unhappy boy, you will find that you have much need of this noble quality. What think you would become of all of us, if the Almighty had not been patient—bearing with our daily and hourly provocations? Long before now we should have perished in our sins. Banish, therefore, all malignant and revengeful thoughts. A spirit of revenge is the very spirit of the devil, and he who indulges in it transforms himself into the likeness of that wicked being. Think, also, of the torment that such a spirit will inflict upon you. If it be not satisfied, it will give you torment now: and if it is, it will give you greater hereafter. No one is, indeed, a greater self-tormenter than a malicious and revengeful person, for he turns the poison of his own temper in upon himself. Pray for grace, then, that you may be enabled to conquer this evil disposition which you possess, and to comply with this Christian precept: 'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.' I

close this exhortation by demanding that each of you shake hands and be friends."

Charles Murphy, evidently sorry that his waggery had caused so much disturbance, readily held out his hand, but the demand was thrice repeated before Grainger obeyed, and when he did it was with tardy reluctance. It was now clear that it was foreign to his wish, and it soon became certain that he had not profited by the lesson, nor by any other which he had received in the school. His irascibility seemed daily to increase, and Mr. White was at length compelled to pen the following letter to his father, and to send him home with it:—

"Dear Sir,—I feel that you will not be surprised at seeing your son return home, because I have on former occasions prepared your mind to expect such an event. I have been under the painful necessity of telling you, that if he did not cease from strife, I must expel him from my school. His disposition, so far from improving, seems to become worse daily, and, therefore, for the peace of my other pupils, I am compelled to adopt this alternative. Once only have I had occasion before to exhibit myself in so harsh a character, and I trust that this will be the last time, for, as you well know my paternal feelings, it causes me much uneasiness. Commiserating with you for being afflicted with a son possessing such an untractable disposition, and hoping that he may yet remember,

and profit by my lessons on the evil of his conduct, I beg leave to subscribe myself," etc.

Having seen this letter safely locked in the culprit's box, our master gave him a few parting words, and led him to a chaise which was waiting at the gate to take him away. All the boys were lurking about to see him depart, and to take note how he would act at his departure. It was thus. As he seated himself, he held up his fist at our master and ourselves in insolent rage, and boldly declared that he did not care for all of us put together. Mr. White put the key of the box into the driver's hands, charging him not to let the "young gentleman" have it, and then turned away, heaving a deep sigh—a sigh which was drawn forth, not by the fact that he had lost a pupil, but that that pupil had proved so incorrigible.

The name of the boy alluded to in the letter to Mr Grainger as being expelled from his school on a previous occasion was Simon Sly, of pilfering notoriety.

Soon after Simon Sly appeared amongst us, our tops, marbles, and other portable playthings vanished by some process for which we could not account. Our cakes, also, however careful we were of them ourselves, rapidly diminished; and our little tokens of remembrance, which we valued so highly, inasmuch as they served to remind us of our absent friends, were swept away. This gave us great concern, and before we divulged our losses to our master, we held many a grave

consultation on the subject: Simon Sly taking his part in our debates, and that with a grave countenance.

One half holiday, in the expectation of full enjoyment, I went to my box for the purpose of bringing the last portion of my Christmas cake into the playground, in order to share it among some of my choicest companions, when, lo! it was all gone.

I was always celebrated for a long face, but on this occasion it was considerably lengthened; a circumstance which soon caught the quick eye of Charles Murphy. "Do not speak, Philosopher," said Charles, "I know I can read your countenance."

"Try," I replied, laconically.

"The last fragment of your sweet Christmas cake is gone!" answered Charles, as he assumed the attitude of an orator.

"You are right, Charles," I rejoined, "and what are we to do?"

"Why, go without it, to be sure," replied Charles, "and act like philosophers: laugh over our loss."

"Nay, Charles, seriously though," I exclaimed, my face still lengthening, "I think this is no laughing matter."

"Then we must act the weeping philosopher, I suppose," said Charles, affecting a sorrowful countenance, "so let us form a ring and weep away. At the same time, I must say, I should much prefer the merry ring."

"I neither wish to laugh nor weep," I resumed, "but it is time to come to some deci-

sion on the subject of our losses, and discover the thief if we can."

"The 'if we can,' was well added," replied Charles; "but I am willing to make trial of my skill again: and mind, Philosopher, that I do not outshine you." Then addressing himself to every one within hearing, he continued: "All you to whom it may concern, come, and debate on the subject of who steals our marbles, our tops, our cakes, and, in one word, our everything."

I believe there was not one boy absent from the group on this memorable occasion, and manifold were the conjectures on the subject. For my own part, although I had proposed coming to some decision, I was fairly puzzled, and my friend Charles did not fail to banter me on the circumstance. "Really, Philosopher," said he, "you ought not to have suggested this deliberation without having some plausible proposition to make on this grave subject. Of all others, those who would be philosophers ought to be wise, and to have something to say on every topic that can be proposed, and especially if they propose it themselves."

"What can I say, Charles?" I asked; "you know my unwillingness to suspect any one without a cause."

"But is there not a cause?" interrupted Charles, "and a cause greater than that which unfolded your sagacity when you swung your empty bag round in our faces; I think I have you there."

"I think not, Charles," I replied. "At

that time there was an object full in my view on whom I could fix my suspicion, but now there is none. I do not know whom to suspect. The thief is so *sly*, that he will not even let us see his back in the distance."

"I wish he would," said Charles, "these legs of mine should run faster than ever they did before."

Charles was going on with his usual hilarity of spirits, when he was interrupted by Simon Sly, who expressed a hope that the philosopher did not suspect him.

"How can you think of such a thing?" I inquired; "did I not say that I was puzzled by the matter, and that I did not know whom to suspect?"

"I only thought it," replied Simon, "from the emphatic manner in which you pronounced the word *sly*."

"That was natural," I rejoined, "for I believe it was expressive of the thief's movements, and therefore required due emphasis."

"Well, then," continued Simon, "if you will give me leave, I will tell you whom I suspect as the guilty person."

All expressed their willingness to hear him, but at the same time he was cautioned not to touch any one's character unjustly; for that our master had often said, "character was a sacred thing." He, however, took no notice of the caution; but expressed his belief that a servant who had lately entered the house was the culprit."

"Your reason, Simon," I demanded, as

though I was the greatest personage in the whole assembly.

"My reason is, that the girl came from the workhouse, and therefore is very poor, and being poor, she may be tempted to steal."

"She *may*," I rejoined indignantly; "but has she been tempted? that is the question. What proof have you of her guilt? I have often heard our master say, that honesty is not confined to the rich, and that he has known some who were very poor who nevertheless disdained to steal."

I was going on with my vindication of the poor girl's character, when I was interrupted by Richard Rumford, who proved to certainty that many of our valuables had disappeared before she had entered the house, and we all gravely declared her innocence.

Nothing daunted by his failure, Simon Sly yet endeavoured to point out the culprit; or rather, as it appeared, the culprits. "I have heard," said he, "that jackdaws are very mischievous creatures, and that they have been known to steal many things and hide them in their nests. Now, you know how many of them build their nests in the steeple before us, and may they not have committed all these depredations?"

I was proceeding to vindicate the cause of the daws, when I was interrupted by Charles Murphy. "Stop a minute, Philosopher," said he; then turning his face to the steeple, Charles continued: "Oh, hapless jackdaws! a grave charge is laid against you, and I would caution you to beware. If we find

you guilty, every bow and arrow will be called into action, and we will certainly fetch you down, and have you all round the playground, as a warning to all your race not to follow your evil example."

This address of Charles to the daws, coupled with the ludicrous attitude he assumed, made me contract my face into a smile; but he having, at its conclusion, called upon me for "my talk," I proceeded:—"When you interrupted me, Charles," said I, "I was going to use a harsh term. I was going to say that it appears to me that Simon's remarks were very silly. How could the daws take our marbles out of our bags, or our cakes out of our boxes?"

"Daws," interrupted Charles Murphy, as he turned his face towards the steeple again, "I am happy to inform you, that you may live on in peace, for your innocence is clear. Our bows shall still remain unstrung, and our arrows rest in our quivers. Yes, happy birds, you may still sit upon the steeple, and looking upon—

> "'This great roundabout
> The world, with all its motley rout,
> Church, army, physic, law,
> Its customs, and its businesses,—
> Chant forth your old song—Caw.'"

Both the servant and the jackdaws were, therefore, cleared of this grave charge; and Simon Sly not venturing to accuse any one else, we came to the decision that the thefts were committed by "some person or persons unknown," and that Mr. White should be ac-

quainted with the matter if anything else disappeared.

It was not long before Charles Murphy, who about this time had received a large cake from home, lost a portion of it. The fact was evident, because Charles had not yet enjoyed it, except in vision, and as soon as it was discovered we repaired to Mr. White, to ask his advice. The matter seemed such a grave one, that he instituted a strict inquiry among both boys and servants, and yet, after all, it remained a mystery. Our master was compelled to confess himself baffled; but in doing so, he added, "Be sure, boys, that time will disclose the culprit; for the guilty seldom escape."

This declaration seemed for the moment to set our minds at rest, and to reconcile us to our losses. Still we could not forget them, and Charles Murphy having missed some more of his cake the next morning, another debate was held, in which Mr. White joined. But the same results followed: it still remained a mystery.

After we had retired from our preceptor's presence, I was ruminating alone on the matter, when all at once I thought I had detected the culprit; and calling Charles Murphy aside, I thus addressed him: "Charles," said I, "the thief is at length taken."

"Where is he?" inquired Charles; "let him be brought before the bar of our master. The rogue!"

"I have not *actually* taken him," I replied, "but I think I can point him out."

"Recollect," rejoined Charles, "your maxim is that of our master, not to suspect any one without cause."

"I have my reasons," I resumed. "You know, Charles, how anxious Simon Sly was to convict the servant and the jackdaws of this crime?"

"I do," answered Charles; "but what of that, Philosopher?"

"Why," I replied, "Mr. White has often said that the guilty are very prone to endeavour to fix their guilt on others; and when I recollect that although we have lost almost everything, Simon Sly never complains of having lost anything; I fear he is the culprit. Besides, while we keep our boxes open, I have noticed that his box is always locked."

"It is singular, Philosopher," replied Charles; "but what are we to do? We cannot go to him and say, 'Sly, you are a thief;' nor can we drag him before our master's bar, and charge him with the crime, for he would demand the proof of his guilt."

"Time will disclose the culprit," I rejoined, "as Mr. White says; and I think that that time is not far distant. You know we are bedfellows, and being so, let us agree to watch all night, to see if we cannot unravel the mystery."

"Agreed," replied Charles; "I wish the night was come."

"Be patient, Charles," I resumed, "and I think it probable that, before the night has passed, you may wish the morning to appear. Only you must keep the matter secret, as it

may come to the ears of the thief, and if he knows we are watching, he will be on his guard."

Charles was evidently going to make a promise to this effect, when his faculty for keeping a secret was put to the test by Rumble's coming up and asking what we were consulting upon. "Only a little matter existing between ourselves, which time may unfold to all," replied Charles, with unusual gravity; "Philosopher, I am mum. For once you may depend upon me."

Charles Murphy kept his secret well, and just before we went to bed he took occasion to whisper me, that not one among the group knew that we were going to be watchmen; adding, that he was determined not to lose any more of his cake, if watching would preserve it.

At length the slumbers of the night had appeared to have fallen upon every inmate under our master's roof except Charles Murphy and myself, who were ever enjoining each other in soft whispers not to go to sleep. We heard the clock strike nine, ten, eleven, twelve; and nature was just upon the point of claiming its due, when our bedroom-door opened stealthily, and a soft footstep was heard on the floor. We both trembled for the moment; but no sooner had Charles heard the lid of his box open, than he exclaimed, "Courage, Philosopher," and rushing to the spot with me at his elbow, we each laid hold of an arm of the culprit. The moon shone

full in his face, and as we looked at him we both ejaculated, "It is Simon Sly!"

Simon trembled from head to foot, and piteously implored of us to let him go, promising never to do the like again. But this was out of the question; and, after a momentary deliberation, we agreed to wake the boys in our room, that by their assistance we might at once place him before the bar of our master.

Never have I since witnessed such a scene as followed this determination. We first hauled Simon Sly to the bedside of Arthur Sampson, and pulling him with one hand, desired him to aid us, for we had caught the thief.

"A thief!" muttered Arthur, who rubbing his eyes, and turning over on the other side, seemed determined to sleep on.

"Not *a* thief *only*, Arthur," I replied, as we again shook him, "but *the* thief who steals our cakes."

"Let him enjoy them with a good conscience, if he can," rejoined Arthur, and quickly turned himself round to sleep.

Arthur himself possessed a good conscience, and he slept so soundly from that cause that we turned to the bedside of William Weston.

The brave Weston had no sooner caught the sound of thief than he jumped out of bed, and, opening the door, fled from room to room, screaming "A thief! a thief! oh save me—a thief!" His cries could not fail to arouse all the boys, and, they joining in it, the sound echoed through the house, and quickly

brought our master into the room. By the time that he appeared most of the boys had assembled in our room, and entering, he loudly enjoined silence, and demanded an explanation. When silence was obtained, this was given, and Mr. White told Simon to go along with him, and charged us all to get into bed again, and go to sleep.

Like dutiful pupils, we all obeyed our master's injunctions as to getting into bed, but few of us had any sleep. The excitement, indeed, so acted upon Charles Murphy and myself, that we neither of us slept a wink, and Charles frequently expressed a wish that it was morning.

Pleased with my own sagacity, I as frequently replied, "Did I not tell you that you might express such a wish? And now, let me tell you, Charles, before to-morrow is over, you will wish it was night again."

There was no need of our usual summons in the morning. As soon as the first beams of light appeared, we were up and dressed, and sitting on our bedsides discussing the events of the night, and its probable result. "Mr. White," said Charles Murphy, "has not used the rod since we have been with him, Philosopher; but I think he will now; for Simon Sly richly deserves it. Only think of his pilfering our valuables in this wholesale manner—the rogue!"

Although I subscribed to Charles Murphy's opinion as to the deserts of Simon Sly, I differed with him as to the use of the rod. "If you had heard Mr. White express his opinion

as to the virtues which the rod contains," I replied, "as I did when my parents first brought me to school, you would not think he would now make use of it. He plainly said that it was composed only of dried sticks, and that no moral was to be obtained from it. My opinion is, therefore, that he will adopt his usual plan; he will give Simon Sly a severe lecture, and, hoping that he may profit by it, try him again."

Charles was more than usually grave on hearing this opinion, and, after musing for some time, he replied: "If Mr. White should act thus, I can only say that I should propose that all might henceforth keep their boxes locked. It would be hard, indeed, if we should be obliged to keep watch another night lest we should be robbed of our cakes. I feel it a hard case now, for I am so tired that I wish it was night.

I was proceeding to remind Charles of my sagacity in predicting that he would utter sush a wish, when we were summoned to prepare for the school-room. Already prepared, we instantly descended, and soon after Mr. White appeared, accompanied by Simon Sly, whose eyes were riveted on the floor, and he was soon brought to trial on the charge.

"Well, Sly," inquired our master, "what have you to say for yourself? I do not ask you whether you are guilty, for you were caught in the act, and therefore stand convicted; but can you urge any plea by which you may avoid punishment?"

Simon Sly said nothing, and only ap-

peared to drop his face lower toward the floor.

"You have nothing to urge, then," continued Mr. White; "it only remains, therefore, to award your punishment. But before I do this, as I find that your box is always locked, I wish to see its contents. I may find there still clearer evidence of your guilt."

As he said this, he rang the bell, and ordered Sly's box to be brought down into the schoolroom. The servant obeyed; and it was observed, when it was brought in, that it seemed particularly heavy. Being placed on the floor, Mr. White demanded the key; and when it was opened, the servant drew forth such a budget of stolen treasures, as was perhaps never seen before. Every variety of articles which school-boys can be supposed to possess were treasured up there, and they were intermingled with many a piece of mouldy cake. When they were all strewed on the floor, our master desired us all to take that which was our own, and with light hearts we proceeded to our task. Various treasures were soon transferred to our pockets, and the pieces of cake alone left on the floor.

"Is not the cake yours?" inquired Mr. White.

"Yes, sir," replied Charles Murphy, "but we cannot distinguish piece from piece, because it is so mouldy. Simon Sly is quite welcome to it."

"If he is welcome to it, he shall not have it, Charles," rejoined Mr. White, "but he shall have his deserts."

Charles Murphy here reminded me, in an under tone, of the rod, and expressed his conviction that he should prove the most sagacious; but neither Charles nor myself proved right in our conjectures as to the punishment of Simon Sly. Our preceptor, indeed, gave him a severe lecture on the sin he had committed, pointing out his enormity, and assuring him that no thief can inherit the kingdom of God. He added: "Perhaps it is my duty to consign you over to the hands of justice: but this my feelings will not let me do; and as I cannot keep a thief in my house, I will at once expel you from my school." He did so with more than usual severity and ignominy. To mark his abhorrence of the crime, he sent him home in a cart, desiring the driver to tell his parents from him that he was a thief, and therefore unworthy of his care.

As Simon Sly departed, I inquired of my companions whether our master was not a wise man.

"He is," replied Charles Murphy; "he ought to have been a judge. But I wish it was night!"

I believe every one wished as did Charles Murphy: and when night came, we all slept so soundly, that none had the opportunity of wishing for the morning.

CHAPTER VII.

Perhaps of all the vices to which boys are prone, the vice of lying is one of the most prevalent, as well as the most wicked. A noted character of this kind once mingled with us in our play-ground, whom I shall name Job Willet.

Job Willet came among us when I had been about two years under the care of our kind preceptor. He was a fine-looking boy, and had every appearance of the gentleman about him; but he was addicted to a vice that sank him below the level of the brute creation—that vice was lying.

Job Willet had not been among us many hours before his character was discovered. He had been boasting of the ample fortune he was heir to, and the almost boundless possessions which his father possessed, when Arthur Sampson drew Charles Murphy and myself aside, as being the two most important personages in the play-ground, and thus addressed us :—

"You heard," said Arthur, "what our new school-fellow said just now."

We both nodded assent.

"Then," continued Arthur, "do not believe a word he has said. He little thinks that I live near his home, and that I know all about him. His father certainly has a very large farm, and perhaps two, but every inch of ground he possesses is rented; and as

for his being heir, he is no more heir than I am, for he has half a dozen brothers and sisters older than himself."

As soon as Arthur had ceased, the quick-witted Charles Murphy, turning to me, observed: "Philosopher, here is some game for us; Job Willet will afford us some sport."

"Do not say *us*, Charles!" I replied, gravely; "but rather yourself. I fear Job Willet will afford you some amusement, but as for myself, I would rather be excused. I cannot sport with sin!"

"How grave you are, Philosopher!" rejoined Charles; "surely there can be no harm in having a bit of fun with such a character! A little banter may do him good."

I was upon the point of assuring Charles that there would be great harm in treating a liar with any other feeling than that of contempt, when Job Willet joined our little circle.

"I have been telling the other boys," said Job, as he approached us, "what I had forgotten to tell you, that my father has another estate in the next parish beside the one I mentioned, where we reside."

"Think again," replied Charles, sarcastically; "perhaps he may have another in the next parish, which has escaped your memory."

"I think he has some land there," rejoined the boaster; "but to tell you the truth, he has so much that I cannot describe the whole."

"And that is the truth, is it?" asked Charles.

"It is, and nothing but the truth," answered Job Willet.

"He must be a rich man, then," said Charles; "a very rich man indeed! Philosopher, do not you wish that your father was as rich?"

"I do not, Charles," I replied; "for Mr. White has often observed, that riches have not the power to impart happiness to the possessor; and Solomon has said that they oftimes make to themselves wings, and fly away."

"Do you hear that, Master Willet?" asked Charles, triumphantly. "You little thought that we had a philosopher here, I dare say. You see he is one who can despise all your riches, great though they be; for my part, however, I do wish my father was as rich as yours, for then I would coax him to send a fine large cake down every two or three days, that I might divide it among my companions."

"I never thought of that," replied Job Willet; "it is an excellent idea. I will write by this evening's post, requesting my father to do the same."

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" rejoined Charles, as his sides shook again with laughter; "if you do, and gain your point, all the boys will love you. Your renown will be even greater than that of our much-loved philosopher."

"Do not fail to remind me of it, then," said Job Willet, "when we go into the schoolroom, or perhaps I may forget it."

"Oh! trust me! trust me!" replied Charles Murphy, still laughing heartily; "I will be sure to remind you of it, Master Willet, and if you have not any paper, I shall be happy to lend you some for the occasion."

"I do not want your paper," resumed Job Willet, as his face reddened up with a glow of pride, "and I am half offended at your offer; but I will still keep my word if you remind me of it, for I never break my promises."

"Thank you, Master Willet," replied Charles, significantly. "I am glad to find you so honourable—I am sure the philosopher, and every one of us will love you, if our expectations are realized; for you must know that while you appear to have been born with a golden spoon in your mouth, the richest among us only had a silver one, and I fear there are some who were obliged to be content with a wooden one."

Had Job Willet been possessed of an acute mind, he must have seen that Charles was only bantering him, but taking no note of it, he turned away, and joined another group in the distance, where, doubtless, he resumed his boasts. As he paced along the playground, Charles eyed him with a curious look, and, turning to me, asked me if I had not been amused, and begged that I would not spoil his fun.

"That I really was not amused, Charles," I replied, "I think my face indicated. I believe you never saw me more grave; and I am happy to find that Arthur took part.

with me. The case seems to be a very pitiful one for two reasons: first, that Job Willet should be addicted to such a vice; and, secondly, that you should be disposed to treat it so lightly."

"Nay, Philosopher," said Charles, "you really are too hard upon me. But never mind. You are a good fellow, and I love you because you did not interrupt me. Why should we not be merry sometimes?"

"I wish you to be merry always," I rejoined; but I would wish you always to be wise."

"So I will, if I can," interrupted Charles, "when we go into the school-room again, if you will let me alone. In the meantime let us play."

Our pastimes were no sooner over, and we had taken our seat in the school-room, than Charles Murphy, giving me a significant look, whispered to Master Willet, reminding him of his promise.

"Wait a minute," said the boaster, "I cannot go to my desk just now."

Charles looked at the clock, and when the minute was past, he politely reminded him of his promise again.

"What haste you are in," said Master Willet; "I never break my promises."

"Thank you," said Charles; "I do not doubt your honour, but the hour for lessons is approaching, and then you will have no time to redeem it. You will have forfeited your word, and have lost the renown I promised you in the playground."

"I will write directly," said Master Willet; but not taking his pen in his hand after repeating this several times, Charles turned to me and observed: "Philosopher, I am tired of being monitor. I can do nothing with this young gentleman, and I consign him over to you. Perhaps you may be able to reclaim him. Master Willet, or rather I must say now, since all our expectations have vanished, Job Willet, please to listen to our philosopher. He is reckoned the wisest amongst us, and therefore his words should be regarded."

Thus challenged, I stood forth as Job Willet's reprover, while all the boys sate listening to my harangue. "When you make any assertion among us, Willet," said I, "you should take care that what you say is true. Did you know that Arthur Sampson comes from your part of the world?"

"No, I did not," replied Job Willet; "but if he does, what of that?"

"Only," I replied, "Arthur assures us, and he has never been known to tell an untruth, that he knows your father, and that though he may have one or even two large farms, he rents them. He says, moreover, that so far from your being heir, you are the youngest of a large family, and being so, you are likely to come off worse than the rest."

At this point my companions clapped their hands and burst into a loud laugh, and when their clamour had subsided, I continued: "Now, what could have induced you to tell such untruths? It was no concern of ours what your father possessed, or what you

might expect, and we should not have asked you a word about the matter. As it is, you have made yourself look very foolish, and I question whether you have not brought yourself into contempt among our companions. You have also offended God, who has declared that no liar shall inherit his kingdom. Let me advise you, therefore, Job Willet, to be careful for the future; and let me warn you not to let Mr. White detect you, for if he does he will give you such a lecture as will make your ears tingle."

"Bless me," said Job Willet, as I ceased, nothing abashed at his position, "where am I?"

"Where are you?" rejoined Charles Murphy, "why at Truth Hall, if you please, among philosophers, who can take you to task if you tell a falsehood."

"I see I am," replied Job Willet, still keeping his countenance, "and I see that I must mind what I am about, and not talk quite so fast."

"Indeed you must," said Mr. White, who had, it appears, attracted by the clamour, been listening behind the door, and now stood forward: "indeed you must, young gentleman, or it will be the worse for you, both here and hereafter. Of all vices the sin of lying is the most contemptible. A liar is, indeed, a public nuisance: he makes even reality suspected, and one honest man a stranger to the other. Solomon says—

'The lip of truth shall be established for ever:
But a lying tongue is but for a moment.'—Prov. xii. 19.

And the Scriptures declare, that 'all liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with brimstone and fire.' That is their certain portion, as it is of the great father of lies—the devil. My young friend, as you value the friendship of all around you, and the interests of your never-dying soul, I hope that you will pray to God to enable you to keep a strict watch over your lips. Believe me, there is nothing gained by lying but dishonour and contempt. If you indulge in that sin, you will certainly become the scorn of your companions now, and of the world in after years. Even when you speak the truth, if you become noted for lying, not one will believe you. At all times and seasons you will be the object of suspicion. The psalmist well knew what a dangerous being to society the liar is when he made this declaration:—

'He that worketh deceit shall not dwell within my house:
He that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight.'"—Ps. ci. 7.

Although Job Willet put on a bold front when I, in my philosophical capacity, rebuked him, he was sadly abashed before our preceptor had concluded; and when he ceased, his face was covered with shame. It was hoped that he would profit by the lesson; but the vice had so gained the mastery over him that he became noted for falsehood. Almost every day he was detected in a lie; and, when he spoke the truth, nobody would believe him. Job Willet's words passed for nought; and, when any one of our companions uttered any thing which seemed beyond

the bounds of truth, it was common for us to observe, "I fear that's a Job Willet."

One redeeming point only can be mentioned in the character of Job Willet, and that went far to preserve among us the semblance of friendship. Although he could not command a cake, every two or three days, yet, when he did receive one, no boy shared it with a more willing mind among his companions. My friend Charles did not fail to notice this; and often has he observed to him, as he served the ample slice round, "I wish, Master Willet, that your father had been rich enough to send a cake down as often as you promised to solicit, for then we should have had one continual feast. As it is, we thank you most heartily; for cake is a very nice treat. But, perhaps," he would add, "it is as well for us that you could not command it, for we might then all have become sickly, as greedy George. So we must be content, and put up with our disappointment like philosophers. When it comes it is all the sweeter."

The sickly personage to whom Charles Murphy alluded was one of the most disagreeable companions I ever met with in my youthful days. Not one in the whole school had any regard for him, for he nipped their friendship in the bud.

It was usual when a new scholar entered our school to see them display their treasures; and, if they had brought a cake with them, it was as usual for us all to taste it. George Green, to whom we gave the name of "Greedy

George," acted to the very letter of the former custom, but not to that of the latter. After he had displayed his hardware valuables he drew forth one of the richest cakes our eyes had ever beheld, and, holding it forth to our view, inquired whether we did not think it was a nice one?

All replied in the affirmative, as they gazed upon the expected treat; but Charles Murphy seemed in ecstasies about the matter. "I have no doubt, Master Green," said he, "but it is delicious; for the fruit seems as thick as stars. It cannot be otherwise than good: get ready, boys."

"Get ready for what?" inquired Master Green.

"Merely to taste it," replied Charles, "as you shall one day taste ours."

"I hope I shall," replied Master Green, and quietly wrapped the paper round his cake, and consigned it to his box.

"Did you see that, Philosopher?" inquired Charles, with a look of disappointment.

"I did, Charles," I rejoined.

"And what do you think of it, then?" asked Charles, eagerly.

"Think!" said I, scarcely able to repress my indignation; "why, I think that we are all disappointed, and that George Green does not value friendship."

"Right! right, Philosopher!" rejoined Charles, eagerly, and with his usual hilarity; "he will not let us take salt—I mean cake—with him. But we must meet with disap-

pointments in this world, and we should bear it like philosophers."

Charles had no sooner uttered this than I drew him aside, and thus addressed him :— "I think, Charles," said I, "we have a character here of no very noble kind. Depend upon it he cares all for self, and no one else."

"Do you think so?" inquired Charles.

"Yes, I do," I replied, "and if you please, I will prove it. You know I have a cake in my box which is only half consumed, and I will at once produce it, and share it among you all."

"But indeed I will," I replied : "he shall have as much as he pleases; for, perhaps, that may cure him of his folly. If he is so selfish, Charles, why should we be? I love an open heart."

"And so do I," Charles rejoined. "Fetch your cake, my lad. I think it may not only please my palate but my fancy."

The cake was produced; and as I proceeded to divide it, I declared that he whose voice could be raised the loudest should have the first and largest piece. All strained their voices, but not one was heard so plain as that of George Green; and, when they ceased, I pronounced him the winner. All my companions, except Charles, who was in the secret, looked eagerly at me; as much as to say, "Surely you will not give him any;" but, taking no notice of it, I cut off a large piece and quietly placed it in his hands.

George Green received his cake with an eager grasp, without so much as thanking

me for it; a circumstance which did not escape the notice of my friend, Charles. "Surely, Master Green," said he, "you might have thanked the giver. It is very kind of him to give all his cake to us, and I assure you, I shall not only thank him for mine, but love him for his kindness."

"Never mind, Charles," I replied, "Mr. White has often said that we must meet with ingratitude in this world, and that, when we do, we should not mind it; but let it only serve to remind us of our ingratitude to God, who supplies us so bountifully with our daily food, notwithstanding we are too prone to forget him."

Having said this, I proceeded to divide my cake among the rest; and every one of them thanked me with more than usual warmth. I was so deeply engaged in my work, that I did not notice the movements of George Green. He had, it appeared, been eyeing every piece as I placed it into the hands of my companions; and when I had given all away except a portion which I had reserved for myself, Charles Murphy asked what he was looking at?

"I was looking," replied the covetous boy, "at all the pieces of cake. That boy"—George Green here pointed to me—"said that I should have the largest piece, but instead of that, it is the smallest."

"Nay," I replied, "if I have given you the smallest piece, it was not intentionally, and I ask your pardon. But the fact can be proved by measuring them; and, I think, if

this is done, it will be found that it is only in your fancy that the deficiency exists." It *was* done, and it was also proved that George Green's was by far the largest; but, notwithstanding this, he still persisted that it was the smallest.

"Well, then," I rejoined, "I wish to fulfil my promise, and I wish you also to be satisfied, Master Green. I will give you a piece more: will that be sufficient?"

"I should like a little piece more," returned George Green.

Charles Murphy was evidently going to vent his indignation at his covetousness; but I gave him a look that silenced him, and replied, "Perhaps you would like to have the whole, Master Green?"

"If you please," answered he.

"Then, there it is," I rejoined; "and I hope you will be satisfied; but, if not, you cannot have more than all."

Whether George Green would have thanked me for my generosity, I cannot say; for all the boys were so clamorous in their approbation of my conduct, that, if he had, his voice would have been drowned. When they ceased, Charles Murphy exclaimed: "You have acted nobly, Philosopher, but do receive a portion of my piece back again. I cannot bear to see you go without." All the boys pressed me in the like manner; but I declined, simply declaring that my happiness did not depend on a piece of cake, and hoping that all of them, Master Green included, would

enjoy themselves. I added, in a whisper to Charles, "Observe how Green acts."

Charles did observe; and when he found that half of his portion had vanished,—which it did very quickly—he inquired, whether it was not good?

"Middling," replied Green; "it is not so good as mine."

"Not so good as yours," resumed Charles, sneeringly; and having repeated it, he dropped a broad hint that he should like to prove his assertion by tasting his. But George Green would not take such a hint; and we not only did not taste that cake, but not one which he ever received. At the same time he was ever willing to share our cakes, and following my example, my companions were ever ready to supply him bountifully. So much did he receive, indeed, that, coupled with the fact of his devouring all his own, he became the most sickly boy in the whole school, and he was at length compelled to have the physician. His health, in truth, caused Mr. White much concern, and having expressed this one day in my hearing, I ventured to suggest the cause, and informed him of his greediness.

I shall never forget the change which took place in Mr. White's countenance when I disclosed the secret. Before, it had been all pity for the invalid; but now it was contempt. He called George Green to him, and, after pointing out the cause of his sickliness, he observed:—"Of all defects to which the mind of a boy can become a prey, that of selfish-

ness is the most to be avoided. If he grows up under the influence of that evil disposition, he will possess a worm within him which will eat out every root of happiness. Even now, Master Green, you feel its bitterness. But for your selfishness, you might have been as joyous as your companions, whose light hearts beat high with happiness all the day long. Instead of that, you are pining under sickness and weakness, which must make life a burden to you. Besides, your character suffers by it. In truth, I almost wonder that any of your companions should possess the smallest regard for you; or, in other words—for I cannot suppose that they do in reality esteem you—should have acted so nobly as to let you share in their feasts. And how could you be so mean as to accept of their bounties? But I need not ask you that question. Selfishness is a most obliging leveller. It mingles the great and small together with wonderful condescension; and whoever knows you in after life, if the evil is not corrected, may find you the companion of the meanest sot on the ale-bench. It will not matter to you with whom you mingle in life, so that you can partake of their generosity. But your ingratitude is not more contemptible than your selfishness. Let me tell you that, while your companions are raised in my estimation by their generosity, you are degraded in my sight by your selfishness and ingratitude. You richly deserve all you have felt, and all you yet must feel, before your health is restored. Indeed,

it is a question whether you are ever restored to perfect health, unless some strong measure is taken to ensure your recovery. Not all the medicines in the world will restore you while you are allowed to indulge in your greediness; and while I request of your companions to withhold their bounties, I must assure you that I shall write to your parents, and beg of them not to supply you with any more luxuries.

This determination of Mr. White caused George Green much grief of heart. He wept bitterly, not only on hearing it, but for many days after. His sorrow did not cease till, having somewhat recovered, his parents, more kind than wise, replied to a letter privately sent, by transmitting to him a cake twice as large as usual, in order to make up for the deprivations he had suffered from his illness. I think I can see our preceptor as he looked at this cake. He drew a deep sigh, and charged him not to take more than was necessary at a time. But his words were not heeded. As soon as George Green had the opportunity, he made such havoc in his treasure, that a few hours disclosed the result. The physician was again compelled to be called in; and Mr. White felt it his duty to take the cake under his care in order to counteract the evils which the over-fondness of his parents might have otherwise produced. By this means, George Green was kept about the play-ground while he remained at our school; but he was finally removed, as it appeared, from his complaining that he was not allowed

to enjoy himself as he pleased. Perhaps he had, at length, discovered that he had forfeited all the regard of his fellow-pupils, for, although we were civil to him, we could not reckon him a desirable companion. He was an outcast in the very midst of society; and not one heaved a sigh of regret at his departure. Charles Murphy, indeed, jocosely remarked, that we were, at length, happily freed from a cormorant.

CHAPTER VIII.

"There's something in a noble boy—
A brave, free-hearted, careless one—
With his unchecked, unbidden joy,
His dread of books, and love of fun;
And in his clear and ready smile,
Unshaded by a thought of guile,
And unrepressed by sadness,
Which brings me to my childhood back,
As if I trod its very track,
And felt its very gladness."—WILLIS.

HAD Arthur Sampson sat to the poet who penned these lines, he could not have drawn his character more forcibly.

Arthur Sampson, of whom honourable mention has before been made, was one of the most agreeable companions I ever met with in my school-days. He was not a wit, like Charles Murphy; but he possessed sound sense, and his conduct was of the noblest kind. He scorned to join in any pastime that was not innocent, albeit he loved fun as

well as the best amongst us. Charles Murphy has often observed to me, that he could not make Arthur out; for that, whilst he enjoyed his sports, he always kept himself free from blame. "Philosopher though you are," he would add, "he comes off better than you, for our preceptor has never had occasion to reprove him; no, not even for vanity."

As might be expected, Arthur and I were bosom friends. Together with Charles Murphy, indeed, he was my choicest companion; and Charles frequently suggested that we should be called a second Trio. This point was, in truth, gravely discussed by us on one occasion; but it was set aside by Arthur, who, on being informed of the history of the Trio, sensibly observed that the name was by no means desirable, since guilt was attached to it. "I think you will agree with me," said he, "that such a title is not an enviable one; for we may often be confounded with the guilty, not only amongst our present companions, but those who come after us; and we shall therefore be brought into odium." I agreed with Arthur; and Charles Murphy, who looked up to me as his Mentor, subscribed to my opinion.

The secret by which Arthur kept himself free from blame was this: he was pious. Yes, my young readers, although Arthur Sampson could spin a top, fly a kite, or play at any game as skilfully as the best among us, he had the fear of God before his eyes.

One day, when Charles Murphy was wondering how Arthur could love sport so well,

and keep himself so blameless, I explained this to him: "Charles," said I, "Arthur, I believe, is wise in the truest sense of the word. You often see him reading his Bible; and I have no doubt that he derives from thence the rules by which his conduct is guided. I have often heard both my parents and Mr. White say, that there only true wisdom can be found; and I remember a prayer, which I was taught very young to repeat every morning and evening. It was this:

"'O Lord, I am a simple and sinful child! Enable me to read and love thy holy word, for therein only can I hope to find wisdom! Grant this, for Jesus Christ's sake! *Amen.*'

"I wish, Charles, that I did not so often forget this; for I fear that I stand as much in need of wisdom as I did when I was a little child at home."

"Nonsense!" replied Charles, hastily; "how can that be?—why you know you are a philosopher."

"You are pleased to call me so," I rejoined; "but even if I were, what of that? Our preceptor said to me, one day, as I sat with him in the summer-house, that all philosophers were not truly wise; and that most of them were ignorant of the word of God, which is the true source of wisdom. Even the great Socrates was as blind as a man possibly could be concerning the way of salvation. Only think of that!"

"It is a wonder," said Charles.

"It is no wonder at all," I replied; "for, as Mr. White observed, Socrates had not a Bi-

ble to read, and his own wisdom could not find out the way of life."

"Only think of that," rejoined Charles.

"I do think of it," I replied; "and I reason upon it in this way: If Socrates was a fool, then I am a greater, for I have the Bible, and yet neglect to read it as I ought."

"Nay," exclaimed Charles, "I do see you reading the Bible sometimes."

"I feel, Charles," I rejoined, "that you did not mean to chide me; but there is strong reproof in that word *sometimes;* my parents used to charge me to read it daily, and I only read it *sometimes.* Charles, I thank you; from this time, I will follow their counsel. Like Arthur Sampson, I will read it daily, for I recollect the psalmist says:

'The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul.
The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.
The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart:
The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.
The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever:
The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.
More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold:
Sweeter also than honey, and the honeycomb.
Moreover by them is thy servant warned;
And in keeping of them is great reward."—Psa. xix. 7—11

"Why," said Charles Murphy, when he saw I had concluded, "what has come to you? You seem to be in a fair way of changing your name of Philosopher for that of Saint."

"Call me what you please, Charles," I replied; "but I hope I may keep my resolve. I feel, however, that you respect me too much to make me the object of ridicule."

"Indeed I do," Charles quickly rejoined;

"but are we not too young to become so serious?"

"Are we too young to die?" I asked, gravely.

"You have me there," said Charles; "for I had a brother, younger than myself, who is now no more, and every time I go home for my holidays, I go to look at his grave; and at Midsummer, I always gather a nosegay from the lawn of my father's country house, and plant it among the daisies growing thereon. I loved him very dearly, and you will pardon me if I say I loved him better than you, Philosopher."

"That was natural," I resumed; "but I perceive you yet consider me a philosopher. I hope I shall prove the Christian philosopher; for you must know, Charles, there are such in the world."

"I never thought of that," replied Charles; "it sounds better than the name of saint; for I have often heard that used as a term of reproach."

"Charles," I rejoined, hastily, "the worst of you is, that you speak without thinking. You have sense, and even wit; but you either lack judgment, or will not call it into action. Have you ever read your Bible?"

"Why, what a question that is," answered Charles; "you know, as well as I do, that though I do not read it, like Arthur Sampson and yourself, of my own free-will, our master makes me do so in class."

"I certainly had forgotten that, Charles," I replied; "but that can hardly be called

reading the Bible; for you know how little we think of what we are doing. It is, in truth, one of our tasks, and we perform it as such; whereas, the Bible should, my parents used to say, be read with pleasure. However, I will conclude that you have read it, and, in doing so, let me ask you, whether you have ever met with the term 'Christian philosopher?'"

"I do not recollect that I have," said Charles.

"Have you that of saint?" I interrogated.

"Oh, certainly I have," answered Charles, "especially in the Psalms and Epistles."

"Well, then," I continued, "which think you is the most honourable term—that of Christian philosopher, or saint?—that which is of human origin, or that which is divine?"

"You are such a reasoner," answered Charles, "I cannot cope with you. I see to which way you are steering, and if I was to answer, 'The Christian philosopher,' you would surely confound me; and therefore I will at once say, 'The saint.'"

"You say right, Charles," I rejoined; "my father, who is one of the most pious men I ever knew, has often said, in my hearing, that his heart would beat high with joy could he but be assured that he was a saint of God."

"Well," said Charles, "if your father is so pious a man as you say he is, surely he may consider himself as such."

"Doubtless he might," I replied; "for Mr. White has often said, that the humble

Christian has a better right to that title than those who have been canonized in the Romish Church."

"How strange!" answered Charles.

"Not strange at all," I replied; "for our master has never failed to observe, in confirmation of the assertion, that the Scriptures declare, that 'God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.'"

"I am glad," said Arthur Sampson, who joined us at this moment, "to hear you quoting Scripture, and should like to know what led to it."

Arthur said this with so much sincerity, that I readily recounted all that had passed between Charles and myself, not forgetting to exalt his character; for although I was vain, I was not envious; and when I ceased, he meekly replied that God only made him to differ from other boys, if he did differ from them. "But," added Arthur, "I came to propose a good game of cricket this fine evening, for you know we must make hay while the sun shines: are you willing?" Both Charles and myself expressed our ready approval; and the stumps were soon set up, the ball produced, and sent here, and there, and everywhere, in our cricket-ground. Arthur himself obtained more runs from his bat than any two of us put together, and yet he remained the same pious boy as heretofore.

"Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less."

It increases them a hundredfold, as the conduct of Arthur Sampson proves. Although

he was pious, he joined in our pastimes with a zest unknown to most of us, and was happy; and I believe that not one of my companions were better loved than Arthur Sampson. All regarded him with tenderness; and when he left there was not a dry eye amongst us. Charles Murphy wept bitterly; and when Arthur thanked him for not playing off his wit upon him, he fairly fell upon his neck and kissed him. It was a touching scene; and, as Mr. White regarded it, he observed to Arthur: "Continue to act as you have done at school; and may you grow in favour both with God and man!"

CHAPTER IX.

"How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection recalls them to view;—
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew!"

HITHERTO I have detained my young readers in our play-ground, where I trust they have found some of those pleasures which I have enjoyed in days of yore; I will now take them with me on a few of our rural excursions.

It was customary with Mr. White, when we had been diligent in our studies, to propose giving us a treat, by taking us some particular walk, in order to increase our pleasures. "Well, boys," he would say, "you have pleased me very much by your attention to

lessons, and you deserve a nice treat this afternoon. I think we will go for a walk —say to the garden of Old Reuben.

No proposition could have been more agreeable to us than a walk to the garden of Old Reuben; and no sooner was the dinner over, than we were ready, and waiting for the appearance of our master. One minute's delay, on his part, seemed a full hour; and when, at length, he did appear, with his book in his hand, we started off without waiting for the word of command. And when we had cleared the gate, and had fairly got into the bye-lanes that led to the said garden, what a race did we lead our master! We walked so fast, that we fairly outstripped him; and we frequently had to peep round a turning to see if he were coming. In our minds we taxed him with delay, for he always charged us not to enter the garden gate without him, which seemed a great hardship. At length, however, we all entered; and the first thing we did, following the example of our master, was to shake hands with Old Reuben.

Many a rich treat have we had in the garden of Old Reuben. He has stood under the apple-trees and shook the richly-laden boughs with such vigour, for our profit, that in a few minutes our hats and pockets have all been filled with fruit. And then, as for the gooseberries and strawberries, we were often told by him to gather as many as we pleased, so long as we did not make ourselves ill. But it was not in fruit alone that we profited by a visit to Old Reuben. He was a man of sound

sense, and many a lesson did we learn from his lips. One fine lesson on humanity, which he gave us in one of our visits, is very fresh on my memory.

I had often observed that Old Reuben was particularly careful not to kill a worm, if it could be avoided, when he was digging. He had just spared one, when we all stood around him, which John Lovell observing, he stepped forward with a hop, skip, and jump to destroy it. He was just planting his foot upon it, when Old Reuben stretched forth his hand, and held him back, sternly demanding what he was going to do?

"Only kill that worm," replied John Lovell.

"*Only* kill that worm!" replied Old Reuben; "*only* didst thou say, young gentleman? There, stand back!"

As Old Reuben said these words, he seized his spade in both hands, and holding it over the head of John Lovell, demanded what he had to say in defence of his own life? The culprit trembled from head to foot, and, not daring to utter a word, Old Reuben continued:

—"I tell you, young gentleman, that while you feel for yourself, you have no right to destroy that worm; for you are both God's creatures. Never yet have I destroyed one wantonly. My spade may pass through them unforeseen; but if I see them, I pause and let them live. Get you into the pathway, for I will also spare you; and, let me tell you, that if ever I know you injure a worm within my walls, you shall never taste my fruit again."

A visit to Dame Dunton's was a treat

equally great as that of visiting Old Reuben. Its announcement was received with a loud hurrah, and the moment of departure was desired with as much ardour as though we were going to visit a princess.

Dame Dunton lived in a cottage at the corner of a park, far remote from the busy world. It was a "good step," as she used to say, from our master's residence, and that, together with our being loaded with our own provisions, sometimes made us long to reach it before we had proceeded half way. We knew, however, that we should have a rich treat when we had gained her abode, and that helped to relieve us from a sense of weariness. "Cheer up," we used to say to any that lagged, "we are going to Dame Dunton's."

I fancy I see the good old dame now receiving us on those never-to-be-forgotten occasions. She never knew when we were coming; but as her cottage commanded a good length of road, she always had time to prepare for our reception, and she never failed to meet us at the gate with this homely welcome: "I saw you, young gentlemen, long before you had reached my gate. How be you? I am right glad to see you. Come in and sit down. I am sure you must be tired, for it is a good step to my cottage. I am glad to see you, young gentlemen."

It was a rare occurrence if our preceptor was not yet full a quarter of a mile behind; and while he was proceeding onwards, we, accepting the dame's invitation, would enter

her cottage, and placing our provisions on the floor, occupy chairs, tables, stools, the capacious chimney-corners, the foot of the stairs, and the ledge of the window. When we were all seated, Dame Dunton, taking her position in the middle of the room, would always observe: "I need not ask you whether you have been good boys. If you had not, I know you would not have been here. You see, therefore, what a good thing it is to be good boys. It makes your master love you, and try to make you even more happy than your light hearts would otherwise have made you. Be sure, then, you are always good, and you will always be happy."

Generally speaking, this was the position in which Mr. White found us; and when he entered, he would shake the good old dame's hand with as much warmth as though she were the first lady of the land. On her part, also, Dame Dunton would hail the appearance of our master with a hearty welcome, usually reminding him that he was one of those few who honoured her with a visit. "The world," she would observe, "is so busy in searching for honours and happiness, that they have no time to think of a poor lone creature like myself; but you, kind sir, are pleased to bear me in remembrance, and may you be rewarded for it by the Almighty, whose children I trust we are."

Mr. White and Dame Dunton never failed to enter into some religious conversation for their mutual profit and our benefit, while we thus rested; and, when they ceased, it was

always proposed that we should go into the shrubberies and amuse ourselves, while she prepared our repast. To exhibit her real character, I will relate one of these conversations, as far as my memory will serve me. The subject of it was the goodness of God to his creatures; and it was drawn forth by the good dame's observing, that she thought, of all people in the world, she had the most reason to be thankful.

Wise as our master was, this observation seemed to stagger him; and he asked whether she did not think that the rich, who enjoyed the luxuries of life, had not greater cause for gratitude.

"Indeed, sir," replied Dame Dunton, promptly, "I do not; and for this reason: their riches often prove a snare to them. Why, now, there is the kind-hearted nobleman, whose bounty supplies me with this cottage, and a sufficiency for nature's few wants; although he is such a generous creature, he is immersed in a giddy round of pleasure, which makes him forgetful of the goodness of God and his eternal interests. I venture to say to him, sometimes, as he places his bounty on my table, that I am thankful to the Almighty for inclining his heart to show me such kindness, and that if I have reason to be thankful, he has much greater, since he hardly knows the extent of his riches. And what do you think is his answer? Why, he says, 'Goody, you are an old fool, and know little about the matter. I was born to this rich inheritance, and therefore it was all

chance work that it belongs to me.' This world, sir, engages all his thoughts, but I pray every night and morning that he may one day experience a change of heart, and partake of my joys."

"I say, Amen, with all my heart," replied Mr. White. "But may I ask you one favour?"

"If it is in my power to bestow it," rejoined Dame Dunton, "it shall be yours; for it would give me pleasure to please you."

"I have never heard the history of your life," continued Mr. White, "nor by what means you have obtained such happiness; and as it might, nay, *would* be instructive to my pupils, may I ask you for such information?"

A shade of sadness came over the face of Dame Dunton as she heard this request, and she dropped a tear; but wiping it away, she replied: "It is hardly worth hearing, sir; but I cannot deny you, because I know you will partake, not only in my present joys, but in my former sorrows. I was born and brought up, if not in affluence, yet in comfortable circumstances. For many a long year I never knew want. Under the roof of my parents, I had every thing that heart could desire, and when I married, the same blessings were continued to me. I rejoiced in what the world would call my good fortune. I was not only indeed blessed with plenty, but with a kind husband, whose circumstances placed us above want. I said in my heart that my mountain was so strong that it should never

be removed. But the day of adversity followed hard upon the heels of the day of prosperity. The hand of death robbed me of my partner in life; and those to whose care he entrusted my property proved faithless to their trust. I was left destitute; and had it not been for the kindness of my patron, I should have been thrown upon the wide world. But he offered me this cottage, and thither I removed. I did so in sorrow, and the bitter tear often flowed down my cheeks. I thought of the past and received no comfort. My treasures are gone, I would say to myself, and I shall go down to the grave in sorrow. But, do you know, young gentlemen," the good dame added, as she addressed herself to us, "I had then a treasure in my box, under lock and key, of which I was ignorant. And what do you think that was? As young folks are fond of guessing, I will see if you can tell me. Come, let me see if you have any sagacity."

Many were the conjectures as to what treasure Dame Dunton still retained in ignorance, under lock and key, after the wreck of her little fortune; and an animated discussion took place amongst us, while she and our master looked on in silence. Charles Murphy suggested it was a purse of gold; George Green, a rich cake; and Richard Rumford a jewel. Arthur Sampson and myself consulted together, and we concluded it was a Bible, which she had long neglected, and Arthur requested me to express this opinion. I believe Arthur was as much entitled to the hon-

our as myself on this occasion; but, alas! I robbed him of it by asserting broadly that *I* could tell; adding, that it was a Bible.

"You are a good boy," answered Dame Dunton, as she gave me a look of tender regard; "it *was* a Bible. It was given me on my wedding-day, by my mother, and I had wrapped it up carefully and placed it in my box; not having, as I thought, in the days of my prosperity, time to read it. I had forgotten that I had it; but one day, as I was turning over the contents of my box, as I wept at the remembrance of the past, I saw something in the corner that attracted my attention. 'What have I here?' I said to myself, as I unfolded it; and when I saw what it was, I observed: 'Oh, it is the Bible my mother gave me on my wedding-day! I am glad I have laid my hands upon it; for it will serve to wile away a few hours of my loneliness.' I little thought then what a treasure it would prove to me. I read it, and read it, until I became fond of reading it; and it has not only served to wile away many a lonely hour, but it has taught me to be content with my lot, and to look forward to an inheritance that is incorruptible, and that fadeth not away. When I read in it (as I still do whenever I take it in my hand) my title to the skies, I forget the past and the present, and look forward with a light heart to the future. Oh, sir," she added, "I would not exchange my joys for those of my kind patron; and often do I pray, as I said before, that he may one day experience mine in addition to his own."

As Dame Dunton ceased, Mr. White, addressing himself to us, observed:—"Here, boys, is a fine lesson for you. I trust that it will be engraven on your hearts. You see that it is not riches, nor honours, that bring happiness to the immortal mind, but religion." Then, according to his usual custom, he bade us go and enjoy ourselves in the shrubberies; and, as we left the cottage, the good dame held out the expectation of a treat on our return if we were good boys.

Many a happy hour have I, with my schoolfellows, spent in the shrubberies adjoining the cottage of Dame Dunton. One party would be beating the bush to discover the bird's nest; another would be tracking the squirrel as it leaped from tree to tree; while a third would be playing at Hide and Seek, in the mazy windings where discovery was almost hopeless. Happiness reigned triumphant in every breast. Even though we sought with eager gaze to discover the bird's nest among the underwood, it was rare that any guilt was incurred by its destruction. We sought them only to look at the beauty of the structure, the variety of the eggs, and the singular appearance of the half-fledged young. We had so effectually learned from our master the cruelty of robbing the bird of its young, that our motto was, "Look, but touch not."

This was the general feeling amongst our little community. John Lovell, however, could never learn the lesson of humanity; and, on one occasion, he grievously offended in this respect. With myself, Charles Mur-

phy, and two or three others, he roved about the shrubberies on a nest-seeking excursion; and, having strayed a little way from us, all at once he set up a loud cry of joy, and called out that he had discovered a nest of young. Knowing his character, I requested my companions to make haste or he would certainly destroy them. All rushed to the spot; but we were only able to perform a part of our errand of mercy. The cruel boy had wrung the necks of two, and his hand was already stretched out for a third, when we arrived and arrested it in its work of destruction. As we did so, the culprit struggled hard to get free; asserting that as he found them they were his, and he had a right to do what he would with his own. The reasoning seemed sound to some of my companions, and they were about to let him go, when I remonstrated with them, and suggested that we should bring him before Mr. White, and let him decide whether they belonged to John Lovell or the parent birds. The idea seemed such an excellent one to Charles Murphy, that he leaped for joy as he clutched the culprit's arm with a faster hold, and he so effectually seconded my proposition, that John Lovell was forthwith dragged into the presence of our master and Dame Dunton without further ceremony. As we proceeded, he kicked and screamed with all his might; but there was no alternative, for while yet struggling we reached the cottage.

When we entered, Mr. White demanded the cause of our rudeness, and the uproar

raised by John Lovell. This was explained in a few words; and, in confirmation of our story, I held up the fingers of the culprit, which were stained with the blood of his innocent victims. I added: "But the reason, sir, we have brought him here is, for you to decide whether they belonged to him or the parent birds. He says, that he found them, and that he has a right to do what he pleases with them."

While this scene was going forward, Dame Dunton had placed her huge spectacles on the bridge of her nose, and advancing towards John Lovell, fixed her "four eyes" full upon him with such a steadfast gaze, that he seemed to shrink from her, as though she were some unearthly being. She was thus situated when I ceased, and without waiting for the reply of our master, she uttered such a reproof as I never before or since heard fall from her gentle lips towards "young gentlemen." "Why, boy," she said, "you have disgraced yourself, and I must share in that disgrace. It has long been my pride, that the birds of the air live unmolested near my dwelling; but I have let in a boy-monster to destroy them. I can no longer address to them these words:

'No school-boy rude, to mischief prone,
E'er shows his ruddy face,
Or twangs a bow, or hurls a stone,
In this sequestered place.
Hither the vocal thrush repairs;
Secure the linnet sings;
The goldfinch dreads no slimy snares,
To clog her painted wings.
Let not the harmless red-breast fear,
Domestic bird, to come

And seek a sure asylum here,
With one that loves his home.
My trees for you, ye artless tribe,
Shall store of fruit preserve;
Oh! let me thus your friendship bribe;
Come, feed without reserve.
For you these cherries I protect;
To you these plums belong;
Sweet is the fruit that you have pecked,
But sweeter far your song.
Let, then, this league betwixt us made,
Our mutual interest guard;
Mine be the gift of fruit and shade,—
Your songs be my reward.' GRAVES.

Boy," continued Dame Dunton, "you have not only committed an act of wanton cruelty, but you have robbed me of a great pleasure. After this, I do not think that the songs of the birds, which hitherto have been a great solace to me, will prove half so pleasing. When I hear them, I shall think of the day when I let in a wanton boy among them to destroy them.—Sir," she added, as she turned towards Mr. White, "I must request, if ever you bring this boy again to my cottage, that he be confined to the chimney corner, and that you will allow me to punish him, by withholding from him the treat I have in store for the young gentlemen. I should, also, wish that his portion may be distributed among those who have shown such kindness to the other nestlings. I am sure they must have kind hearts, and they deserve to be rewarded."

Mr. White readily agreed to Dame Dunton's request, and as we left the cottage, he commanded John Lovell to take his seat in the chimney corner, and not to stir till we went home.

To be deprived of Dame Dunton's treat

was no common punishment. On leaving the shrubbery, we were at all times directed to take our seats, after the Oriental fashion, on nature's own carpet. Besides the provisions we had brought with us, there was a large hot home-baked cake in the middle, and, interspersed, there were little heaps of fruit, according to the number of "young gentlemen." Of all this inviting store, the good dame bade us partake heartily, for that we were very welcome. She would also add: "As you partake of these nice things, you should be grateful to God, who is so kind to you as to supply them out of the fulness of His bounty."

I believe there was no one, on any occasion, who did not do full justice to the good cheer thus set before us. Long did we sit over it, and while we enjoyed ourselves, Dame Dunton would address her conversation mainly to the "young gentlemen;" while our master sat by in silence. "You will excuse me, sir," she would say sometimes to him; "but you know I do not often have the pleasure of talking to young gentlemen, and therefore it is I neglect you." Our master always held her excused with a ready smile, and an assurance that he was happy to sit still, and receive a lesson from her lips.

Many were the lessons which we received from the lips of Dame Dunton; but, perhaps, one of the most interesting was one on the advantages we enjoyed in receiving a good education. It was the more interesting because it led to a display of boyish views on the subject, which were partly at variance

with those of our hostess. The good dame having observed that we ought to be thankful we were living in a day when learning was so much prized, and with one who paid so much attention to our education, Charles Murphy looked archly at her, and asked if she ever went to school?

"I should have thought," replied Dame Dunton, "that you would have concluded, from what I said, that I did not have much schooling. In my young days, parents, who even had plenty of money, rarely thought of sending their children to school for a long period, and especially their daughters."

"I thought so," said Charles, still looking archly.

"Why, what does the young gentleman mean?" inquired Dame Dunton.

"Oh dear," answered Charles, "if you only knew how difficult it is to ascend the ladder of learning you would not have praised it so warmly. You should see us sometimes labouring to get up a single round. I am sure if you did, you would say, 'Do not trouble yourselves, young gentlemen, about the matter, you will be much happier on the ground.'"

Such a display of metaphor, had, perhaps, never before been uttered within the limits of Dame Dunton's cottage, and being unable to comprehend it, she again asked what the young gentleman meant. Charles was silent; probably from fear of offending our master, who sat smiling, and who, during the pause, gave me a look which demanded an inter-

pretation. I understood it, and observed:—"Charles means that our lessons are sometimes so difficult and long that we can scarcely master them, and that you would recommend us to remain in ignorance rather than take so much trouble about the matter."

"That is plain sense," answered Dame Dunton; "but the young gentleman is mistaken. I hope he does not dislike learning; and if he does, I hope there is not any one else before me like him. For my own part, I would give all the little I possess to be a good scholar. But I am thankful that I am able to read, and that enables me to go through the world with comfort."

As soon as Dame Dunton had uttered the latter sentence, Charles Murphy exclaimed that it was a happy idea. "I can read," he added, "and why should I trouble my head about Latin and Greek? I know sufficient to enable me to get through the world with comfort."

Dame Dunton knew the buoyancy of Charles Murphy's spirits; but she was not aware that he was only endeavouring to play off his wit; and therefore she continued, seriously:—"I am afraid, young gentleman, your kind master has a good deal of trouble with you about your learning, and I fear you hardly deserve the treat provided for you. If I were sure that you did not like to learn your lessons, I can tell you that you should taste no more of my fruit at this visit, nor till I found out that you had become fond of learning. It is a sad thing when young

gentlemen set their faces against learning whatever is thought necessary for them. Reading may do very well for me, and bring me much comfort; but it is not sufficient for young gentlemen. They should learn everything they can, or they will be despised when they go out into society. Above all, they should learn how to behave themselves in company, and not be quite so rude as you have been."

Charles was at all times willing to atone for his faults; but I never saw him more humble than on this occasion. As he sat down quietly, he begged her pardon, and assured her, that he only meant a little pleasantry. He spoke the truth; for no boy in the school gave our master less trouble with his lessons than Charles Murphy. His figurative language, however, breathed the sentiments of some few in the school; and our master, in order to shame them, desired that all who really loved learning, should hold up their hands. Among those who obeyed this command was Charles Murphy, whose hands were conspicuous for their erect position; and Dame Dunton having expressed her pleasure at observing this, proceeded to ask those who, from shame, could not lift up theirs, why it was they did not love learning? Silence was observed a long time, when Samuel Rutherford, who was the greatest dunce Mr. White ever had to deal with, remarked, that he did not think it was worth much, for that he heard his father say, almost every day, when he was at home, that,

"If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

On hearing this, Mr. White seemed to awaken as from a trance. "Now, Rutherford," said he, "I have discovered the secret cause of your idleness. I have no doubt that this oft-repeated, unwise line of the poet, has had a great effect in making you a dunce. Coming from a parent's lips, it has had an effect upon your mind which baffles all my skill and care to counteract. It suits your disposition better to heed it than the complaints which your father is ever making to me, that he fears you will prove a dunce, and that, after all the pains I have taken, and the expenses he has incurred, he has a foreboding you will be fit for nothing, and that you will never enjoy life. That sentiment of the poet in the lips of your parent has done you irreparable mischief."

Taking no note of our master's philosophy, Dame Dunton still pressed the others, who forebore to hold up their hands, to tell her why they did not love learning; but receiving no reply, she continued:—"I am glad you are silent, for that shows you are either ashamed of your idleness, or, that you have nothing to say in your own defence. I recollect a passage in Proverbs, which says:—

'Buy the truth, and sell it not:
Also wisdom, and instruction, and understanding.'

"And then the wise man adds:—

'The father of the righteous shall greatly rejoice:
And he that begetteth a wise child shall have joy of him.
Thy father and thy mother shall be glad.'—Prov. xxiii. 23—25.

"Youth is the season for improvement, and if that season is passed over without it, although you may then be inclined to redeem the time lost, you may not have the opportunity. Do not, then, throw away these golden hours, but strain every nerve to improve them to advantage. Hoping that you will do so, as I have nothing to do with punishing you, I invite you all to the treat I shall give your companions before you return home."

The treat which Dame Dunton reserved for us on our departure was one of the richest nature. Fruit is at all times sweet to the taste of children, but its sweetness is greatly increased if they are allowed to pluck it with their own hands. The good dame seems to have known this, for, leading us into her garden, she would say:—"Now, young gentlemen, let me see how clean you can strip this tree of apples. You have been good boys, and you are welcome to them all, if you can get them."

As Charles Murphy used to observe, there was no *if* in the case. No sooner had we received permission, than some would climb up the tree, while others would direct their operations upon the outer branches by missiles of every description, including their hats and caps. In a few minutes the work was completed: not an apple was to be seen, and but few leaves remained to tell the beholder that it was yet summer. As we looked up at it, and patted our pockets, and held forth our well-replenished handkerchiefs to view, we would ask our kind hostess whether we

had not done our work well. "You have, young gentlemen," she would reply; "and when you come again, we will see if you can be still as clever and as industrious."

We went one, two, three, four summers to the cottage of Dame Dunton, but the fifth our master led us to her grave. As we stood over it, we thought of her kindness, and some few of us wept, while Mr. White spoke to us on the frail nature of all earthly joys, and concluded thus:—"The good and pious Christian whose bones lie under this turf, has min istered to your pleasures; but she is gone to a better world, and you will no more experience her kindness. It is one of the many streams of joy which you will find cut off as you pass through life. Seek, then, to partake of those joys which are at God's right hand, and which will last for evermore. Those only can impart to you lasting happiness."

We gathered each a bunch of daisies and butter-cups, and having strewed them on the lonely grave of Dame Dunton, returned home, sorrowing that we should no more partake of her kindness or see her face in this world. I have no doubt, however, if we all prove as sincere in our professions of Christianity as she was; if we all look for an eternal inheritance through the atonement of Christ, with the same implicit faith as she did, that we shall meet again on the shores of the heavenly Canaan, and pass a happy eternity together. With her we shall reach forth our

hands, and take and eat of the fruit of paradise, and live for ever.

CHAPTER X.

"Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around?
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?
There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through the sky;
The ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.
The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale;
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.
There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower;
And a titter of winds in that beechen tree;
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.
And look at the broad-faced sun! how he smiles
On the dewy earth, that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters, and gay young isles—
Ay, look!—and he'll smile thy gloom away.'. ANON.

No gloom ever saddened those hours when our preceptor used to take us on a rural excursion, for the two-fold purpose of recreation and of leading our minds to contemplate the beauties of nature. "Now, boys," he would say, on these occasions, "I shall give you a rich treat this evening. There will be no fruit, indeed, at the end of our journey; but we will endeavour to extract pleasure from every thing we see and meet with in our rambles. The heavens and the earth alike hold forth their beauties to delight our senses, and it would seem that the Almighty

had created them not only for the benefit, but the delight of his creatures. Even of the little wild flower, on myriads of which we shall tread in our path, the poet has well remarked:—

> Despise not thou the wild flower—small it seems,
> And of neglected growth, and its light bells
> Hang carelessly on every passing gale;
> Yet it is fairly wrought, and colours that
> Might shame the Tyrian purple, and it bears
> Marks of a care eternal and divine;
> Duly the dews descend to give it food;
> The sun revives its drooping, and the showers
> Add to its beauty; and the airs of heaven
> Are round it for delight.' "

On leaving the gate upon these occasions, our conduct was widely different from that when we were going to the garden of Old Reuben, or the cottage of Dame Dunton. Instead of hastening forward, there was almost a struggle which should keep nearest our master. Even Charles Murphy, though he loved fun and frolic so dearly, would, if possible, hang upon his left arm: his right I was ambitious to secure.

The walks through which Mr. White led us in these rambles, were some of those lovely and quiet scenes with which our highly-favoured country abounds. We passed through ample fields, which stood so thick with corn, that they might truly be said to laugh and sing—through rich meadows, where the sheep roamed abroad in peace—through hazel walks, which threw around us a cool refreshing shade, and by the side of a meandering stream, whose course was visible for many a long mile, as it passed toward the sea.

It would require a volume to recount all the lessons that we received from the lips of our master, in these delightful rambles. As it has been said of the eye of the poet, his thoughts

"Glanced from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven."

That my young readers, however, may form some idea of the privilege we enjoyed, I will relate a lesson or two he gave us on one of these occasions. We had no sooner escaped the din of the village than he thus commenced:—"The poet Cowper, describing the true Christian in his rambles among the works of nature, says of him, that

'He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor, perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful survey all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers: his to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, 'My Father made them all!'
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of interest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love,
That planned, and built, and still upholds a world
So clothed with beauty for rebellious man?'

This, my boys, is a blessed state of mind for man to possess; for it alone can give us a right view of the works of nature. The man of the world may look abroad, and admire the beauties of the earth and the skies, but he cannot look up to their great Creator, and call him, 'My Father.' He cannot point to them, and say, that his Father made them for him. Nor has he any knowledge of the

great pleasure that such a privilege would afford him. For that it is a great pleasure, I will prove by a familiar illustration. You know Charles Murphy's watch exhibits his father's name upon it; and I have often heard him say to you, as he has asked you to look at the beautiful workmanship, that it was made and presented to him by his father. It was evidently a pleasure to him to give this information, for while he did so, his face beamed with satisfaction. Now, just so, but only in a far greater degree, does it give the Christian pleasure to point to the works of creation, and say that they were created by his Father. I say, in a far greater degree, because the skill and power displayed therein, infinitely surpass those displayed in the mechanism of Charles Murphy's watch. That is surpassed, indeed, by the simplest flower that grows in our path. We will take, for instance, this little lowly Forget-me-not, as you boys call it. Now look at it minutely, and tell me what you think, Charles, of this."

All looked at the flower, as Mr. White held it forth to view, and acknowledged the vast superiority of the flower to anything man could make.

"And now let me ask you," said our master, "whether the Christian has not reason to admire the skill of his heavenly Father, as displayed in this flower?"

A reply in the affirmative was universally given; and Mr. White thus continued:—"If then, he has reason to admire his skill in the formation of this single flower, how much

greater reason has he to admire his skill and power, as displayed in the varied works of his boundless creation! Then, taking up the language of the poet, he exclaimed:—

'Go, child of Nature, to thy mother's breast,
And learn the lesson she can teach so well;
No longer in the lap of folly rest,
But hear the truths that Nature loves to tell.
Go to the forest, when the tempest lowers;
List to the roaring of the mighty wind:
Ask by what force the raging torrent pours,
Or, why the wilderness it leaves behind.
Go to the bubbling fountain, and the rill,
Or mark the gentle fall of silent dew:
Ask whence the stream its wasted course shall fill,
Or, who the lapse of waters will renew.
Go to the bee, and watch its daily toil,
And ask what sweetens labour and repose:
Who bears it onward laden with rich spoil,
And guides it home to rest at evening's close.
Go to the bird, that seeks her leafy nest,
To guard her young ones with her sheltering wings:
Ask who it is that plumes her downy breast,
And tunes her voice to music while she sings.
Go to the streamlet, murmuring through the vale;
Gaze on the wreathing flowers that o'er it twine:
Will they not tell their own untutored tale,
And say, 'The hand that made us is Divine?'"

Our master here paused for a moment, and he then observed: "But, nature of itself, my boys, is not sufficient to teach us this great truth. Although you may feel its spirit in the balmy fragrance of the spring, the golden radiance of the morning, and the mellowed beams of the still evening hours; although it points you direct to the first great cause of all things, yet its voice is not sufficient for the dull understanding of man to comprehend it. If it could, then the Almighty would be known from the rising to the setting sun, for the whole heavens and earth tell of his greatness. No, my boys, it was not nature itself, but the Spirit of God that taught the psalmist to utter this sublime language—

'The heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament showeth his handywork.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night showeth knowledge.
There is no speech nor language
Where their voice is not heard.
Their line is gone out through all the earth;
And their words to the end of the world.
In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,
Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,
And rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.
His going forth is from the end of the heaven,
And his circuit unto the ends of it:
And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.'"
Psa. xix. 1—6.

At this moment, a leaf, which had been prematurely plucked from its parent tree, and had been carried by some rude wind into the midst of the field in which we were walking, caught the eye of our preceptor, and picking it up, he asked if we could tell him what lesson it conveyed?

I believe there were as many conjectures on this subject, as when Dame Dunton proposed that we should guess what unknown treasure she had in her box, but they were all wide of the mark. Our master smilingly remarked this, and then proceeded to show that it brought to his mind a recollection of the frailty of human nature. "This leaf," he observed, "but a few hours ago, was hanging on the branch from which it received its nourishment, like those which you now see there, in all the pride of summer. By some accident, however, to us unknown, it was cut off, and was blown to the spot where we found it. And such is human life. Man may be compared to a leaf thus severed from its parent branch. He was made to endure for three-score years and ten; but very often

he does not reach the tenth part of that period. I dare say, indeed, there is scarcely a boy within my hearing, who has not had a brother or sister laid in the grave before they had reached their seventh year. Think, now, all of you, whether such was not the case."

There was no need of a thought about the matter. All instantly replied in the affirmative, and minutely specified the ages of the departed. Charles Murphy was very particular in his information; and he related with touching simplicity, the circumstance of his gathering a nosegay every midsummer to plant on the grave of his brother. Our instructor was much pleased with Charles for this; and he observed, that he hoped if he should die young, some one would be found who would pay him the same tribute of affection. "For that you, and all the boys, may die young," he continued, "is proved by the fact, that you have brothers and sisters yet younger than yourselves sleeping in the dust of death. You may be, like this leaf, prematurely cut off, and it is your wisdom to prepare for your latter end, by seeking to obtain an interest in the atoning sacrifice made for you by Jesus Christ."

By this time we had reached the pastures where flocks of sheep were seen on every hand, tenderly watched by their shepherds; and we had no sooner passed over the stile which separated them from the corn-fields, than our tutor, changing the subject, observed: "I never see a flock of sheep with their

shepherd but I think of these words of the psalmist:—

> 'The Lord is my Shepherd;
> I shall not want.
> He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
> He leadeth me beside the still waters.'—Psa. xxiii. 1, 2.

And of the prophet Isaiah:—

> 'He shall feed his flock like a shepherd:
> He shall gather the lambs with his arm,
> And carry them in his bosom,
> And shall gently lead those that are with young.'
> Isa. xl. 11.

Oh! my boys, if you only knew how tenderly the Good Shepherd careth for his sheep, you would wish to be of his fold. He feeds them with everything that is good for them here, and, effectually guarding them from all evil, brings them to his fold above, which is safely pastured by the side of living fountains of waters. But can you tell me who this Good Shepherd is?"

We all answered, Jesus Christ; and our tutor replied: "It is; and may he be *your* Shepherd. For it is not sufficient for you to know him as *a* Shepherd: to benefit by his tender care you must be one of his fold. If these sheep, for instance, were allowed to roam abroad at pleasure, it would matter but little to them that other flocks had a shepherd. They would be in danger of being lost or perishing. As it is, their shepherd restrains them from wandering, and guards them from harm. So does the Good Shepherd all those who are numbered among his flock: the rest of the world may be, as the Jews were, in Scripture, likened to sheep having no shepherd. And that is a fearful state

to be left in; for there is no danger, however great, into which they may not fall. Snares and temptations beset them on every hand, and they need a guiding hand to lead them not only 'a little onward,' but to the end of life."

Our preceptor here cast his eyes abroad, as if in search of some fresh theme; and, as he did so, he called our attention to a bee laden with honey and wax. "Look at this insect, boys," said he; "it has been toiling all the day, and seems to want a little rest. It shall rest in peace as long as it pleases; for the industrious have ever my fondest regard, and this is one of the most industrious of all God's creatures. Nor is industry its only attribute. Although the bee, to look upon, is a poor little brown fly, void of all beauty, yet it is the wisest of all insects. Speaking of its operations in the hive, the poet well observes of it:—

'The chemist there,
May, with astonishment invidious, view
His toils outdone by each plebeian bee;
Who, at the royal mandate, on the wing
From various herbs, and from discordant flowers,
A perfect harmony of sweets compound.'

SMART.

Another English poet has admirably described the laws and order of a community of these industrious and useful insects in these words:—

'Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts:
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds:

Which pillage, they with merry march bring home,
To the tent royal of their emperor:
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons, building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up their honey.
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone."

"We should learn from hence, my boys," continued Mr. White, "not to despise the form of any creature which has proceeded from its Maker's hands. And the same lesson is taught throughout the whole of the creation. The nightingale is a little brown bird, not so handsome as a sparrow, yet it fills the woods in the spring-time with its musical notes. Look, moreover, at the ant which is now crossing our path. Diminutive as it is, Solomon speaks of it as one of the four things upon earth which are exceeding wise:—

'The ants are a people not strong,
Yet they prepare their meat in the summer.'—Prov. xxx. 25.

For its industry he selects it to impart a fine reproof to the slothful:—

'Go to the ant, thou sluggard;
Consider her ways, and be wise:
Which having no guide, overseer, or ruler,
Provideth her meat in the summer,
And gathereth her food in the harvest.'—Prov. vi. 6.

"Now, the excellence of all these creatures, my boys, is in their art and wisdom, not in their beauty. Very far do they surpass in excellence others of God's creatures which attract the attention of man. Thus, the painted butterfly is very much admired, but it never makes any honey; and the peacock has feathers embroidered with gold, and

shining like the rainbow, but its voice is little better than the braying of an ass. I wish you to bear these truths in mind, my boys, because they may be very useful to you in after-life. It is usual for the world to admire beauty, and to slight real excellence. Besides, let me ask you, Of what value is beauty? It has justly been said of it, that it is like a fair rose that soon withers; a fine tulip that soon decays; a royal power that soon ends; and a letter of credit that soon expires. Reflecting upon the frailty of beauty, I often think of these lines:—

'I saw a dew-drop, cool and clear,
Dance on a myrtle spray;
Fair colours decked the lucid tear,
Like those which gleam and disappear.
When showers and sun-beams play;
Sol cast athwart a glance severe,
And scorched the pearl away.

High on a slender polished stem,
A fragrant lily grew;
On the pure petals many a gem
Glittered, a native diadem
Of healthy morning dew:
A blast of lingering winter came,
And snapped the stem in two.

Fairer than morning's early tear,
Or lily's snowy bloom,
Is beauty in its vernal year:
Gay, brilliant, fascinating. clear,
And thoughtless of its doom!
Death breathes a sudden poison near,
And sweeps it to the tomb.'

"Do not then, my boys," continued he, "prefer beauty to virtue and sound sense. Let the latter be your admiration, whether found under a fair or a deformed exterior. You often see me talking to a poor, decrepit old man in the village, named Hartley; and I dare say you think, as many have done, that it is strange I should talk to such an ob-

ject, especially when you see some pointing the finger of scorn at him. If you do, let me tell you that it is a privilege to enjoy his conversation. There is so much wisdom displayed therein, that it is my own fault if I ever leave him without becoming a wiser and a better man. He is a second Esop; and I sometimes think of making a collection of his wise sayings, and having them printed in a book. If I should do so, I have no doubt, unless I tell the world what sort of a man Old Hartley was, that it will think he was a fine figure, well dressed, and gorgeously decorated with a gold chain round his neck, and diamond rings on every finger."

Our tutor was here stopped by a hearty laugh raised by myself and companions, in which he joined, and then continued thus:— "You may well laugh, boys, for you know, as well as I do, that the world would be very much mistaken. But I would not deceive it; for I would tell it who was its benefactor: the poor, decrepit Old Hartley, whom, while living, it despised."

In the course of our ramble, we reached a point from whence, if we turned, we could view the course of the river for many a long mile. Our tutor bade us do so; and while yet we were viewing it he remarked, that it brought to his mind some lines which, though not addressed to the same stream, were, nevertheless, appropriate to that before us. He then repeated them as fellows:—

"Thou nameless rivulet, who, from the side
Of Lewesdor., softly welling forth dost trip
Adown the valley, wandering sportively;

Alas! how soon thy little course will end!
How soon thy infant stream shall lose itself
In the salt mass of waters, ere it grow
To name or greatness! Yet it flows along,
Untainted with the commerce of the world;
Nor passing by the noisy haunts of men;
But through sequestered meads, a little space
Winds secretly; and in its wanton path
May cheer some drooping flower, or minister,
Of its cold water, to the thirsty lamb;
Then falls into the ravenous sea, as pure
As when it issued from its native hill."

"This stream," continued he, "teaches us two important lessons. It shadows forth the life of man, for, like as this stream flows into the sea, so does the stream of life flow into eternity. This is an affecting consideration, and it should have the effect of causing us to prepare for our latter end. And only look, boys, at its waters. You will observe that not one drop halts in its course. All flows rapidly onward towards the sea. So flows time, on the streams of which we are borne. It bears us all on its bosom, and ere long it will carry us into the boundless ocean of eternity. Let us think of this, and prepare for heaven."

Apparently lost in thought, at the greatness of the change which will then take place in the life of every son and daughter of mankind, Mr. White sunk into a reverie, from which he was only awakened by my reminding him that he said two important lessons might be derived from the course of the stream before our eyes.

"True," he rejoined, "I did, my boys. Do you not see how beautiful the verdure is which grows on the margin? And see how the swallows skim along its surface. See,

also, the cattle laving themselves in its cool waters, and the proud swan, with numerous water-fowl, sailing upon its bosom. Now, all these are rejoicing at the comforts which this stream affords them. But for that, the verdure would wear the same arid appearance as the fields on yonder distant hills, and the animal creation would either not be seen at all, or would be drooping with thirst. And yet it goes silently onward, unconscious of the blessings it imparts in its course. Now, just so should we endeavour to pass through life. We should seek to do all the good we can, and yet forget what we do. Our left hand should not know, as our Saviour suggests, what our right hand doeth. Tenderness is implanted in the breast of children, and its growth should be cultivated. Whenever you see any one in want, you should, if possible, relieve them; and if you are not able, there is one thing you can do—speak kindly to them. It is not in action alone that benevolence consists: kind words are balm to the minds of the indigent. I recollect when I was a boy, that, whenever a beggar asked for relief, if I was not able to comply with his wishes, I always made a point of saying, 'I am truly sorry that I cannot give you anything: all my pocket-money is gone, or else I would.' On one occasion, I explained my poverty thus to a poor old man, and he gave me a look of deep tenderness, as he replied, 'I thank you, young gentleman, equally the same as though you had given me a handful of pence. And for this reason. Your words

are the only kind ones I have heard for many a long day, and they have reached my heart. It is seldom, indeed, that I hear a kind word from my fellow-man. Even when relief is afforded me, I am frequently spurned by my species. They hold out their alms for my acceptance; but it is only to relieve themselves from my importunities. The action with which it is given implies the heart-galling command, Take it, and begone.' As the old man uttered these words, a tear fell bounding on his tattered rags, and I was so struck with pity, that I begged him to stop, and I would run home and fetch him some bread. I was then full half a mile from my father's residence, and without waiting for the old man's reply, I bounded off on the errand of mercy. I reached home, breathless, and entering the parlour, *sans ceremonie*, where my parents were sitting, with a few friends, I explained the circumstance. And what do you think followed? My parents wept, as they commended me, their friends heartily applauded my conduct, and all gave me a piece of money to carry back to the poor old man. But this was not sufficient. I looked at the money, yet lingered; and when my father asked what I waited for, I told him I had promised the poor man some bread. 'Promises should be fulfilled," said my father, 'and although the money would buy the poor man bread, yet you shall have some, my boy, and that as much as you can conveniently carry?' The servant was then ordered to put a whole loaf into my hands, and I ran as fast

as before, and in a few minutes reached the object of my care. And if you had seen the poor man when I reached him, and placed these several bounties in his hands, you would never have forgotten it. He lifted up his eyes to heaven, and implored the richest blessings on my head. But I did no more than it was my duty to perform, and what I hope you will do on some future day, if occasion should require it. Depend upon it, if you do, you will feel as great a pleasure as I felt on that occasion, and which I can pronounce to be one of the greatest that has ever been experienced by me in my journey through life. I have never had cause to repent that deed. On the contrary, when I returned home, my finances were well replenished by my parents and their visitors; and I believe the Almighty has added his bounty to theirs in after life. 'Blessed are the merciful,' said the Saviour of mankind, 'for they shall obtain mercy:' and he enjoins us to be merciful, even as our father in heaven is merciful.

'The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as a gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath.—It is twice blessed:
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.'"

By this time the shades of evening had thickened, and we had nearly reached our home. Before we did, our preceptor called upon us to reflect upon all we had seen and heard. "You must not," said he, "walk abroad as though the earth were a dull vacuum, or hear as though you heard not. Sight and hearing are given that you may

profit thereby, and you will one day be called to an account for the use you have made of those precious faculties. And I would have you recollect that

'Nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ample state
Endows at large, whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His, the city's pomp—
The rural honour's his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column, and the arch,
The breathing marbles, and the sculptured gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him the Spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfold; for him the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wing;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's refulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his portion can partake
Fresh pleasure unreproved.' AKENSIDE.

And you must not think, my boys, that you are too young thus, by contemplation, to derive pleasure from the works of nature. The poet Wordsworth tells of a boy, who, from his sixth year, was wont to contemplate the stars above his head, and the scenery around him, in solitude; and he bears this remarkable testimony to the effect which such a habit had upon his conduct in after years:—

'While yet a child, and long before his time,
He had perceived the presence and the power
Of greatness; and deep feeling had impressed
Great objects on his mind, with portraiture
And colour so distinct, that on his mind
They lay their substances, and almost seemed
To haunt the bodily sense. He had received
A precious gift; for as he grew in years,
With these impressions would he still compare
All his remembrances, thoughts, shapes, and forms;
And being still unsatisfied with aught
Of dimmer character, he thence attained

> An active power to fasten images
> Upon his brain; and on their pictured lines
> Intensely brooded, e'en till they acquired
> The liveliness of dreams.'

Hence, you see, my boys," continued our tutor, "that you are not too young to muse upon the works of creation, or to derive benefit from thence. It was while he was yet young, that David, the sweet singer of Israel, treasured up in his mind those thoughts and feelings in solitude which have afforded peculiar delight and solace to mankind since his days. I would have you, then, reflect upon all you see and hear, for the sake of others as well as yourselves. Who can tell the amount of benefit you will confer upon the world if you become contemplative in youth? And the hour is now approaching rapidly in which full opportunity will be afforded you for contemplation. In the silent hour of the night ponder deeply over the scenes you have witnessed, the lessons you have received, and the events that have transpired during the day. Above all, reflect upon your conduct; and, reviewing the sins of your youth, pray heartily for pardoning grace, through the atonement of Christ. Lift up your hearts with gratitude to Almighty God, also, for the mercies you have received during the day; for—

> 'Minutes and mercies multiplied,
> Have made up all the day.
> Minutes came quick; but mercies were
> More fleet and free than they.'

Think not that, because you receive these mercies daily, they should be forgotten.

Rather, that thought should make you more grateful; for it adds daily to your debt of obligation to the beneficent Father of mankind."

It was thus our preceptor used to discourse to his pupils in their recreations.

There is one circumstance, however, connected with these rambles, which ought not to be forgotten. There were times when our tutor would not only bid us run about and enjoy ourselves, but join in our frolics, and childish conversations. With us he would skim the smooth stone over the surface of the water, leap the broad ditch, and hunt the bantering peewit. And this added greatly to our pleasures, and increased our respect for our kind tutor. For, although he unbent to please us, he never lost sight of his dignity, or forfeited our respect. He seemed to act upon the well-known caution contained in this adage: "If you give them an inch they will take an ell," and he never, therefore, mingled among us with undue familiarity. He would smile, and sometimes laugh heartily, at our remarks, but behind that smile or laugh there was a gravity that awed us into due obedience.

I remember one remark that greatly pleased him. Charles Murphy, who was of a lively fancy, minutely eyeing one of the little islands that abounded in the stream, on the margin of which we were walking, expressed a wonder who first discovered the said island. The thought was a new one to our master, and while he laughed heartily at it, he bade us

set our wits together to discover the traveller, and the question became one of the gravest we ever had to discuss. Our conjectures were manifold on the subject; but we could not come to any other conclusion than that it was a second Columbus, but who that second Columbus was must remain a mystery. Nor could our tutor satisfy our inquisitive spirits on the subject. On being asked if he could tell, he confessed that it was the hardest question we had ever put to him, and that he could not give us any satisfactory reply. In our simplicity we were right pleased with this confession; and we often boasted that we had put a question to our preceptor which he could not answer. As Charles Murphy used to observe, "we fairly puzzled him;" and whenever we passed by the island, every finger was pointed to it, and every lip repeated the question in triumph. So simple is the mind in childhood. Would that our after years reflected its genuine simplicity.

CHAPTER XI.

"BREAKING up!" What a charm is there in that sentence for school-boys. I well recollect the feelings it called forth in our little circle, every time the season of holidays came round. All was joy and anxious expectation. For a full month before the day

appointed for breaking up, we counted not only the days, but the hours and the minutes, before our departure. And then, on the preceding day, what scenes took place! At one time we would collect in a group, and, at the top of our voices, shout the well-known ditty of "Breaking up, and going away;" while our hats and caps were sent up into the air with all the vigour our youthful arms possessed. At another time, we used to act the hour of departure. Four of us would represent the coach-horses, another the coachman, and linking our hands together, would then start off, as we used to say, "in prime style." As for Charles Murphy, his cup of joy appeared to be full to the brim on these occasions. A hundred times, in the course of the day, he would congratulate us on having once again arrived at the glorious season of holidays; when we should have done with lessons for a time, and see our friends once more. His conduct with his books was truly amusing. He would not, like some boys I have known, tear them up; but he would stand over them, and apostrophise them in some such language as this: "And now, my dear old books, you may rest for a time on the shelf at your ease. I shall not want you, at least for one month. No, not for one month, my classic Valpy, my arithmetical Bonnycastle, and my grammatical Murray, shall you become wet with my tears! For you well know that I have wept over you, and I am not ashamed to own it; for you contain many things very hard to understand. But

that is over; and I will now rejoice over you. Hurrah! my brave books; pray rest in quiet, while I am enjoying myself."

I wish no boy had acted worse than the witty Charles Murphy. Kind, however, as our master was, and watchful over our conduct as he might be, much mischief was done on these occasions. The trio, especially, delighed in mischief, if they could do it unobserved; though, at our school, there was not so much done as at many schools I have heard of. Mr. White had been so successful in forming the characters of some amongst us, that there were many who scorned to commit such actions, and who would inform him if they saw others commit them. I recollect once being in the school-room with our preceptor, putting away my books, when, on a sudden, a stone was sent through the window; and, almost immediately, the door burst open, and Charles Murphy appeared, dragging after him the boy who had committed the act. "The sly fellow," said Charles, as he panted again for breath; "he little thought that I was near him. A mean creature! Sir, this is the boy who broke the window."

Charles Murphy and Martin—for it was one of the trio who committed this wanton act—were followed by all the boys, many of whom clamourously demanded that Mr. White should punish him; declaring it as their opinion, that he richly deserved it. "That he deserves the cane," replied our preceptor, "there can be no question. How-

ever, perhaps there are more effectual methods of punishing the culprit. Have you any pocket-money left, Master Martin?"

Master Martin mumbled "Yes."

"How much?" inquired Mr. White.

"Three shillings," replied Martin.

"Then, if you please," returned our preceptor, "give the whole of it into my hands. It will just pay for the mischief you have done."

Master Martin reluctantly obeyed this command of Mr. White; and, while he wept, a murmur of applause was heard among our school-fellows. Having received the sum, our preceptor continued:—"I am well aware that it is the practice among school-boys to commit such wanton acts as this, on the eve of breaking up. They seem to think that they have then a license to act just as they please. But no conduct can be more unjustifiable. It is as ungrateful as it is wanton. For only think what care I have taken of you all while under my roof; and how anxiously I have sought your best interests. By such conduct as this, therefore, Martin, you are ill-treating a friend. Hence it is, that I feel bound to punish you. And I shall do it, not only by taking your money to repair the mischief, but I shall not permit you to partake of the treat which it is my custom to prepare for you on these occasions."

Perhaps Mr. White could not have inflicted a severer punishment on Master Martin, than by preventing his participating in our "breaking up treat;" for this treat was one

of the richest kind I ever enjoyed in my school days. Not only did our kind master provide us with cake, and fruit, and wine, but he used to invite many of his friends in the neighbourhood to join our cheerful circle. The squire and the doctor were frequently our companions on those occasions; and much innocent amusement did these important personages afford us. They would relate many a lively incident of their school days; and, unbending from their station, join us in a good game at cricket. On one occasion, I recollect that our master, the doctor, and the squire, with some others, ventured to play against us all; but, although some of them were adepts in the game, yet we gained the victory. This was looked upon as a great triumph; and Charles Murphy used frequently to remind us of that memorable victory, and to adduce it as a proof, that though we were only what some people contemptuously term "school-boys," we were not to be despised.

That part of the entertainment, on these occasions, however, which gave me the most delight, was the recitations. And for this reason: it gratified my vanity. "Will not the Philosopher shine to-day?" Charles Murphy would frequently ask our school-fellows, in my hearing; and though, sometimes, I rebuked him for it, I was always inwardly pleased with his question.

It was the custom of Mr. White to give each of his pupils some prose or poetry to learn, for the purpose of reciting it before his

friends. These pieces were always remarkable for their Christian tendency; for, as a Christian school-master, he was very careful not to instil into our minds anything that would injure our morals, or call forth any of those evil passions which are incident to human nature. I remember, on one occasion, the squire asked him how it was that his pupils did not recite the pieces which it was usual for masters to give their scholars as lessons for recitation. "When I was a boy," said he, "I remember that Homer, and Virgil, and Shakspeare, supplied us with pieces for such displays; and where can you find compositions so eloquent as those which are to be met with in their pages?"

To these observations of the squire, Mr. White replied: "I freely confess, sir, that I have departed from an ancient custom. At the same time, I hope to convince you that I am right. It is an acknowledged truth, that the mind frequently takes a bias from what we learn or read in youth. This is, indeed, proved by many examples on record. Thus, from reading the pages of Homer, Alexander in ancient times, and Napoleon, within your own recollection, became ambitious of obtaining the name of hero. And what fearful results followed I need not inform you. The peace of the world was disturbed by them, and they slaughtered their species by tens of thousands. Now, although I would not imagine, for one moment, that any one of my pupils would become an Alexander or a Napoleon; yet I think it the safest course to

pursue, not to stir up the ambition of any of them, by giving them to learn any of those pages which throw a false glare over human actions, notwithstanding their eloquence. And I feel the more justified in departing from this custom, because the pages of modern Christian writers supply pieces equally eloquent, and infinitely better adapted to improve my pupils than those authors you have mentioned. I will prove this, if you please, by calling upon that young gentleman to recite a passage from Milton's 'Paradise Lost.'"

The "young gentleman" on whom Mr. White called was myself; and the passage I repeated was that in which the poet describes Satan as calling upon his fellow fallen angels to leave the bottomless pit, and to follow him to Paradise, where he had recently effected the fall of man. It reads thus:—

"Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers;
For in possession such, not only of right,
I call ye, and declare ye now; returned,
Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
Triumphant out of this infernal pit
Abominable, accursed, the house of woe,
And dungeon of our tyrant: now possess
As lords a spacious world, to our native heaven
Little inferior, by my adventure hard
With peril great achieved. Long were to tell
What I have done, what suffered; with what pain
Voyaged the unreal, vast, unbounded deep
Of horrible confusion; over which
By Sin and Death a broad way now is paved,
To expedite your glorious march: but I
Toiled out my uncouth passage, forced to ride
The untractable abyss, plunged in the womb
Of unoriginal night and chaos wild;
That, jealous of their secrets, fiercely opposed
My journey strange, with clamorous uproar,
Protesting fate Supreme; thence how I found
The new-created world, which fame in heaven
Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful,
Of absolute perfection! therein man
Placed in a Paradise, by our exile
Made happy; him by fraud I have seduced

From his Creator; and, the more to increase
Your wonder, with an apple; he, thereat
Offended, worth your laughter! hath given up
Both his beloved man and all his world,
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us
Without our hazard, labour, or alarm,
To range in, and to dwell, and over man
To rule, as over all he should have ruled.
True is, me also, he hath judged, or rather
Me not, but the brute serpent, in whose shape
Man I deceived: that which to me belongs,
Is enmity, which he will put between
Me and mankind; I am to bruise his heel;
His seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head.
A world, who would not purchase with a bruise
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have the account
Of my performance: what remains, ye gods,
But up, and enter now into full bliss?"

When I had finished, Mr. White, again addressing the squire, observed: "I think, sir, that you can scarcely find a more eloquent piece than this in the authors you named. And the great charm of it is, that it contains truths important to be known both by youth and manhood. In the other pieces which I select for repetition, there are truths equally important for them to know; and thus I flatter myself, that while I am endeavouring to make them scholars, I am also making them Christians."

The squire did Mr. White the justice to acknowledge that he was right; and, at the same time, congratulated his pupils in having the good fortune of being placed under so excellent a preceptor. He also did me the honour of complimenting me on the manner in which I had recited this passage, which did not a little increase my vanity. This is the chief evil attending these displays of elocution in schools. It tends to feed the vanity of those who succeed so as to obtain praise

from the auditors. For several hours after the squire had left us, I was continually reminding my fellow-pupils of his commendation; and my vanity was only checked by Charles Murphy wittily observing: "That is all very well, Philosopher. I know you deserve praise; but, then, you must recollect the squire is nobody; for we beat him at cricket."

Before we parted, on these delightful occasions, it was usual for Mr. White to present those who had been diligent in their studies, and whose conduct had been praiseworthy, with some little reward. In doing this, he never failed to observe, that this was one of the most pleasant parts of his duties. At the same time, he would offer us a word of advice. "Boys," he would say, "I am happy to bear testimony to your diligence and good conduct while at school. In my letters to your parents, I shall not forget to mention this. But you must be sure not to contradict what I say by ill conduct at home. There are some boys, who, from a dread of censure or punishment, while at school, behave so as to obtain their master's approbation; but, as soon as they are again under their parent's roof, presuming on their fondness, they act in a manner which not only disgraces themselves, but reflects discredit on their instructors. As far as in me lies, I have endeavoured to teach you right conduct; and I hope you will put it into practice wherever you go. Especially behave well to your parents. God commands you to honour and obey them;

and, if you do not, be sure that you will suffer for it hereafter. Solomon says:—

'The eye that mocketh at his father,
And despiseth to obey his mother,
The ravens of the valley shall pick it out,
And the young eagles shall eat it.'—Prov. xxx. 17.

And although this warning must be taken, as to the inhabitants of our country, in a figurative sense, yet, that a curse is connected with the disobedience of children, everywhere, is most certain; while blessings are the portion of those who render them all due filial obedience. 'Honour thy father and thy mother,' says the Almighty, 'that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.' Exod. xx. 12. And then, only think of the pleasure which an obedient child affords his parents. The wise king of Israel knowing this, observes:—

The father of the righteous shall greatly rejoice;
And he that begetteth a wise child shall have joy of him.
Thy father and thy mother shall be glad,
And she that bare thee shall rejoice.'—Prov. xxiii. 24, 25.

This of itself, is sufficient to produce good conduct in children, if they rightly consider the matter; for only think what love your parents have shown to you from the day of your birth to the present hour. In infancy they nursed you tenderly, and in boyhood they seek your present and future interest; for they not only feed and clothe you, but provide you with a good education, that you may become respectable members of society. Oh, then, my boys, love and honour your parents; and let me hear *from* them the same

testimony of your good conduct on your return, as I give *to* them at your departure."

Mr. White's visitors seemed always well pleased with what they saw and heard, for their faces beamed with delight. As for the Squire, before he left us, he invariably shook hands with all, and joined us in singing our holiday song with as much glee as though he had been a boy himself. He used to tell us, indeed, that he felt himself young again; and every one agreed that he must have been "a regular school-boy when he went to school, although he had now become a squire."

Such were some of the leading events of the day before our holidays commenced. By the time we went to rest, so great had been our activity, we had become fairly tired; and yet few of us had much rest. Conversation on the past, and what we intended to do during our holidays, kept most of us awake during a part of the night. Charles Murphy was particularly wakeful on that night. "I do not know how it is, Philosopher," he would sometimes remark, "but I do not seem as though I should ever want to go to sleep any more. I suppose it arises from the joy I feel at seeing friends from whom I have long been absent, and who love me very tenderly. Then there is much pleasure derived from the thought that I shall be freed from lessons for a while. Those lessons are tiresome things, and I frequently wish that I had been born a scholar, and then I should not have had the trouble of poring over my books. It really seems a little hard, though

it may be I shall think differently on a future day. However, I must say our master is a kind creature, and I do not think I shall cry when I come back again. Indeed, I love him, and that is the truth, Philosopher; and I look upon those among us with feelings of scorn who are always saying they will not return to his school. While we are obliged to go to school, I think we may as well remain where we are, for we shall not find a master more kind, or more able to impart instruction."

It was thus we passed the night. At length the morning came, and what a morning that was! We dressed early, and sat for a long time on our bedsides, till we were summoned to descend into the school-room. Our first occupation was prayers; but I fear very few of us were in a proper frame of mind for that duty. Our thoughts were fixed on home and holidays. At all events this was our only theme immediately we rose from our knees. Forgetful of the solemnity of prayer, as we were permitted to do as we pleased after it was over, we rushed into the playground, and there again sung, "Breaking up and going away." So true are the words of Solomon, that

"Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child."

As most of us had some distance to travel, we usually started early. Our breakfast hour was six o'clock; but breakfast was not much regarded; and Charles Murphy would frequently banter me with saying I could act

like a philosopher that morning by going without my breakfast, and not utter a complaint. "Indeed," he would add, "we are all philosophers, for joy takes away the sense of hunger."

The chief thought which occupied our minds at the breakfast table, was the arrival of the coach. This was hired expressly for the occasion, and we had no sooner left the table than we hastened to the gate to wait for its arrival. Before it came, minutes seemed like hours; and although its appointed time was seven, yet, long before that we wondered at its delay. "Surely it has not broken down," one would observe; while another would conceive that "the coachman had overslept himself;" and a third would suggest that "he had mistaken the hour." "Coachy," however, was always true to his time, and we invariably saw it in the distance some minutes before the appointed time. But then it came on so slowly; so very slowly. Yet at last it drove up; and as he stopped, "Coachy" was greeted with a long and loud "hurrah!" and repeated welcome. He was, in our estimation, then, the best friend we had seen that morning, and the very soul of punctuality. "Look," said Charles Murphy, as he held his watch full in our faces, "it is seven o'clock to a moment. He is as true to time as my watch."

The scene which followed the arrival of "Coachy" baffles all description. So uproarious were we, that it was not without difficulty that Mr. White and "Coachy" together

could keep us out of danger. Not a wheel, or any point from which we could climb to the top, was uncontested. The step leading to the box was especially the object of contention, for the box was considered by all the point of honour. Our master, indeed, always had to settle this matter, and he did this in a manner at which no one was ever known to murmur, for he always appointed Arthur Sampson to sit by the side of "Coachy." "He has the best right to the seat," he would observe, "for though the conduct of most of you has been very good during the half-year, yet I have never had occasion once to find fault with Arthur Sampson." We could not contradict this; and therefore, convinced of the justice of Mr. White's decision, we readily gave up the seat to Arthur. And no one did this more willingly than Charles Murphy; for though his character was widely different from that of Arthur, he really loved him, and paid great respect to his character. More than once I have heard him wish that he was Arthur Sampson; and though on these occasions the wish might partly arise from his desire to sit by the side of "Coachy," yet I really think that his chief motive was that he might be as happy and as respected as Arthur. This was one of the most pleasing traits in the character of Charles Murphy; for it is too frequently the case with "wits," as they are termed, to make those who are seriously disposed the subject of their jest and banter. This is very sinful, for it is employing the intellect with which God has

blessed such people, to the discomfort of those whom he loves, and whom he has taken under his peculiar care. I hope if any boys who feel they have wit should read this, they will follow Charles Murphy's example, and not degrade themselves, and displease the Lord, by scoffing at their pious companions. The danger of such conduct is forcibly shown in an account we find in Scripture of forty-two children or "young men," being destroyed by two she bears for mocking Elisha the prophet.* It has been said that, "a scoffing youth frequently grows up into a hardened, hoary-headed sinner; while, on the contrary, those who give the morning of their lives to God, flourish like the palm tree, and the cedar in Lebanon."

At length all of us took our seats, and our boxes were heaped upon the roof of the coach. Mr. White ascended last, and having given the signal, crack went "Coachy's" whip, and off started the horses. Whose hearts were lighter than ours at that moment? Charles Murphy's bugle, which he had purchased for this special occasion, struck up, and the rest waved their hats and gave a parting hurrah. And then, as we passed along, there was not a person whom we met or overtook to whom we did not show that we were joyous, boisterous, breaking-up school-boys! And as to the villages through which we passed, as our common observation was, "we made them all alive." As the

* See 2 Kings, ii. 23, 24.

bugle sounded its long-drawn notes, and our voices shouted, the blacksmith would lay down his hammer, the carpenter his rule, and the tailor thrust his needle into the garment, and run to the doors of their shops to see what was the matter. There also might be seen many a group of children, who, as we passed, responded to our joy, and increased the din. Many of them would also follow us through the village at the top of their speed, and stop not till we were fairly out of sight. When we had cleared the village, then our boisterousness would cease, and we would congratulate ourselves in having let "the rustics see that we were of some importance."

In passing along, as we lived at different parts, we were met by our parents at particular points of the road. Two or three were "dropped," as we used to term it, before myself, and it was truly delightful to see the friendship that subsisted between our master and the parents of these scholars. As for my own parents, when we were met by them, it was like the meeting of brothers and sisters, it was so affectionate and kind. "I meet you," my father used to say, "with more than common delight, for I consider you one of my best friends. For the kind and Christian care you take of my son, you are entitled to my warmest gratitude and my sincerest friendship. I wish every parent was able to find such a master for his children, for not only themselves, but their posterity, will rise up and call you blessed."

Mr. White used to answer my father with a warm shake of the hand, a tear of pleasure, and an expressive hope that his efforts would be made a blessing. As for myself, elated as I had been at the prospect of returning home, and rejoiced as I was to meet my parents, my feelings of joy were now mingled with regret. I loved my preceptor, and I loved my school-fellows; and I had reason to believe that they loved me. Every hand would be held over the side of the coach for a parting shake with that of the "Philosopher," and another and another shake would be again and again demanded. Among the warmest were those of Arthur Sampson and Charles Murphy, and the latter frequently wished that we were not going to part. And that Charles was sincere in his wish I have every reason to believe, for he laid his bugle down among the luggage, and did nothing but look after me till the coach was out of sight: I also looked after him, as though he had been my brother.

CHAPTER XII.

In the life of the young, perhaps, there is no season so full of hope as that which immediately precedes their leaving school. I well remember what feelings I possessed at that period; and these appear to have been

held in common with the rest of my schoolfellows. Often have I heard them exult in the prospect, and boast of the great doings they would perform when they left school. Charles Murphy, however, was one of the most lively I have ever met with, and as we left Mr. White's school at the same time I will relate a conversation on the subject, which we had previous to our departure.

I was sitting in the summer-house, reading, when I was suddenly joined by Charles. This was not very usual, for Charles was not inclined to study much after "study hours;" those being, as he used to observe, "sufficient for young heads." I was deeply interested in the book I was reading, and therefore took but little notice of my companion. We sat silently for some time, and I had almost forgotten Charles was with me, when he thus addressed me:—

"Really, Philosopher, I cannot understand your character; your manner is so strange."

Taking my eyes off my book, and fixing them full in Charles's face, I asked him to explain himself.

"Why," returned Charles, "I always knew you to be fond of books; but how you can read them at this time I cannot think. For my own part, my heart is so full of hope and joy that I can hardly attend to the lessons given me by Mr. White; and I am sure I could not read one page attentively of my own free will."

"How is that, Charles?" I inquired, laconically.

"How is that, Philosopher?" reiterated Charles; "how is that? What! have you forgotten that we are about to give up all study and become men?"

Rising from my seat, I replied, "Give up all study, and become men! Why, certainly, Charles, I had not forgotten this; such a thought never entered into my head: for in me, at least, this would be ridiculous, seeing my frame is so very diminutive. Now, only look at me, should I not make a fine man?"

Although Charles knew my size to the eighth of an inch, and had often laughed at the figure I should make when grown up, yet he would not give up this new idea of his as to our becoming men on leaving school. He even maintained, that the size of a man was nothing, and quoted a verse, composed by Dr. Watts, to prove his proposition, which reads thus:—

> "Were I so tall to reach the pole,
> Or grasp the ocean in my span;
> I must be measured by my soul—
> The mind's the standard of the man."

"So you see," continued Charles, "that small as you are, you may yet consider yourself a man when you leave school. Nay, I have often heard Mr. White say, that many great men were of very small stature. The great Dr. Watts himself was a very little person, and so were many others who have become very famous in the world. And to tell you the truth, Philosopher, small as you are, I have often heard it whispered that you will become a great man. I have been frequently puzzled to know what was meant; but I now

begin to understand the matter. Although we differ in size, yet we shall become men together."

I was satisfied that Charles Murphy's reasoning was by no means logical, yet it pleased my vanity; I gave up the point, and entered into conversation, by asking him what course he meant to pursue when he left school?

"Oh!" replied Charles, "I have so many plans in my head, that I cannot relate them all. You know my father intends me for the law. Well, then, I do not mean to be a common lawyer; I purpose proceeding from one step to another till I am made a judge. Perhaps I shall become lord chancellor. At all events, I will do my best to gain a seat on the woolsack."

At this point I raised my eyebrows, and Charles observing it, asked what I was thinking about. I replied, "Why, Charles, I am thinking that if you make such a figure in the world, you will have to study much harder when you have left school than ever you did before. You must, also, become a little more sober in your manners. You know a judge is usually distinguished for his gravity; whence, it is commonly said of a serious person, that he is 'as grave as a judge.'"

"Now, that is too bad of you, Philosopher," Charles replied; "you have almost dashed my hopes to the ground. And yet I will not think I am building castles in the air. To obtain my wishes, if I find it necessary, I will study, and likewise be serious.

Somehow or other, though, I begin to feel that my face would not suit a wig; and I am afraid I must give that up to you. Yours would suit it admirably. Well, then, it shall be yours, and I will enter the army. Does a military life require study and gravity?"

"I believe, Charles," I replied, "the military character is not proverbial for studiousness or seriousness. For that reason, I should be sorry to find you had become a soldier. And what would be your hopes if you did?"

"What would be my hopes?" inquired Charles. "Why, I should buy a commission, and then I should become a captain, a colonel, a lieutenant-colonel, and, finally, a general. And then, if I gain a great battle, I may hava a title given me: perhaps an earldom, or a dukedom. Would not that be capital!"

"I dare say, Charles," I replied, "that you would think so. But suppose there should be no wars, how would you get on then? And if there were, and you should be slain, where would all your hopes of greatness be? You see, therefore, that this matter requires seriousness; for not every soldier who goes into the field of battle leaves it alive."

"Really, Philosopher," answered Charles, "you seem determined not to let me become a great man. You will neither let me be a judge nor a general. But suppose I enter the Church. I may then rise from a curacy to the dignity of a bishop, or an archibishop?"

As I had been taught to think seriously of holy things, I replied to this proposition of Charles Murphy's with unusual gravity. "I

fear, Charles," said I, "you are not thinking of what you say. I have frequently heard Mr. White observe, that of all the professions to which men may be called, that of preaching the gospel requires the most study and the most seriousness. It also, he has said, requires earnest prayer, self-denial, and devotedness. If a preacher does not know that he himself needs a Saviour, how can he rightly point him out to others? Of all professions, therefore, this is the most unfit for you at present. Wait till you have seen your need of, and have sought for, pardon, before you think of becoming a minister."

"Worse and worse," Charles returned. "Why, what in the world *can* I be? And what do you think of being yourself, Philosopher?"

Now, although I had been endeavouring to modify the ambition of Charles, and to teach him how to think rightly of things, yet, when he asked what I intended to become myself, I let him see that my hopes were equally buoyant with his own. Fame and happiness made up the sum of my answer; and Charles did not fail to laugh heartily at the circumstance. After this we formed plans, and launched out into prospects which we have never realized? And yet the happiness we augured from mutual friendship has not proved wholly visionary. It has even mitigated the ills of life; for each other's sorrows have been again and again relieved by mutual acts of kindness. This shows the value of friendship. As Cicero observes, "it im-

proves happiness, and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy, and dividing our grief." And if this be the case with the friendship between two earthly friends, how much greater must be the joy and the solace derived from friendship with God! I hope my young readers will seek this friendship, for therein they will find true happiness. Speaking of that happy period, when man walked with God in Paradise, the poet observes:—

"Man walked with God, as angels do above,
While warmed and governed by their impulse—love.
No rebel passion struggled in his breast,
And strove to reign, but shrunk by fear repress;
No wayward wish—no vagrant thought was there—
No dark distrust, nor self-tormenting care:
No fight within—no reason there to tame;
His mind all brightness, and his heart all fame.
His mind a mirror, bright with every line,
Which beamed upon it from the face divine-
His heart an altar, crown'd with that pure fire
Which love and truth and hallowed thoughts inspire
Man walked with God, and in that converse found
The charm which heightened every scene around—
That soul of nature, and that point of rest,
Where all concentered which could make him blest—
That point, when lost, he strives in vain to find,
His heart bewildered, and his mind as blind,
Until again, by faith's benign control,
He gains in God the centre of the soul." LUCKOCKE.

The season when his pupils left school was one of great seriousness to Mr. White. Previous to the hour of their departure, he would call them into his study, and there pray with them, and give them his parting advice. I shall never forget his manner when I left his roof: it was so affectionate and parental. His last words were, "I have endeavoured, as far as lay in my power, so to train you up as to render you a useful member of society. See that you go on as I have taught you to act in the world. For remember, that 'to

whom much is given, of him shall much be required.' God has blessed you with pious parents, and I hope with a pious schoolmaster; and if you do not profit by their instructions and example, you will one day be called to an account for your neglect of them. But I will hope otherwise, for Solomon has said:—

> 'Train up a child in the way he should go,
> And when he is old he will not depart from it.'
> Prov. xxii. 6.

And I have found by experience the truth of this sentiment. I hope, therefore, to see you a useful member of society: one who fears God, and seeks the good of his fellow-creatures. In order that you may prove such a character, let me counsel you not to forget daily prayer, and the daily study of the word of God. This is your wisdom: for, by it you will bring down blessings upon your head. Everything which you undertake will prosper if you water it with prayer; for the Almighty not only hears, but answers the prayer of those who call upon his holy name. 'Be careful for nothing,' says the apostle; 'but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." Phil. iv. 6, 7.

CHAPTER XIII.

YES, those were joyous days when I resided under the roof of this kind-hearted preceptor. Days, months, and years flew softly and almost unheeded by, for I was too full of enjoyment to think of their departure.

Mr. White would frequently direct our thoughts to the change we should experience when we had reached the age of manhood. "The sun of hope," he would say, "will then become dim, and anxiety will usurp its place." He would also assert that, "like as the dove, when the waters covered the earth, could find no resting-place, save on the ark, from whence Noah let it go free, so we should not find a resting-place from the cares and troubles of this life, unless it was in that never-failing ark of God's people—Jesus Christ."

Once since our schoolboy days, our tutor had an opportunity of asking many of his pupils whether they had found his words true. This was on a very interesting occasion. A few who really loved him consulted together, and arranged matters so skilfully, that they raised a subscription among the old scholars, for the purpose of presenting him with a piece of plate as a tribute of affection and respect. The tribute was prepared, and a day fixed for the presentation, and it was while they were assembled in Mr. White's dining-room, that he inquired if they had found his words fulfilled. All acknowledged

his words were true: the eyes of some two or three glistening with pleasure as they gave their assent, and several of the others wearing a thoughtful brow.

The difference in the aspect of his old pupils was evidently noticed by Mr. White; and I have no doubt that he interpreted it as a sign that those whose eyes sparkled with delight had found the refuge he pointed out to them, and that the rest had been vainly seeking peace in the world. He made no remark thereon, however, but leaving the matter to their own consciences, heartily joined in our conversation on past scenes, which shortly after became very animated.

This conversation was commenced by the still light-hearted Charles Murphy, who could only be serious for a few moments. Charles commenced by recalling some of those scenes to memory in which he had figured in our schooldays. "I say, Philosopher," said Charles, still using the old familiar term, "have you forgotten Simon Sly, and Edward Grainger, and John Cope? Were they not glorious days when we had to deal with such characters? I do not think I ever enjoyed anything in life half so much as I did the scenes which then took place amongst us. I could be content to become an infant in my mother's lap again, if I could be sure of taking my part in such scenes once more. In my own mind, indeed, I often re-enact them. I think I have caught Simon Sly, at least a hundred times; and William Weston had as many morning excursions from the

bed-room window. And, as for apostrophizing the daws, I believe I have done it a thousand times! It was one of the happiest ideas that ever entered my head; and many a time have I set the table in an uproar by recounting the transaction. As for you, Philosopher, I have rendered your name famous among all my friends, and they often express a wish that they had been amongst us, that they might have enjoyed a sight of your long face. Oh! were they not glorious times? I shall never see the like again; and all I can do is to dwell upon them, which I do with pleasure."

I had no opportunity of answering Charles, for Mr. White, who had been smiling all the while he was thus rambling on, as soon as he had ceased, observed: "Still, Charles Murphy to the life: as lively as ever. Oh! Charles! Charles! I should be half ashamed of carrying such a thoughtless head on such a pair of ample shoulders. I should have thought it time that your buoyancy of spirits was somewhat repressed. Time, you know, hath a swift foot, and we cannot so trip him up as to stay his haste; no! not for a moment. And recollect, I have often warned you that it is a sacred trust committed to us by God, of which we must one day render an account."

Charles Murphy really loved our preceptor, and revered his wisdom; whence he thanked him cordially for his admonition, and expressed a wish that he could be more serious. For a brief moment he assumed a more

thoughtful brow, but he soon relapsed into his usual light-heartedness. "I cannot tell how it is," said he, "but I must enjoy myself with retrospection. Every thing around me inspires me with joy; even the dear old face of our old master. Sitting before him, I feel myself young again, and I must re-enact, at least, in words, some of our old scenes and adventures."

Charles here launched forth in reminiscences, with such volubility and hilarity, that he fairly drew us all, including our tutor, into a similar mood. We all talked and laughed about days gone by; and Charles has been often heard to boast that he almost achieved two miracles that day: "he made our old preceptor right merry, and contracted the long face of the Philosopher into the limits of a span." Charles is a dear lively creature, and I hope that he may yet turn out a true Christian.

It was over our ancient dining-table that this scene took place, and all this while our old tutor was ignorant of the real purport of our visit. We had sent him word that we were coming, and in accordance with our wish, he had prepared an entertainment for us after the manner of olden times: using, as far as possible, the old familiar dinner service. Long time did we sit over it, and when Mr. White proposed that we should remove and take a walk in our well-known playground, Charles Murphy requested that all would retain their seats till he returned. Having made this request, Charles left the room, and

in a few moments returned with the piece of plate carefully preserved in a neat box made for the occasion. As he placed it on the table, Charles unlocked the box, and taking the shining treasure from thence, placed it very carefully in my hands, and desired that I would read the inscription thereon. I rose immediately, and did so; it read thus:—

"THIS PIECE OF PLATE IS PRESENTED TO MR. WHITE BY SOME OF HIS OLD PUPILS, WHOSE NAMES ARE UNDERSIGNED, AS A TOKEN OF THEIR GRATITUDE AND ESTEEM FOR HIS AFFECTIONATE, FATHERLY, AND CHRISTIAN CARE OF THEM WHILE PLACED UNDER HIS ROOF. HIS NAME IS ENGRAVEN ON THEIR HEARTS, AND WHILE LIFE LASTS, THEY WILL NEVER CEASE TO HOLD HIM IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE."

Here followed the names, which are too numerous to record, seeing that many who subscribed were not present; and when I had read them, I placed the gift in the hands of our preceptor. As I did so, Charles Murphy, with tears in his eyes, and a faltering voice, called upon us all to give a hearty cheer, with a three times three, for our "dear old friend and beloved tutor."

While we responded to this request of Charles Murphy, Mr. White buried his face in his hands, and he remained in this position for some minutes after we had ceased, while we stood around him occasionally wiping the tear away, which emotion had brought into our eyes. At length, getting the better of his feelings, he arose, and addressed us thus:—"My dear old pupils, if I am not able to express myself, on this occasion, in language which your conduct demands, forgive

me. The heart is full, and the tongue would fail to tell what it feels should it make the attempt. I can only say that I thank you with my whole heart.

"This is, indeed, one of the happiest days of my life, and it repays me for the years of anxiety I have endured in the instruction and care of the young. And for this reason, it conveys to me the sweet idea that I have been useful in my generation.

'Long time unheeded in the ground
The fruitful seed may lie;
And many a season in its round
May seem to pass it by.
And when, at length, the plant puts forth
Its first small tender leaves,
It still may seem of little worth;
No eye its growth perceives.
Yet, fed by sun, and rain, and dew,
Its branch shall surely spread,
Till all with praise and wonder view
Its fair and stately head.'

"I have a hope that the seed I scattered in your breasts, when under my care, is now, by the blessing of God, bringing forth fruits unto righteousness. In itself this is true comfort. But I would venture to carry my thoughts further; even down to the end of time; for, if I have been the means of contributing to the formation of your characters as Christians, who can tell the amount of good that will hence flow to generations yet unborn? But I would not boast. If I have been useful, as I trust I have, I desire to give all the glory to God. He it was who, out of the fulness of his grace, enabled me to perform my duty in the midst of numerous anxieties and discouragements; and to him be all the praise. Man is only an instrument in his

hands; and if we have effected any good in the world, it is our wisdom to confess that we are yet unprofitable servants."

Mr. White ceased, and again hid his face in his hands, while Charles Murphy demanded another hearty cheer from our lips as before. We gave it, and soon after revisited the scenes of our youth. The playground, our favourite rural walk, and the garden of Old Reuben, were again explored. As we entered the latter resort, the good old man, who now resembled a weather-beaten oak, was still employed in turning up the sod with his spade. His back was towards us as we paced up the path; but, at length catching the sound of our many feet, he planted his spade in the ground, and turned round. Our preceptor was in the front, and hastening up to Old Reuben, he shook his hand with his usual warmth, and requested permission to introduce some of his old friends. With many of us Reuben was still acquainted, we having occasionally visited him, but there were others whose faces were forgotten through the lapse of time. After he had given us a hearty welcome, and expressed his pleasure that he was not forgotten, Old Reuben endeavoured to recall each one to remembrance. In some instances he was successful, but in others he was baffled. This was particularly the case with Charles Murphy, whose stature defied all his conjectures as to his name. But Charles did not keep him long in doubt. "What," said he, "have you forgotten him, who once assured you that we should love you for your

kindness, and that we should never forget you?"

"No, that I have not," replied Old Reuben; "it is Charles Murphy. I remember you well, though you have grown so tall; and if you come along with me, you shall all have occasion yet to remember Old Reuben."

As he said these words, Old Reuben led the way to the same apple tree which was associated with the event to which Charles alluded, and when he reached it he observed, "Now, boys—for you are still boys compared with me—once again pick up all that fall." Old Reuben here gave the tree a hearty shake, and we once more replenished our pockets with his apples, and I believe with greater pleasure than we did when we were in reality boys. The idea so pleased Charles Murphy, that his sides shook again with laughter, on seeing which, Old Reuben quietly remarked to our preceptor, that it was Charles to a certainty, and that if he had been twice his present magnitude his identity could not be mistaken.

"It could not," replied Mr. White; "his youthful mind certainly puts forth the germs of native character. I have yet a hope, however," he added archly, "that Charles will become a brave and a wise man. He will know better if he should reach the age you have, Reuben."

"Ay, that he will," returned Old Reuben; "for mine is no common age. I feel a monitor within me, however, that warns me I shall soon mingle with my mother earth.

Yes, boys, the bell will soon toll for your friend Old Reuben; and let me warn you that you will follow me in the due course of nature, if you are not cut off in the vigour of manhood. Be wise in time, therefore, and prepare for eternity. Set your affections, as mine are, on things above, and not on things which are seen."

We spent a delightful half hour with Old Reuben, dwelling on scenes that were past, and then returned with Mr. White. We remained under his roof till a late hour in the evening, when we were compelled to take our departure. We did so with reluctance, and I observed with pleasure that Charles Murphy was the last to rise from his seat. When we had all shaken hands with our old tutor, with true affection, he remarked:—"As changes are ever taking place in this transitory life, this may be the last time so many of you may be assembled under my roof. You may never see my face again; and I beseech those among you who have fled for refuge to the hope set before you in the gospel, to hold on steadfastly in your Christian course; and those who have not, to do so without delay. 'Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.' If we never see each other's faces in this world, may we meet in heaven, and spend a happy eternity together there. This is my ardent prayer, and may God, of his infinite mercy, grant it, for Jesus Christ's sake."

Every lip responded a loud "Amen" to this prayer of our preceptor; and we left his

gate more seriously than ever we had done before. I trust the impression is still left upon the heart of every one then present. I know it is on some, and I hope I may number mine among the rest. I hope, also, my young readers will profit by the record of this, and of every event that has been related in this book. Referring to the instructions of Mr. White, who is now no more, and slightly altering the phraseology of the poet Wordsworth's address to some village scholars, I leave you with that address :—

"I wrote, ye little noisy crew,
Not long your pastime to prevent:
I heard his wisdom, and for you
His words into my book have blent
I kissed his cheek before he died;
And when his breath was fled,
I raised, while kneeling by his side,
His hand: it dropped like lead.
Your hands, dear little ones, do all
That can be done, will never fall
Like his till they are dead.
* * * * *
How did he sit confined for hours;
But he could see the woods and plains,
Could hear the wind and mark the showers
Come streaming down the streaming panes.
Now stretched beneath his grass-green mound
He rests a prisoner of the ground.
He loved the breathing air—
He loved the sun; but if it rise
Or set, to him where now he lies,
Brings not a moment's care.

MY

YOUTHFUL COMPANIONS:

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"MY SCHOOL-BOY DAYS."

We'll talk of sunshine, and of song,
And summer's days when we were young;
Sweet youthful days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.

Wordsworth.

NEW YORK:
ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS,
285 BROADWAY.

1849.

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PREFACE.

It has given "the Philosopher" pleasure to find that his story of his "School-boy Days" has been so universally acceptable to the young. That story is read on both sides of the Atlantic; and, thus encouraged, he gladly comes before his young readers again. He hopes that these tales of his "Youthful Companions" will be equally as acceptable as those of his old school-fellows. They have a similar object in view—that of pleasing and instructing the youthful mind; and, therefore, his "long face" assumes a complacent smile of confidence that they will meet with the same favor. It is the greatest pleasure of

his life to be useful to his species, and there is no section of the community which he desires to benefit so much as the young. He would fain teach them all how to act so that they may be happy both in this world and in the next. This is the great object of these volumes, and "the Philosopher" has in contemplation yet several volumes having the same end in view. He has yet many tales to relate, of the friends and companions of his youth, for the amusement and instruction of his young readers: tales that will enliven and enlighten the mind, and that will pass

"From grave to gay, from gay to grave."

From his Study,
Oct. 22, 1846.

MY YOUTHFUL COMPANIONS.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS—RENEWAL OF FRIENDSHIP WITH CHARLES MURPHY AND ARTHUR SAMPSON.—A SCENE BY THE SIDE OF THE RIVER.—CHARLES MURPHY AND THE FORTUNE-TELLER.—CONVERSATION ON ANGLING.—LETTER FROM ARTHUR SAMPSON.—HIS VISITS TO MYSELF.—REPROVES CHARLES MURPHY.—ARTHUR SAMPSON'S LAST LETTER AND DEATH.—A VISIT TO HIS GRAVE.

Many sounds were sweet,
Most ravishing and pleasant to the ear;
But sweeter none than voice of faithful friends—
Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm.
Some I remember, and will ne'er forget,
My early friends, friends of my evil day—
Friends in my mirth; friends in my misery too.—
POLLOK.

YES, I have listened with delight to the sounds of music, I have been enraptured with the varied lays of the songsters of the grove, and I have been soothed with the humming of the insect's wing by the margin of the rippling stream, but I have never yet heard anything so sweet as that of the voice of a friend. In my youth a friend was my delight, and the remembrance of

many a chosen companion is still dear to my heart. I can almost fancy I see their faces sitting round my table as I write; so fondly are they cherished in my memory.

It is proverbially said, that friendships formed at school are of an evanescent nature. Experience has taught me that this assertion is for the most part correct. Of many of my old schoolfellows I have known nothing after the last hearty shake of the hand. There is no rule, however, without an exception. Some of my companions at school became companions of my youth, and none of them were more ardent in their friendship than Charles Murphy and Arthur Sampson.

One of my first thoughts on returning to the home of my childhood, after finishing my education, was, whether I should be forgotten by Charles Murphy. "I know he loves me," said I to myself, "but then I know also that he is so light-hearted, that he may soon so far forget me as to drop my acquaintance." But Charles Murphy, though light-hearted, soon showed that he had a soul formed for lasting and sincere friendship. It was not many days before the postman brought me a letter from my old friend, which read thus:—

"My dear Philosopher,

"I really don't know how you feel, but I can assure you that I feel somewhat dull. You

know that I anticipated being happy all the day long, when I had laid aside my Valpy and my Bonnycastle, my Murray and my Goldsmith; and truly, when I first reached home, I hardly knew how to contain myself. I was here, and there, and everywhere: just like the bees that we used to chase over the lea as they roamed from flower to flower sucking in their honeyed sweets. I could scarcely eat or sleep for joy: I was like one, in fact, as my sister Sophy said, who was taking leave of his senses. But, my dear Philosopher, a change is come over me. Somehow or other I begin to feel dull, and I am half inclined to think that in six months my face will vie with yours in length. But can you tell why it is that I feel dull? You will doubtless say that it is because I am idle, and you will assert that if I employ my hands my mind will surely be at ease. Now there you are wrong: philosopher as you are, you have for once shot a bow at a venture, and have in consequence missed the mark. No, no, the cause of my dullness arises from a cause wholly different from this. The truth is, dear philosopher, you yourself are the cause of this lengthening of my face. We have lived so long together that I seem to feel I can scarcely live without you. It appears to me, indeed, that my heart or my affections, or whatever it may be called, is gone on a journey in search after you. If you should meet with it, pray send it home quickly, for sister Sophy be

gins to complain that I look very mopish. Yet, upon second thought, I would not trouble you to send it back again. No, no, dear philosopher; you have and shall have my heart's best affection, and the object of this letter is to assure you how much, how deeply, and how sincerely I love you. It is related of Hannibal, that while a youth he swore eternal enmity to the Romans at the altar. I could not have done such a thing as this, but, if necessary, I would swear eternal friendship to you. But I know you will not demand this. I know that you will believe me when I say that I love you, and will love you as long as life shall last. My only fear is that you will cease to love me: that you will consider my disposition of too gossamer a nature to be admitted into the solemn presence of philosophers. Yet I will not wrong you; I know you will bear with me, and love me as you were wont to do."

Charles Murphy's letter concluded with begging me to write him a letter soon to assure him of my unaltered affection, and that it should continue unabated through life. In my reply I assured him of all this, and a correspondence was opened, and a friendship formed, for life.

Many a pleasant hour have I spent in the company of my old friend and school-fellow, Charles Murphy. It is true we have not met daily as when at school, but in the days of my youth, by mutual agreement, we sojourned a

week or two together in the year: I at his residence or he at mine. There may have been a great dissimilarity in our dispositions through life; but this has never caused a rupture in our friendship. My friend Charles has often wondered at this. "I cannot think," he has frequently said, "how we agree so well together. I don't think we were originally intended thus to pair. I suppose it arises, however, from the fact that I endeavor to curb my mettle in order that you may keep pace with me."

I could never agree that it was owing to Charles Murphy's "curbing his mettle," as he was pleased to term it, that we agreed so well together, for many a time has his buoyant spirits led him in my estimation out of the bounds of discretion, and sometimes, if I had not loved him very much, his hilarity would have led to a rupture in our friendship. Many curious scenes have taken place in which Charles has acted no subordinate part, and in some of which, in showing off his wit, he has displayed no slight degree of folly.

I remember one scene in particular in which Charles played a very conspicuous figure. It was our wont, when he visited me in the country, occasionally to "play Old Izaak Walton," as he used to phrase it; or, in other words, to go a fishing. On one occasion, as we were sitting on the margin of our favorite stream, watching the motions of our floats, we were on a sudden ac-

costed by a wandering gipsy. We had not noticed her approach, and, hearing ourselves addressed from behind, we both instantly jumped upon our feet to see from whom the voice came. It was an old woman, dressed in a large red cloak, with a handkerchief, yellow as gold, tied round her head: her whole appearance, in fact, denoting both her race and her calling. She was a gipsy fortune-teller, and she wanted to "tell the young gentlemen their fortunes."

Whether the sibyl saw anything in my face denoting that I was not very favorable to her calling or no, I cannot say, but certain it is she attacked me first, and endeavored by all the arts in her power to disarm my antipathies, and to gain her point. Grasping my hand in her own, (by which, however, I did not feel particularly flattered,) she remarked, "There are fine lines here, Sir—you will be a great man! Cross my hand with sixpence, and you shall hear all about it."

"You know nothing of the matter," I replied gravely, my face lengthening as I spoke.

"Oh! but indeed I do," replied the old woman; "you were born under a lucky star, Sir, and, by your leave, I will tell your good fortune."

"I had rather be excused hearing lies," I exclaimed, as I endeavored to draw my hand out of hers, but she kept firm hold and continued:—

"And besides being born to become a great man, I can tell you that you are born to be a happy man." Then lowering her voice, she added, "And I can tell you the color of the eyes, and the color of the hair, of one who will contribute to your happiness."

"I wish to hear nothing of the kind. You trade in lies and deception," I replied, still seeking to get my hand freed from the old woman's grasp, but still seeking to free myself in vain.

"Great pity it is, young gentleman," she continued, "that we should be blind to our own interests. Here you have an opportunity of knowing to what greatness you will arrive, and what happiness you will possess, for the small sum of sixpence, only a little piece of silver, and yet you refuse. Depend upon it, Sir, you will regret it. Many a man would have given a world of money to have been made acquainted with what was to happen in life, but you refuse when you have the opportunity thrown in your way. I tell you again, Sir, that you are born to be a great man!"

"And I tell you again," I replied, in a tone of anger, "that you know nothing of the matter." As I said this I gave my hand a sudden jerk, and this time freed it from the vice-like grip with which it had been held, and, pleased with my deliverance, I involuntarily retreated a few paces in order to be free from like importunities.

Nothing abashed the old woman now turned

to Charles, whom she found more pliant than the philosopher. All the while she was importuning me, he had stood by shaking his sides with laughter, and when I retreated he was so convulsed with his merriment that he could not move. A grasp of the old woman's hand, however, quickly stopped his laughter, and I soon saw that some of Charles Murphy's silver would change hands.

"And you, Sir," said the old woman, who had not lost one jot of her confidence or impudence by my rebuff; "and you too, Sir, are born to no mean fortune:—just cross my hand with sixpence, and you shall know all about it."

"Shall I, philosopher?" asked Charles. "Surely there cannot be any harm in hearing one's fortune told, if it's only for the fun of the thing."

"Harm or no harm," I rejoined; "my advice is, keep your money in your pocket. Your own good sense must tell you that no human being can look into futurity."

"Oh, I know all that very well," Charles replied; "but surely there can be no harm in hearing what the old woman has to say. It will do to laugh about."

"I see, Charles," I gravely answered, "that you will be again led into error by your volatile spirits. For my own part, I think there is great harm in paying money to hear lies

If I did such a thing, I should set the lie down to my own account."

All this while the old woman never ceased to pour forth her importunities in the ears of Charles to let her tell his fortune; and, overcome by them, rather than convinced by my reasoning, Charles at length drew forth a piece of silver with the hand that was free, and, placing it in that of the old fortune-teller, exclaimed, as he looked archly towards me; "Now, old sibyl, let us hear your prophecy!"

The sum and substance of Charles Murphy's fortune was, that he was to become a naval officer, and was to be so successful in his vocation, that he would one day be known as Admiral Murphy. "But I say, my sibyl," said Charles, as the old woman ceased, "I fear you have told me a great falsehood. Do you know that I am already engaged in the law? You should have placed me on the woolsack, and then I might have believed you; as it is, I fear, as the philosopher hard by says, that you deal in lies."

"Those who live longest will see most," said the old woman, as she turned upon her heels; and, saying this, she made the best of her way in quest of another victim.

"And so you have a lie for your money, at all events, Charles," I said, as we both resumed our seats on the grass. "It is a great pity, indeed, as the old woman said, that we should not be

more alive to our own interests, and not allow ourselves to be duped by the artful and designing."

"Nay," said Charles, imploringly, "don't be too hard upon me, Philosopher. You cannot suppose for a moment that I thought the hag could tell me what really was to happen to me in life. I hope you will give me more credit for sense than to think thus lightly of my good sense."

"I really do not think," I replied, "that you would have put any faith in her tale, even if she had, by a fortunate thought, placed y ou on the woolsack. What I complain of is, that you should think so lightly of a lie, as to give a premium for its utterance. Believe me, this is no light matter, Charles."

Charles was evidently half ashamed of himself, but he still persisted that it was a good piece of fun, and an incident that would afford him no small merriment through life. "It adds," he remarked archly, "to the stock of stories I have to relate of my much-loved Philosopher. But," he continued with an evident desire to smooth my wrinkled brow, "a lucky thought has just struck me, and which may, perhaps, afford you food for contemplation when you are in want of a subject to reflect upon. You know it is related in the legend of Lucius Tarquinius, one of the early kings of Rome, that there came a strange woman to

him, and offered him nine books of the sibyl for a certain price. The king refused these books, and the woman went and burnt three of them, and came back and offered the six at the same price which she had asked for the nine. Tarquinius still refused to take the books, and she went away and burnt three more, and then came back and asked still the same price for the remaining three. The king was now astonished, and he asked the augurs what he should do. They said that he had done wrong in refusing the gifts of the gods, and bade him by all means to buy the books that were left. The king, therefore, bought them, and the woman who sold them was seen no more from that day forwards. As for the books, they were put into a chest of stone, and were kept under ground in the Capitol, and they were considered of so much value that two men were appointed to keep them, who were called, 'The two men of the Sacred books.' Now, all this you doubtless knew before; but I would throw out for your consideration whether the old sibyl who importuned Lucius Tarquinius and would not go away entirely from him till she had got his money, was of the same race as the old sibyl who would not leave us till I had displayed my folly by giving her a piece of silver."

"Really, Charles," I replied, laughing heartily at his apparent earnestness in this matter, "I

do not think this thought of yours worth prosecuting."

"But I do, then," rejoined Charles, quickly, "and if you won't consider the matter, I will. For your instruction I will notice all the points of resemblance in the characters of these two old sibyls. First of all, they were both strange women; they came from a place no one knew where, and they went also to a place equally unknown. Secondly, both were importunate: neither of them would leave their victims till their hands were crossed with silver. It is true my old sibyl did not offer me a book of prophecies, but then she offered me a verbal prediction, which, if written down, would amount to the same thing, so that this also may be voted as a third point of resemblance. But here," added Charles, after a pause, "I fear I must stop, Philosopher, and I must confess I am puzzled: it is still for you to decide whether they belonged to the same race or not."

"I have no wish, Charles," I replied, "to join you in erecting castles in the air. I could soon demolish your fabric if I chose, but I perceive I have now no time. We will drop the subject of the sibyls if you please, and attend to the trout at the end of my line."

"Ay, that we will, my Philosopher," rejoined Charles, as he sprang upon his feet with the landing-net in his hand; "ay, that we will: bring him near the shore, and I will land him

safely on the green grass. Won't he look beautiful in the sun this fine day! There, softly, Philosopher; I have him in my net, and there it now lies on dry land. Izaak Walton could not have landed a fish better, prince of anglers as he was. What a beautiful creature it is, Philosopher; it's worth throwing a line in for, and worth waiting for some five or six hours. But what a silly creature it was to be caught by the bait on your hook!"

"I have seen a sillier creature, Charles," I replied, "within the last half hour."

"Have you?" inquired Charles: "where did you see it, Philosopher?"

"On the very spot on which we are now standing," I answered, "and its name was Charles Murphy. He was tricked by an old woman with his eyes open, but this poor fish little thought there was a hook within my bait, or I might have waited long enough before I had caught it. It is singular, but it is no less singular than true, that creatures of instinct oftentimes prove themselves wiser than the godlike creature man, whom God has endued with reason."

"Don't be too hard upon me, Philosopher," replied Charles; "but if you are, I have not time to attend to you: I must contemplate this beautiful fish. To catch such a fish as this is sufficient to make one love the art of angling. Had old Izaak Walton been with us, I am sure

he would have praised your skill in bringing it to the margin of the river. In fact, when I look at you fishing, I often think of you as a second edition of old Izaak. If I may judge from his writings I should say, that he had just such a long face as yours; and certain I am that he had just such a contemplative mind.

"He could fish, and study too;
And so, Philosopher, can you.

There's a spontaneous couplet for you, Philosopher."

"And yet do you know, Charles, that I am thinking of giving up angling?" I inquired.

"Giving up angling?" reiterated Charles.

"Yes," I replied, "giving up angling, Charles: the only amusement of my youth in which I have indulged to any extent."

"Giving up angling?" again repeated Charles. "You who have expressed yourself so much in love with the art, think of giving up angling?"

"I own, Charles," I rejoined, "that I have expressed myself favorable to the art of angling, and that I do in reality love it; but I fear it is not altogether an innocent amusement, and therefore I contemplate giving it up."

"Not altogether an innocent amusement," rejoined Charles; "what can you mean, Philosopher?"

"I mean, Charles," I replied, "that it is not altogether free from the charge of cruelty. Do

you see this worm that I have just put on my hook?"

"I do," said Charles, "but what of that?"

"Why, Charles," I rejoined, "if you can prove to me that this worm has no feeling, then I will still continue to angle; but if you cannot, then I own that I am open to the charge of cruelty."

"But have you never thought of this before?" asked Charles; "and if so, why have you never before touched upon the subject? Why did you conceal your thoughts till you saw this beautiful fish before you? It is so beautiful, Philosopher, that I should think it ought to stifle all your compunctions."

"On the contrary, Charles," I resumed, "it increases my compunctions. Do you not see that it is in the agonies of death? Drawn rudely from its native element, it cannot live in air. Prove to me, Charles, that neither this worm nor the fish feels pain, and I will still angle."

"Why, what has come to you all in a moment?" inquired Charles. "What would Izaak Walton say of you could he hear these odd sentiments of yours? Do you think for a moment that that meek and gentle spirit would have continued devoted to the art had there been the sligthest cruelty in it? But even if this worm and this fish should feel, Philosopher—and I cannot prove that they do not—you must recol-

lect that every creature was made for the use of man."

"I grant, Charles," I replied, "that the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, and the fishes of the sea are all given by a wise and beneficent Creator to his creature man, for his sustenance and service; but notwithstanding this, I am not sure that I do right in inflicting pain on any of his creatures. The lawfulness of the act in my opinion, now I have reflected upon the matter, depends upon its necessity. The question is, whether I sit by the side of this stream in order to catch a fish for my dinner, or whether I sit here simply for amusement? Now I fear I cannot say that I fish for a dinner, and therefore I also fear that I am wantonly sporting with God's creatures."

"But you know you will assist in eating that fine fellow by our sides," replied Charles, "and that is all one as though you fished for a dinner."

"Not exactly, Charles," I rejoined; "I can have my dinner without it; and if I had wanted a trout I could have sent to old Jortin's the fisherman, and he would willingly have sold me one, at a reasonable price."

"And so, then, it is cruelty in you and not in old Jortin to catch a trout," said Charles archly.

"It is his calling," I replied; "he rents this stream that he may fish it for the public. Necessity knows no law; but pleasure should be kept within due bounds. I have often reflected

upon this subject, and have endeavored to justify myself for indulging in this sport, from the fact that many good men in all ages of the world have solaced themselves by it: the gentle Walton and the Philosopher Paley, for instance. But I have lately thought that we must not be guided in our actions altogether even by the examples of great and good men. The mind is so constituted that it may, even in good and pious men, be led to adopt an error. But the question is not, whether these men did wrong, but whether I am doing right. Believe me, Charles, the subject has much perplexed me of late, and causes me now much uneasiness; and you must not be surprised if, on some future day when you visit me, and you ask me to go a fishing, I should repeat these significant lines in your ears:—

"Patient, on yonder bridge, in boyhood's days,
I strove with art the finny tribe to raise,—
The silvery eel, the perch, the cautious roach,
The ravenous pike, that darts at near approach—
Till on a sultry day, excessive heat,
Drove me for shelter to a neighboring seat:
Beneath the umbrageous oak the poet read,
Who first my thoughts to this reflection led—
'Why seek thy pleasure in another's pain?'
Ne'er could I throw the artful line again,
Or view the prey, without compunction, lie,
Gasping for breath, with tedious torments die;
Nor all the eloquence of Walton's book:
Could fix one tortur'd worm upon the hook:—
And thus arous'd, I first was taught to rove
For purer pleasures in the peaceful grove."

MORGAN.

"I see you have studied the subject deeply," continued Charles, "and I only wish for your sake that I could convince you that there was no cruelty in the art of angling, for if you go on at this rate you will have no pleasures left. You neither like the pleasures of the field nor the turf, and now I plainly see you will give up angling."

"When you say, Charles," I replied, "that I shall have no more pleasure left if I go on at this rate, as you are pleased to phrase it, you forget the various sources of enjoyment that man has at his command. I cannot glance my eyes toward the beautiful sky above our heads, or over the surface of the fair earth on which we tread, but I find the sensations of pleasure thrill through my heart. Then, again, I have my books and my friends to resort to for solace and enjoyment. If you think that life cannot be enjoyed without scenes of excitement, such as shooting, racing, hunting, and angling, you must indeed have formed a low estimate of man's capacity for enjoying the banquet of pleasures which God daily provides for him. For my own part I much question whether those who look for enjoyment in these sports alone, find any pleasure in them except for the passing moment. At all events, I can speak for myself that in the more harmless sport of angling—for I hold it to be more harmless than racing or hunting, or any sports of that descrip-

tion—I have never found any solid pleasure. My mind may have been solaced while in the act of waiting for my prey, but I have rarely gone home with feelings of self-complacency; that is, I have rarely felt satisfied with myself. Indeed I am not sure that Dr. Johnson's definition of angling is not a tolerably correct one."

"And what might that be?" asked Charles: "I dare say from the bearish disposition of the man it is not very complimentary."

"You dare say correctly," I rejoined; "for it is neither more nor less than a rod with a fool at one end and a worm at the other. But granting this to be a rude definition, and an emanation of an ungentle mind, I must think that much time is thrown away in this sport, which might be much more profitably employed. And you know, my dear Charles, that the art of well employing time is the only art of being happy. No man can, in fact, be truly happy who sleeps away his time, or who kills time by immersing in the pleasures of this world. I have read a very pretty story which will well illustrate my meaning. The story relates that a dervise entered into the shop of a confectioner, and the master, to regale the holy man, presented him with a bowl of honey. Scarce, however, had the confectioner uncovered it when a legion of flies made a descent upon it. He took up his fan to disperse them, when such as had feasted themselves on the

edge of the bowl easily escaped, but those, who, more greedy, had precipitated themselves into the middle, caught by the tenacious honey, could not take flight. The dervise fell into a deep meditation as he viewed this scene, and recovering from his reverie, he fetched a deep sigh. The confectioner, in surprise, asked the reason of his sorrow, 'This bowl, said the dervise, 'is the world, and the flies are its inhabitants. They that lodge on the rim of it resemble prudent persons, who, prescribing bounds to their desires, do not madly immerse themselves, in pleasures, but rest content with tasting them. The flies that rushed into the middle of the bowl, represent such as, giving a loose to their inordinate appetites, abandon themselves without restraint to every species of enjoyment. When the angel of death, traversing with rapid motion the surface of the earth, shall shake his wings, they who have stopped on the edge of this world will, free and unencumbered, take their flight towards a celestial country; but such as are enslaved by their passions, and shall have plunged themselves into the poisoned bowl of sensuality, will sink deeper still, and be precipitated into the abyss.' "

"This is a very pretty and significant story," resumed Charles, "but I think, Philosopher, you may fairly conclude that you are only a fly on the edge of the bowl."

"I may flatter myself, Charles," I rejoined,

"that I have yet proceeded no farther, and that I will not venture farther than the edge of the bowl; but who can tell that, if left alone, I shall not plunge headlong into its honeyed contents? Had the confectioner delayed using his fan for one short minute only, it is probable that many of the flies who were enabled to escape because they had not ventured beyond the edge, would have precipitated themselves into the middle. The poet Cowper says:—

'With caution taste the sweet Circean cup:
He that dips often at last drinks it up.
Habits are soon assum'd, but when we strive
To strip them off, 'tis being flay'd alive.
Call'd to the temple of impure delight,
He that abstains, and he alone, does right.
If a wish wander that way, call it home;
He cannot long be safe whose wishes roam.'

"I know, Charles," I continued, "that there are some men, and especially youths like ourselves, who consider that the perfection of human nature consists in the vigor and indulgence of the more boisterous passions. But tell me, have such indulgences power to satisfy the cravings of an immortal mind? You, for instance, as living in the gay society of the modern Babylon, London, are often, according to your own account, obliged to go to the theatre, and you join in the amusements with great delight; but yet you have often added that these amusements do not afford you lasting enjoyment:

they please you for a time, but when you have returned home, and have shut yourself up in your chamber, you feel no happiness in reviewing your evening's pleasures. How could you? The immortal mind cannot be satisfied with anything so airy and unsubstantial. Nothing below the skies can really and truly satisfy man."

It was not long after this conversation with Charles Murphy that I was induced to give up angling, convinced that, though the art may be lawful to a Christian, there is nevertheless great cruelty attending it. I have often chid myself for putting the worm or the fly on the hook, as departing from that fine humanity which my parents at home, and my old schoolmaster, Mr. White, had inculcated; but at the same time I argued that it must be lawful, or so many good men would not have solaced their hours in angling. But, lawful or unlawful, I resolved to fish no more; and when Charles Murphy next visited me I had the pleasure of repeating the lines quoted in a previous page, in answer to his proposal to "go a-fishing." "At the same time," I added, "I would not prevent you, Charles, from going. Whenever you come to visit me this shall be liberty-hall, if I may be allowed thus to dignify my cottage: you shall go out, and come in, and do what you please. Friends should give way to each

other in everything not bordering upon vice or immorality; hearts may agree, though heads may differ."

I have intimated that Arthur Sampson was another old schoolfellow, who became one of the companions of my youth. Arthur left "Truth Hall," a year or two before Charles Murphy and myself; he being our senior, and about to enter into life. Before he left, he promised to regard both Charles and myself as his peculiar friends, whom he would never forget. His first letter to me after his departure was looked upon by me as a sign of his sincerity. It read thus:—

"My dear old Schoolfellow,

"I think I may say that no day has passed since I left our dear old master without thinking of all under his roof, and you in particular. I seem to love you more than I thought I did. I trust, indeed, that the friendship which commenced between us at school, unlike school friendships in general, will endure through life. But, my dear old schoolfellow, friendship, to be lasting, must be cemented by religious principles: where there is no piety or virtue, there is no foundation for confidence. I mention this in order to strengthen you in those Christian principles which you have adopted, and which I trust may take deep root in your heart. Some people may contend, indeed, that there is often

true friendship exhibited among the men of the world. They may be companions, but not friends. Friendship is a strong and habitual inclination in two persons to promote the good and happiness of one another. But such true friendship is rare: how often does the man who has declared to his friend that he will never forsake him, act in direct opposition to his declaration! No sooner is that friend under a cloud than he begins to look cool upon him, and to seek out some fault in his conduct or behavior to justify a separation. But the man whose friendship is cemented by religious principles cannot act thus: if his friend is in need, he will aid him by all the means in his power: his heart, his countenance, and his purse is open to him. Let ours, then, my dear old schoolfellow, be just such a friendship as this. And tell my dear Charles, that I hope he will join us in this compact. Tell him that I love him, and that I hope he will, for my sake, become as serious as he is witty. Tell him, especially, that I remember him in my daily prayers, and that I hope he will learn to pray for himself, and then I know he will pray for me likewise. Give my love to him, and to all my old schoolfellows, and accept it in the best sense of the word yourself.

"I am your loving friend,
"ARTHUR SAMPSON

"P. S. It will give me great pleasure to see you again, and trust that, though we may not meet often in life, yet that, nevertheless, we shall sometimes meet to ratify our friendship."

It has been my happy lot to meet Arthur Sampson several times in the days of my youth. Sometimes, also, Charles Murphy has been with us on these occasions, and I have been pleased to see with what delight Charles has shaken the hand of his old and pious schoolfellow. "I cannot forget you, Arthur," I have heard him say, "although our dispositions and habits are so at variance. Indeed, to tell you the truth, you and the Philosopher are often in my thoughts, though far absent from each other." But though Charles paid so much deference to his pious old schoolfellow, his joyous spirits would sometimes exhibit themselves in his presence. His peculiar delight was to recount the "merry scenes," as he called them, in which we had taken our parts at school. "Oh! I love to think of those days when we were schoolboys together. And, to tell you the truth, I do not think we shall ever see happier days than they were. I have not been engaged in the affairs of life very long, as you know, and though I have a happy knack of taking things easy, I begin to feel a little of the ills of life: such as care or anxiety. I do not think, indeed that my brow will ever be overmuch wrinkled by the cares of business; but

still I cannot say that I altogether relish the thought of experiencing them at all. Oh! they were glorious days when we were at school. I say, Philosopher, do you remember the scene of riding in the air? I never was happier than I was that morning till I heard our good old master's voice. Then I felt shame, but it soon passed away, and I cannot remember that scene now without a considerable degree of pleasure. I have not, indeed, forgotten the shame I felt on being detected, and I still own that the deed was a wanton one; but all this seems light as the airy gossamer, when weighed in the balance with the joy I felt in letting Will Weston down from our bed-room window. It was a scene for Hogarth's pencil: the poor fellow was so frightened in his descent. And then, again, what a glorious scene that was, when, by the light of the moon, we caught Simon Sly stealing some of my delicious cake? How the poor fellow trembled! he was all agitation, as though he had the palsy. Nor can I forget our memorable visits to old Reuben's garden, and to the cottage of Dame Dunton's. It was fine sport to strip the old dame's apple tree of fruit and leaves, and to leave it bare as winter; and equally fine to stand under old Reuben's, while his vigorous arm brought the apples down on our heads like a shower of hail. I shall never forget these and other scenes in which we took our parts. I have often made our office ring again with

laughter in recounting them; even older heads than mine, and faces made grave by the long study of the law, have joined in the merriment."

On all these occasions, when Charles exhibited his hilarity of spirits in the presence of Arthur Sampson, our pious old schoolfellow would gravely yet pleasantly remind him that it was hardly worth while to remember the follies we had committed in childhood. "Not," he would say, "that I would have you forget the scenes of childhood altogether; but rather to remember what real enjoyments you then experienced with gratitude, and what follies you committed with a certain degree of regret. And yet I must own," continued Arthur, "that I cannot think of the play-place of my early days with indifference. As the poet Cowper justly observes,—

> 'The fond attachment to the well-known place
> Whence first we started into life's long race,
> Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
> We feel it e'en in age and at our latest day.'

There is no one, indeed, who visits in manhood, or who thinks in after years of the spot where his careless boyhood strayed, without feeling a silent joy flow in upon his heart. Whatever may be the cares that enthral his weary spirit, let him but feel

> 'The gale upon his cheek that whispering waves
> The well-known tuft of trees, and dimples slow
> The recollected stream, thought's busy train

Shall glance like pictur'd shadows o'er his mind:
Each airy castle of enthusiastic youth
Shall dawn upon his fancy, like the towers
That sparkle in some forest of romance.
Each shade of circumstance that mark'd the scene
Of young existence, touch'd with fairy tints,
Sheds beauty not its own:—that life of hope
And generous expectation when the man
Was teeming in the boy, and the young mind,
Pleas'd with its own exertion, acted o'er
Each future impulse, and put forth the germs
Of native character.'

I am no misanthrope, my dear Charles, but I would wish to think rationally of all that passed in the days of childhood. I would not have my years roll back to second infancy; neither would I live again the life that haunts the memory with pleasing sensations. A child, as you must know, is all unconscious of his pleasant lot. Life was not then so sweet to you as it now appears to have been. No, no; the world of a child, like that of the man, is darkened by its own storms. He, like man, often creates his own disquietudes and fears, and as often, with the murmurs of discontent, or with bursts of idle passion, personates his future part in life—foreshadows his character as a man. We may talk of the glorious days of childhood; but depend upon it, if we act rightly, we should be as happy if we should ever become wrinkled with age, as when we were at our dear old master's, or as we are now in the heyday of youth. Depend upon it, my dear old schoolfellow, that our hap-

piness or misery is chiefly dependent on ourselves. Southey has some very beautiful stanzas illustrative of the position I take. They are entitled "The old Man's Comforts, and how he gained them;" and they read thus:—

'You are old, Father William,' the young man cried:
'The few locks that are left you are grey;
You are hale, Father William—a hearty old man:
Now tell me the reason, I pray.'

'In the days of my youth,' Father William replied,
'I remember'd that youth would fly fast,
And abus'd not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last.'

'You are old, Father William,' the young man cried,
'And pleasures with youth pass away;
And yet you lament the days that are gone:
Now tell me the reason, I pray.'

'In the days of my youth,' Father William replied,
'I remember'd that youth could not last;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past.'

'You are old, Father William,' the young man cried,
'And life must be hast'ning away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death:
Now tell me the reason, I pray.'

'I am cheerful, young man,' Father William replied;
'Let the cause thy attention engage:
In the days of my youth I remember'd my God;
And He hath not forgotten my age."

One pleasing trait in the character of Charles Murphy was, that he was never offended if he was reproved for levity, or if our conversation

at any time assumed a more serious tone than suited his disposition. On the contrary, although he might have been exhibiting his wit and light-heartedness the moment before, he always listened with deference, and he would sometimes express his thankfulness for being, as he would call it, "sobered down a little." This was especially the case when Arthur Sampson touched upon serious or religious subjects: he listened to him as though he had been his mentor or elder brother. I believe it was this trait in our old schoolfellow's character, that united myself and Arthur Sampson with him in the bonds of that close intimacy that existed between us in the days of our youth, and which still binds myself to him as though he were born of the same mother. "And if it does thus to you, does it not also," the reader may ask, "to the pious Arthur Sampson?" I answer, "No."

It was a beautiful summer-day the last time that Arthur Sampson, Charles Murphy, and myself met. On that day, I remember, we sat for hours together in the shady grove, indulging in reminiscences, and talking of the present and the future. I remarked that Arthur was unusually serious, and that his health was not so good as it had been; but little did I think that he would soon be taken away from his attached schoolfellows. About a month after this occasion, however, I received a letter from him, and before I opened it something told me that I

should see my dear friend no more. It was addressed to me, indeed, in his own handwriting, but then it was written with such a faltering hand, that my heart smote me with misgivings. I opened it slowly, the tear ready to start in my eyes, and I read the following touching sentiments:

"MY DEAR OLD SCHOOLFELLOW,

"When we last met, I did not think that it would be for the last time, although I had for some weeks felt unwell. I was willing to believe that I should recover, and that I should, on some future day, meet both you and my old friend Charles Murphy as heretofore. But that expectation is now cut short. 'The grass withereth and the flower fadeth;' and youth as well as age, pillow their heads in the cold grave. My dear friend, I am on a bed of sickness, and I have every reason to believe it will prove a bed of death. It would rejoice my heart to see you once more, but I know that the distance is great, and your employment such that it would not be convenient, and therefore I ask you not to come. But my dear friend, it may afford you some pleasure to know that I am happy. Yes, with the grave yawning before me I am happy! I know in whom I have believed: in me dwelleth no good thing, but I have a hope which maketh not ashamed. As you well know, my dear friend, I have long sought the 'one thing

needful;' convinced that without it I could neither enjoy happiness in this world nor expect it in the next. Thank God, I have been enabled to find it; my hopes are built on the rock of ages. Oh! my dear old schoolfellow, if you would wish to be happy, as I am happy, on a dying bed 'seek the kingdom of God, and his righteousness' while yet in the bloom of health. Place all your trust in Christ. I have a good hope that you have done so, and I wish I could say as much of our mutual friend Charles Murphy. But though I cannot think that he has yet seen the necessity of an interest in the atonement, I trust that he may before he is brought to the state in which I now lie. Give my love to him and tell him that I shall remember him in my prayers till my lips have ceased to pray; and that I trust we shall meet in heaven. Remind him often of my affection for him, and of the interest I have ever taken in his spiritual welfare. But, my dear old schoolfellow, I must hasten to close my last letter. I had much to say, but my hand trembles and refuses to do its duty. A long and a last adieu, my dear friend; may God bless you, and may we meet in a world where there is no more separation—where God will wipe away all tears from the mourner's eyes, and where sorrow and sighing will flee away.

"Yours in the hour of death,

"ARTHUR SAMPSON.

Fast rolled the tears down my cheeks as I read this touching letter of my dear old schoolfellow, Arthur Sampson. When I had reached the end I laid it down, and hiding my face in my hands, wept bitterly. "I shall never see him more," I thought to myself; "I shall never see him more in this world. Dearly as I loved him, I shall never hear his voice again. O, Death! thou spoiler of the world, what havoc dost thou make among its inhabitants! How dost thou break up family circles, and the circles of friendship! How dost thou cause the tear to flow, and the heart to ache! Couldst thou not have found some useless member of society whereon to vent thy rage, rather than one so lovely, and whose bud of promise gave such rich hopes for the future?" But, checking myself, I continued, "it is the lot of man to die in the flower of his age as well as in hoary years. Yon churchyard exhibits the graves of infants of a span long as well as those of men who have attained the full stature of our race. The inscriptions on the tombs exhibit the fact, that the child of a day old is as liable to death as the man of fourscore years. And why should I sorrow as those without hope? My dear friend has probably by this time entered the golden portals of the eternal city; let me seek him there, and be united with him again for ever?

'Be silent, oh my grief, my thoughts discern
A cup of bliss that yet for man remains;

A few short years, and Death, the tyrant stern,
Will strike the last of a long list of pains.

'Oh, then dismiss'd this earthly house of clay,
The happy soul will take an angel's flight;
Will soar to realms of everlasting day,
And greet its friends, and join them with delight.

'Methinks I see them beckon from on high,
And stand impatient to receive us there;
Ye happy tenants of the upper sky
Descend, and waft me through celestial air."—FARR.

As I ceased I took up my pen to write to my dear old friend, still hoping that, though I could not expect to see him more, he yet might read a line from me, expressive of the anguish I felt at his dying communication. My hope was vain: it was answered by his mother, and sealed with the sign of mourning. I wept again; and often, in my pathway through life, I have dropped a tear to his memory.

Nor have I wept alone for my dear old friend, Arthur Sampson. In accordance with his wish, I made known the sentiments he entertained towards Charles Murphy on his dying bed; and Charles, in reply to my intelligence, wrote a touching letter, in which he stated that he mingled his tears of regret with mine. And I have seen his tears flow fast at the memory of his old schoolfellow. On visiting me a few months after, as we were both at leisure for some days, he expressed a desire that we should visit Arthur Sampson's grave. The journey was no inconsiderable one, but nevertheless the

wish was in unison with my own inclinations, and I consented. "We cannot spend our time more profitably," I replied, "than in meditating over the grave of such a pious friend. It may have the effect of solemnising both our hearts, and of making us sit more loosely to the world."

I shall never forget the countenance of my friend Charles Murphy, as the old sexton of the little village of W——pointed out Arthur Sampson's grave to our view. "There it is, gentlemen, the old man replied, in answer to our question; "there it is, gentlemen, and a fine youth he was. I never buried a finer, and, what is more than that, a better youth. It was a mortal pity he should have been taken away so young. And yet, for the matter of that, gentlemen, he did not die too soon for himself. If the soul of any one whose body I have buried is gone to heaven, it is the soul of Mr. Arthur Sampson. I could tell many a tale of his goodness; and yet I don't believe he ever thought that he did a good deed. He was indeed, a rare youth, and I shall not, I expect, see the like of him before I go down to the grave myself."

The old man did not cease his praises of our dear old schoolfellow till he saw the tears chasing each other down the cheeks of both Charles Murphy and myself. Then checking his loquacity, he made a low bow; and, retiring to the

farther end of the churchyard, left us to indulge in our sorrows, and to meditate over Arthur's grave without interruption. We lingered there a full hour, neither speaking a word. As we took our departure I remarked,—"May we, my dear Charles, live as he lived, and die as he died, and then we shall meet him again in heaven!"

The heart of Charles was almost too full to speak; but he pressed my hand with emotion, and exclaimed,—"God grant that I may so live and die!"

CHAPTER II.

MY COUSIN JOHN.—MY RECEPTION AT UNCLE JOHN'S.—SNOWBALLING MOTHER MARPET'S DOOR.—MOTHER MARPET'S REVENGE.—COUSIN JOHN'S WAYWARDNESS.—REMONSTRANCE FRUITLESS.—UNCLE JOHN'S GRIEF AT HIS CONDUCT.—UNCLE JOHN'S PREDICTION CONCERNING MYSELF.— HIS DEATH, AND ITS EFFECTS UPON COUSIN JOHN.—RUPTURED FRIENDSHIP.—OUR LAST MEETING, AND THOUGHTS ON FRIENDSHIP.—CONCLUDING REMARKS.

"On his journey youth doth start,
Strong of limb and stout of heart,
And he thinketh life must be
An unbroken jubilee.
He doth find full proof of this
In the summer's frolic bliss,
And from roughest winter weather
Strong conviction he doth gather;
And the world with ample store
Of its fair false smiling lore
Doth convince him more and more.
So he singeth—'Oh that thou,
Merry life, wouldst last for ever!
Oh that strength was given me now
To enchain Time's rushing river,
Bind it fast from shore to shore,
For evermore, for evermore!'"—WESTWOOD.

AMONG the various companions of my youth, perhaps no one was dearer to me than Cousin John. Not that our dispositions were in unison, or that our pursuits harmonized; on the contra-

ry, our dispositions were wholly dissimilar, and our pursuits were at variance; but then he was my Cousin John, and with all his faults I loved him still.

From our earliest infancy, it was the custom of the parents of myself and Cousin John to cause us to meet at least three or four times in the year; and very pleasant days have I spent at Uncle John's. In my earliest years, indeed, no treat was looked upon by me as equal to that of a visit to his hospitable roof: "Coachy" never drove his horses fast enough as I travelled thither, although he would sometimes make them go at the top of their speed.

I fancy I see Uncle John now before me. It was his custom to sit at his ease half the day long in a great arm-chair, twirling his thumbs round each other, and talking to whoever might be in his parlour. A specimen of his good old English manners may be seen in the way he usually addressed me, when I went to pay him a visit. "Well, Ned, my boy," he would say, "I am glad to see thee again. I have many nephews and nieces, but none are so welcome as thou art. Cousin John will be glad to see thee again; perhaps more than I am. And how long art thou going to stop, my boy? But I will not ask thee; stop, as long as thou likest, and when thou returnest come back as soon as thou pleasest. Thou art always welcome to my table."

Being once again seated in Uncle John's parlour, it was not long before Cousin John and myself engaged in amusements to wile away our hours. Or, if it was summer, we would leave the presence of Uncle John in order to gambol about the lawn free from all care of offending the gravity of age. But though I used to enter into any games proposed or adopted with great delight, yet I was myself generally under the restraint of Cousin John. I dared not do as I pleased altogether, lest I should offend him.—The fact is, Cousin John being an only son, was a spoiled boy, and whether in the presence of his parents, or out of it, he would have his own way. At school, and by many of my youthful companions, I was looked up to as a species of mentor; but with Cousin John I was obliged to take a subordinate part. He must play at what he pleased, when he pleased, and how long he pleased; I was but a cipher. At this, however, I never complained: "it is not worth while," I sometimes thought, "to contradict him, it will only cause both him and myself unhappiness." I recollect on one occasion Charles Murphy was visiting me at the same time as Cousin John, and I shall never forget the look of curiosity with which he eyed myself and cousin as the latter was playing off his Hectorship upon me; it seemed to him quite a wonder that "a philosopher" should succumb to a self-willed boy. He took the first opportunity, indeed, of drawing

me aside to express his surprise that I should submit so readily to one whom he was pleased to say was so far inferior to myself.

"All this may be true, my dear Charles," I replied, "and I may do wrong in always giving way to Cousin John. At the same time, let me assure you that my compliance with his wishes has been a source of mutual happiness. Often should we have quarreled, had I been in the habit of contradicting him, or of urging my wishes in contradiction to his own. There is an anecdote which relates that two gentlemen were riding together, one of whom, who was very choleric, happened to be on a very high-mettled horse. The horse grew a little troublesome, at which the rider became very angry, and whipped and spurred him with great fury. The horse, almost as wrongheaded as his master, returned his treatment with kicking and plunging. The companion, concerned for the danger, and ashamed at the folly of his friend, said to him, coolly, 'Be quiet, and, show yourself the wiser creature of the two.' Depend upon it, Charles, it is our wisdom to give way to our companions and friends, otherwise we might continually be in trouble. By contradicting Cousin John I should soon lash him into fury. I have seen others do this, and I am careful to avoid making him sin. Besides I sometimes think that, by my uniformly giving way to him, he will one day be convinced that

he should sometimes give way to me. But howsoever this may be, I am sure that nothing would be gained by contradicting him. No, no; I should not have been friends with Cousin John so long, and we should not have loved each other so well, if I had not submitted to his will."

"All this may be very well," rejoined Charles; "but I do not see why a superior in sense should give way to an inferior."

"Hush, Charles," I replied hastily, "if you do see such a scene before you now, it will not be the last your eyes will witness as you pass through life. It is not sense or intellect that makes the man in the estimation of the world, but money."

But although I usually submitted to Cousin John, it was only in that which was lawful and proper. He was of a frolicsome nature, and had I listened to him he would have often drown me into mischief. Generally speaking, however, I had the courage to contradict him when he proposed any game that was not of a legitimate nature. and on these occasions he had the good sense not to be offended. But on one occasion Cousin John succeeded in drawing me into "a scrape," as boys phrase an error. He was visiting at my parents' in the depth of the winter, when the snow lay knee-deep on the ground, and in the course of the evening, it being moonlight, we strayed from the snug fire-

side to have a ramble in the open air. Near my parents' house lived an old lady, not well beloved by her neighbours for her mischief-making, and of whose character Cousin John was aware. "Old Mother Marpet is not at home, I think," he observed, as he came near to her door. "I can see no light either up stairs or down. What a good piece of fun it would be to cover her door over with snow!"

Cousin John had no sooner conceived the idea than he brought forth mischief. Pat, pat, pat, went the snow-balls against the panels of her door in quick succession, and still as he threw them he gave me an invitation to join him in his work. The scene was so exciting, that without giving myself a moment's reflection, I commenced making up the balls, and in a little time I was as active at the work as Cousin John himself. "That's right, Ned," he observed, as he saw me fairly at work; "the old woman won't know her own door when she returns home. Is it not glorious sport? And how it makes the hands glow! Mine feel as though they were in the fire rather than in snow."

It was not long before Mother Marpet's door was covered from top to bottom with snow, while the key-hole was completely stopped up. Unfortunately for us, however, the old dame was not out, as Cousin John had supposed. All the while we were at work she had been watching us from an up-stairs window, whither it af-

terwards appeared it was her wont to stand summer and winter an hour or two in the evening, to see what was going forward in the village. Tired with our voluntary labour, Cousin John and I paused to rest, and Mother Marpet, imagining we had done all the mischief we could, suddenly threw open the window, and exclaimed, "I have been watching you, young gentlemen; I know you; you shall hear of this again."

We could hear no more of the dame's harangue from the window, for on hearing it thrown open we both started off at the top of our speed. But it was not long before we were compelled to stand before her tribunal. We had re-entered my parents' parlour, and were looking over the plates of an illustrated edition of the Pilgrim's Progress, a favourite companion of my early years, when all of a sudden a loud knocking was heard at the door. My heart misgave me on hearing it, for I fully anticipated that it was Mother Marpet, and no sooner was the door open, than my worst fears were realized. She raised such a storm in the passage as I had never heard before, and, without waiting to be announced, she threw open the door of the parlour, and holding up her right hand in a threatening attitude, vowed vengeance on us for our mischievous trick. It was some time before my parents could understand what we had been doing, and when at length

her passion allowed her to explain, they questioned her veracity; we had not been from the fireside many minutes, and they thought we could not have acted so wantonly.

Mother Marpet, however, was only the more enraged at this: "It was those young rogues and no one else."

"Well, my boy," interrogated my father, "was it you or not? I charge you to tell me the truth."

I confessed that we had committed the act; and, for myself, expressed sorrow for the deed; I would never do it again. My parents also gave both Cousin John and myself a lecture on the crime, and I was forthwith to be sent to bed. They expressed themselves, moreover, very sorry that a son of theirs should annoy a neighbour in any way, and thanked Mother Marpet for taking the trouble of coming out in the snow to tell them. But though "a soft answer" usually "turns away wrath," nothing which they could say could appease the old dame. She knew that I was held in high repute among my neighbours, and was much noticed by them, and therefore she would have her revenge on me —she would show them all that *I* could do in the way of mischief. It was not Cousin John who appeared to have been in fault; the whole blame was to fall upon myself, although he was certainly the greater culprit of the two.

I confess I felt lowered in my own estimation

when I found that the snow-balled door was to become an exhibition to the neighbours. I could scarcely sleep all the night, and as for the morning, I dreaded its appearance. Morning, however, came, and no sooner had sufficient light dawned from the skies, than I crept out of bed to see what mischief we had committed. Mother Marpet was, notwithstanding, up before me. Her house was in such a position that I could see it from the bed-room window, and I had no sooner glanced my eyes toward it than I descried her standing at the window, muffled up in an old red cloak, and watching for neighbours to whom she might relate the adventure. I could not help shedding a tear at the thought of being thus disgraced, and bitterly reproached myself for having yielded to Cousin John's solicitation. I was wiping my tears away when Cousin John awoke, and seeing me thus in trouble asked what it was about?

'Have you forgotten last night?" I inquired.

"No, that I have not," he rejoined, "and I don't think I shall forget it for many a long year. It was such a glorious bit of fun. You are never shedding a tear for that sure?"

"Think of the disgrace it will bring upon me," I replied; "just step out of bed, and you will see Mother Marpet watching for neighbours to whom she may relate our mischievous deed."

"Is she though?" asked Cousin John, as he hastily joined me. "Let us watch her a little while, and see who she meets with. It will be almost as good a piece of fun as snow-balling her door."

It was not long before some of our villagers passed Mother Marpet's house, and it was certainly amusing to see with what earnestness she related her tale; and I was convinced that I was the burden of it, as she every now and then pointed towards my parents' house. As this was early in the morning, I congratulated myself that it was only peasantry whom she met with, and as I watched them it appeared evident that they were pleased with the circumstance. With that class, indeed, Mother Marpet was no friend, and had her door been battered down with snow-balls, it would have given many of them pleasure. I was aware, indeed, that the old dame would not find much sympathy with any of her neighbours, whether rich or poor; but, at the same time, I was quite convinced that the deed would not raise me in the estimation of the educated and right-thinking. Fortunately, however, I had not much cause for fear. It was a beautiful clear morning, and as I watched Mother Marpet's house, I perceived that its rays, which fell directly upon her door, were fast melting away the proofs of my guilt. "She won't meet with many neighbours now to relate her tale to," I observed to Cousin

John ; "don't you see how fast the sun is melting the snow on her door? I wish it would shine as warm as on a summer's day, and then she would have to tell her tale without proof."

"Melting, or not melting," Cousin John replied, "I can only say that I should like to snowball it again. And to tell you the truth, cousin, it would give me great pleasure to have a shy at her old red cloak, and if you will join me I will go and do it now."

"No, no," I replied; "that won't do; let that snow melt off her door, and depend upon it, I will never transgress against Mother Marpet again. It will not do; you see how venomous she is. Why, since we have taken our eyes off her house she has even thrown her door wide open, that the sun might not melt away the snow."

The old dame had, indeed, perceived that she should be disappointed of making my crime known to the whole village, and especially to the respectable part of the community, and therefore she had come down from her window, and had not only thrown open her door, but had placed herself in the entrance of the door-way in order to guard it from the sun's rays. But by the time she had discovered the mischief the sun was doing, it had become too late: the process of melting could not be stopped; and in a little time the door was again closed, showing as green a front to the villagers as

before. "There is no harm done now," said Cousin John, as he saw the door closed: "we have neither injured the old dame's door, nor has she had an opportunity of injuring your character. I cannot think what you were in such trouble about. To speak plainly, that is nothing to what I have done in my lifetime. I like a good piece of fun, and depend upon it, if I could get any one to join me, I would bespatter her door again to-night; and perhaps I might make a mistake, and throw one or two at her windows. If I did break a square or two of glass, they might soon be mended: it would make good for trade."

I have no doubt that Cousin John would willingly have joined any one in snow-balling Mother Marpet's windows and doors; but I made him no reply, and began to think seriously of what I had been doing. I have committed an error, I thought, and I have been anxious that no one around me should know it. Yet all the while there has been an eye—that of an omniscient God watching over me, even while I was in the act of committing the error, of whose displeasure I have been regardless. I hastily left the presence of my Cousin John and shutting myself up in a place by myself, wept the tear of repentance.

This incident made me more guarded in giving way to the wishes of Cousin John, and I do not recollect that he ever succeeded in

drawing me into an error again. As we grew up, indeed, I would often remonstrate with him when he showed an inclination to do that which was wrong. But in this I never once succeeded. My old friend, Charles Murphy, would frequently be guided by my advice, but Cousin John would never listen to me for a moment. And this was no wonder: if he owned not the control of a parent, he could not be expected to pay regard to the voice of a youthful companion. I do not intend, however, to represent Cousin John as habitually disobedient to his father: on the contrary, I believe he sincerely loved him, and in general strove to please him; but then if he set his heart on any thing it was no use for his parent to contradict him: he must be indulged in his wishes. This finally led to serious evils. The older Cousin John grew, the more self-willed he became. Evil companions, also, led him farther astray than he would have gone of his own accord: he had money, spirit, and wit, and the youth possessed of these is sure to be sought after by the artful and designing.

It was with great pain that I saw Cousin John thus going astray, and on one or two occasions when he was visiting my parents I ventured to set before him the consequences of his error. The only fruits, however, which my remonstrances produced, was his estrangement from me. For the last two or three years of

our acquaintance, although he would hold out the right hand of fellowship when we met, yet he was evidently anxious to be out of my company. Some excuse or other was soon found for his going out when I went on a visit to Uncle John's, and very frequently I had to retire to rest before he returned. His coldness occasioned me great uneasiness, but I still hoped that he would renew his friendship, and that he would see the evil and amend his ways. As for Uncle John, the anguish he felt at the waywardness of "his poor boy," as he used to call him, was sometimes heart-rending. Often have I watched the big, round, rolling tears fall down his aged cheeks, as he deplored his conduct. "But I have been the cause of it all," he would sometimes say: "I love him dearly, but not wisely, for I have given way to him when I should have controlled him."

The error in giving way to Cousin John's self-will became more manifest every day. His wayward conduct, indeed, eventually became the all-absorbing theme of Uncle John. Let who would visit him, he was sure to pour his tale of woe into their ears. To myself he would often observe, as I sat by his side,—"Ah, Ned! thou hast lost thy companion now: thy cousin loves wilder heads than thine. It used to give me pleasure to see thee at play together, but that pleasure is past, I fear my poor boy is lost now. He cares nothing for his old afflicted fa-

ther: he has scarcely risen from his bed when he goes out, and it is quite uncertain whether I shall see him again during the day. Oh! I wish he would follow thy example, Ned! then I should not have to mourn over him." Sometimes Uncle John, in the height of his distress, would talk of disinheriting his poor boy:—"I will cut him off with a shilling, Ned: he shall have no pleasures, after I am gone down to the grave, with my money. It will be a charity to him to leave him penniless, for if he has money he will be ruined, both soul and body."

Some cousins in the world would have taken advantage of Uncle John's bitter moments against his poor boy, and would have endeavoured to have prejudiced his mind against his "poor boy;" but it has been a source of consolation to me, that I invariably sought to allay his resentment. I was the more careful to do this because I loved my cousin with all his faults, and because I saw that there were those about Uncle John who would have been glad for their own interest's sake if he had cut his "poor boy" off with a shilling. I remember on one occasion, when he was pouring forth his tale of woe in my ears, mixed with sentiments of resentment for his "poor boy's" ingratitude, that a scene occurred worthy the touch of an artist.

Uncle John was a tall, stout man, with a face as rubicund as the man's who spends his days in the healthful exercises of the field. Pain

was, indeed, his constant attendant, and very frequently he could not, without great difficulty, rise from his great arm-chair; but, notwithstanding all this, his frame did not suffer any diminution. On the other hand, at the time to which I allude, I was but a youth of about thirteen years of age, and of a very diminutive stature. I was, in fact, a dwarf compared with Uncle John, and many men would have thought me almost beneath their notice. But not so thought Uncle John. As before related, he would frequently pour into my ears his tale of woe; and having done so on the occasion alluded to, I ventured to condole with him in strains that would seem to indicate, that I was the master, and he my scholar. As I proceeded, Uncle John wiped the big tears from off his face, and seized hold of the stick which always stood by the side of the chair, and when I ceased he raised himself from his seat with more alacrity than ever I had seen him rise up from it before, and exclaimed, with a stentorian voice; "Thou wilt be a great man, Ned!"

The sum and substance of my condolence was to the effect that Cousin John was young and thoughtless, and that it was probable as he grew older he would grow wiser. The reasoning was natural; but it is not always that the wild youth becomes the sober man. Many people, indeed, argue that when the "wild oats are sown," all will be well. Unfortunately,

however, some people are a long time before they have sown all their wild oats. "The child is father to the man;" what a youth is, that most likely the man will be. At all events, this proved to be the case with my Cousin John; he has not sown his wild oats yet, although the gray hairs begin to cover his forehead. But of Cousin John, dearly as I loved him, I now know but little; our friendship is severed, and this stream of earthly joy is cut off. Slightly altering a sentiment of the poet Coleridge—

> "We stand aloof, the scars remaining
> Like cliffs which have been rent asunder."

I had once hoped that Cousin John would forget his coldness towards me, and would become an altered character. This was at the time of Uncle John's death. His heart then seemed softened, and many were the tears of regret that flowed down his cheeks for his past conduct. He expressed, also, contrition for having slighted me, and expressed his thankfulness that I had advocated his cause with his deceased parent. He should never forget me for it, he said, or cease to regard me for my disinterestedness. But for me, Uncle John might have cut him off "with a shilling," while now he was in possession of all he had to bequeath. I have no doubt but Cousin John was sincere in these sentiments; but he little knew the plague of his own heart. Sorrow had

touched it, but not true repentance. Affection for his deceased parent also might have had its effect upon him, for I have no doubt that he had affection for him, although he had so long, and so often, disregarded his voice. But then Cousin John was associated with companions whom he could not shake off, and who would not desert him, so long as he was possessed of wealth.

It has been well said by one of the ancient sages, that we ought to keep such company as would never make us blush. Happy had it been for Cousin John, if he had acted upon this advice. It was not many months after the death of his aged and anxious parent that I was walking in the streets of London, when I casually met him with one of his choice companions. Presuming upon his affection, and relying on his recent professions of renewed friendship, I seized his hand with eagerness, and expressed myself delighted at once more meeting one of the dearest friends of my early years. These professions, however, were evidently forgotten. There was no warmth in his shake of the hand, if there was in mine; it chilled my heart. I looked at him intently, and soon perceived that there was considerable embarrassment in his countenance, and a desire to bid me adieu. Still I resolved not to take notice of it, and was determined to let him see, that though his friendship was changed mine was not. I still held his hand firmly in mine, and recurred to old

times when we used to meet as relations and friends, and ventured to express a hope that he would one day pay me a visit as I was now settled in life. No answer was returned by Cousin John, and his restlessness still increased; he was evidently uneasy at something, but at what I was ignorant. I had not, however, to remain in ignorance long. It was one of Cousin John's boon companions with him, and he expressed a desire, as old friends had thus accidentally met, to adjourn to an adjoining tavern, where old friendships might be renewed, "according to the ancient and good old English custom," over the convivial glass. Cousin John's face blushed crimson as he spoke, while mine lengthened in point of gravity to twice its usual dimensions. I saw into what company I had fallen, and hesitated for a moment whether I should bid my Cousin John adieu without saying another word, or whether I should administer reproof to them both. At length I thought it might be the last time I might have an opportunity of doing him good, and therefore I resolved to reprove them, without at the same time giving offence. "I am obliged to your friend, Cousin John," I remarked, "for the invitation he has given me; but you know it is not my custom to spend my hours at the tavern. Friendship does not consist in drinking one another's health, or in convivial mirth. I grant that the maxims and the practices of the world are in favor of your friend's

views; but, my dear Cousin, we should not be swayed by the usages of the multitude. The mere companion, indeed, is not a friend. A conformity of taste for pleasures may exist without any thing like true friendship. Nay, the table companion who, while he holds his glass, seems to glow with such cordial friendship, may even, after all, if trusted with your secrets, deceive and ruin you. This has happened in many circles from time immemorial, and if you should experience such treatment, you may perhaps complain that you have been betrayed by a friend. Others have done so before you; but know this, Cousin John, if ever you should thus be betrayed, it will not be by a true friend, but only by a man that has frequently ate and drank with you, and joined in the same diversions. No; friendship does not depend upon the appetite or the passions. If any form an intimacy merely for what they can gain by it, this is not friendship; it must be free from any such selfish view, and only design mutual benefit as each may require. The ancients had an excellent emblem whereby they used to express a true and sincere friendship. They pictured it in the shape of a young man, very fair, bareheaded, and but meanly dressed. On the outside of his garment was written, *vivere et mori*, 'to live and to die,' and on his forehead, *æstate et hyeme*, 'in summer and winter.' His breast was so open that his heart might be seen, and

with his finger he pointed to his heart, where was written, *prope longe*, 'far and near.' Now, any person of common sense may easily perceive how well this emblematical figure points out the real nature of friendship. It must exist in the inmost recesses of the heart to be sincere. And such a friendship, Cousin John, is that which I formed for you in early life, and such a friendship for you I still entertain, although you choose companions rather than friends, although you prefer strangers to your own kindred. It is painful to me to see you in the company of those who seek your friendship for their own gain. The first necessary property in friendship is, that it should be wholly disinterested.

> "The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
> And proves, by thumps upon your back,
> How he esteems your merit;
> Is such a friend, that one had need
> Be very much his friend, indeed,
> To pardon or to bear it!"—COWPER.

"Why, Jack," said my Cousin's companion as I ceased, with an air of ineffable scorn, "who have you got here? Some Methodist parson or another, I dare say!" It was evident that I should have had no small degree of abuse heaped on my head had not my Cousin John, blushing still deeper than before, wished me "good morning," and led him away. As they paced down the street, arm-in-arm, I watched my Cousin with anxious gaze, and the memory of

the past rushed into my mind. I thought of those days when we used to meet in guileless friendship, happy in each other's company. "But he is lost to me now," I said to myself; "the applauses of boisterous and hollow-hearted companions suit his taste better than the plain-speaking of sincere friendship. I fear, indeed, that Uncle John's money will prove his ruin. Had he been compelled to work for his bread, he might have been virtuous, and being virtuous he would have been happy. It has been well said, that

> 'When vice and virtue both shall woo,
> 'Tis hard to say which way 'twill go.' "—WITHER.

Whatever hopes I might have entertained of Cousin John's reformation, they have now vanished. Vice has evidently triumphed: may he see his error before it is too late!

It is now many years ago since I thus met with Cousin John; but I have occasionally heard of him, and he is still the same gay and thoughtless being as he was. Time flies unheeded by him, and unless his career is arrested by an unseen Power, I fear the silver hairs of old age will fall over his brow before he thinks of the notable fact—that earth is not the rest of man. Then it may be too late for reflection!

> "When in the sweet and pleasant month of May
> We see both leaves and blossoms on the tree,
> And view the meadows in their best array.
> We hopeful are a joyful spring to see;

Yet oft before the following night be past
It chanceth that a vapor or a frost
Doth all those forward blossoms wholly waste,
And then their sweetness and their beauty's lost.
Such is the state of every mortal wight;
In youth our glories and our lusts we show,—
We fill ourselves with every vain delight,
And will not think on that which may ensue.
But let us learn to heed, as well as know,
That spring doth pass; that summer steals away;
And that the flower which makes the fairest show,
Ere many weeks must wither and decay."—WITHER.

CHAPTER III.

A LETTER FROM MY OLD FRIEND GERVASE.—RELATES THE DEATH OF MY COMPANION WILLIAM GERVASE.—WILLIAM'S CHARACTER.—CAUTION NECESSARY IN MAKING FRIENDS.—COWPER'S REMARKS ON A PUBLIC EDUCATION.—WILLIAM GERVASE, AN EXAMPLE OF ITS FAILURE IN PRODUCING HIGH MORAL CHARACTER.—A CHANGE AT LEE COTTAGE.—ALLUSION TO THE CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH LED TO THE DEATH OF WILLIAM GERVASE—MY OLD FRIEND GERVASE AS HE NOW IS.

"Leaves have their time to fall;
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath;
And stars to set; but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

"Day is for mortal care;
Eve for glad tidings round the joyous hearth;
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

"The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power
A time for softer tears,—but all are thine.

"Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee,—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath;
And stars to set; but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"

HEMANS.

"And so the sun-like face of my old friend Gervase has at length a dark cloud passing over it. I have seen him smile at the caprices of fortune; I have seen him laugh at the shafts of malice aimed at his heart; yet after all, he is not proof against sorrow. But who would not grieve for the loss of a son, of an only son, albeit, that son had been ungrateful? My heart partakes of his sorrows."

It was thus that I communed with myself on laying down this letter, which was sent me by my aged and highly esteemed friend Gervase.

"My dear Friend,

"I rose this morning with the lark, and I believe I was as gay and as happy as that heaven-soaring bird! But, ah! how altered are my feelings now: a letter brought by this post has cast me into the furnace of affliction. The hand-writing of the superscription was that of a stranger to me, and as I opened it I wondered from whom it came. I wondered the more, because the post-mark was foreign. Oh! I would that the letter had never reached me, for it brought the only intelligence that in this life could have rendered me unhappy. It relates the death of my old companion, William, my only son. My heart bleeds for his loss. He has been suddenly cut off in the prime of youth; and, what is most painful to my feelings, in

carrying out plans which were adverse to my wishes. I had given him such an education as would have fitted him for any honorable situation at home; but, no; England was not large enough for him to roam about in—he must have a wider field; that of the world. And now, my dear friend, he lies in the cold and narrow grave: he is buried in the land of strangers. If you have any regard for an old man, come over and condole with me: you may soothe the anguish of, though you can never heal the wounds, made by this event in my heart. It will bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

"Your affectionate, but sorrowing friend,
"H. GERVASE."

I lost no time in visiting my dear old friend, and I endeavoured to pour the balm of consolation into his wounded heart; but his sorrows were such as time could only alleviate, and such as even time could not obliterate. Many a time, indeed, has my old friend, since the day that I received this letter, shed tears in my presence for the loss of his beloved son, William. And his deepest pang is still derived from the remembrance that he was an ungrateful son. "Had he but died in the path of duty," he one day observed to me, "I believe I could have been happy; I believe I could have smiled even through my tears; but the remembrance of his death,

under such circumstances as he died, cuts me to the heart. I seem to have no room for joy left in that heart which was once all joy: grief fills it in every part. And yet I know that I should not sorrow as those without hope. But it is hard to practise what I know. My dear friend, I am not the philosopher you once thought me. I own I could smile at the loss of more than half my substance; but that was a very different thing to the loss of a beloved and only son: Diogenes himself could not have borne up against this; he must have wept as I weep, and have mourned as I mourn."

My old friend Gervase came to reside near my parents shortly after I left school. He had long been a merchant, and he came to live a life of retirement in the country: casting anxiety, as he said, to the winds. He was of a very cheerful disposition, and nothing seemed to disturb his equanimity of temper. It was a perfect pleasure to visit Lee Cottage, where he resided: he was every thing that could be wished as a host and as a friend. To me the pleasure was greater, because his son William was about my own age, and because he was a very cheerful and intelligent companion. I never had a more agreeable friend in my youth, indeed, than William Gervase. His education was of a superior order, and he had improved his mind greatly by reading. Touch upon any subject I pleased, or quote whatever author I might, Wil-

liam Gervase was at home with me. As for recitation, renowned as I had been at Mr. White's school in this particular, I believe William was my equal, if he did not in reality eclipse me. This endeared him to my heart. At the same time I felt that I could not make William Gervase a bosom companion. There was something about him which I could not exactly understand, and where the true character of a companion is not clearly seen, it is better to stand somewhat aloof from him: that is, it is better not to trust him as a friend. No, no, my young readers; though by taking particular notice of the eyes and gestures we may, in a short time, distinguish the disposition of a person, if he be not on his guard, yet as many put on a disguise when an acquaintance is formed, it is not easy to discover whether a man is fit for a friend or not. To find out this, we must for a considerable time inquire into the motives, the sentiments, and the temper: we must see the person at all times, and in different situations, before we trust him as a friend: in such a manner did I look into the character of William Gervase, and the more I looked, though I discerned great talents, and in many instances his pursuits were congenial to my own tastes: yet the more I found something that told me, I must not make him one of my choicest companions. I saw particularly that his mind was unsettled; and a wandering disposition can scarce-

ly be sincere in the important matter of friendship. It is true that a likeness of inclination in every particular is not absolutely necessary to true friendship, for some of the firmest friendships have been contracted between persons of different humours. It is essential, however, that there should be love and esteem: if either of these is wanting, friendship must be imperfect. On the one hand, we are soon ashamed of loving a man whom we cannot esteem; and, on the other, though we may admire a person's abilities, yet we can never be an intimate friend with him unless we love his person.

"Can gold gain friendship? impudence of hope,
As well mere man an angel might beget:
Love, and love only, is the loan for love;
All like the purchase, few the price will pay,
And this makes men such miracles below."—YOUNG.

I, however, would have loved William Gervase heartily if I could; but when I have felt inclined to love him as a friend, there was invariably something seen in his conduct which checked the risings of that holy principle. I remember, one day in particular, we had been rambling abroad in such perfect harmony,—he had shown so much good sense in conversation and so much right feeling on the topics we discussed, that I thought I must give him a place among my choicest companions—that I must love him as a friend. We had no sooner arrived home, however, than I saw that he was not

obedient to his parents; and he who can be disobedient to parents can never be a true friend.

The poet Cowper, in his "Tirocinium, or a Review of Schools," makes the following severe remarks on the practice of a public education; a practice which is still in use.

"Would you your son should be a sot or dunce,
Lascivious, headstrong, or all these at once;
That in good time the stripling's finish'd taste
For loose expense and fashionable waste
Should prove your ruin and his own at last,
Train him in public with a mob of boys,
Childish in mischief only and in noise,
Else of a mannish growth, and five in ten
In infidelity and lewdness, men.
There shall he learn, ere sixteen winters old,
That authors are most useful pawn'd or sold:
That pedantry is all that schools impart,
But taverns teach the knowledge of the heart.

* * * * * * *

Schools, unless discipline were doubly strong,
Detain their adolescent charge too long;
The management of tyros of eighteen
Is difficult; their punishment obscene.
The stout tall captain, whose superior size
The minor heroes view with envious eyes,
Becomes their pattern, upon whom they fix
Their whole attention, and ape all his tricks.
His pride, that scorns t' obey or to submit,
With them is courage; his effrontery wit.
His wise excursions, window-breaking feats,
Robbery of gardens, quarrels in the streets,
His hair-breadth 'scapes, and all his daring schemes,
Transport them, and are made their favorite themes.
In little bosoms such achievements strike
A kindred spark; they burn to do the like.

Thus half accomplish'd ere he yet begin
To show the peeping down upon his chin:
And as maturity of years comes on
Make just th' adept that you design'd your son;
T' ensure the perseverance of his course,
And give your monstrous project all its force,
Send him to college. If he there be tam'd,
Or in one article of vice reclaim'd,
Where no regard of ord'nances is shown,
Or look'd for now, the fault must be his own.
Some sneaking virtue lurks in him, no doubt,
Where neither strumpets' charms, nor drinking bout,
Nor gambling practices, can find it out.
Such youths of spirit, and that spirit too,
Ye nurseries of our boys, we owe to you:
Though from ourselves the mischief more proceeds,
For public schools, 'tis public folly feeds."

This picture may be overwrought, and its high colouring may have arisen from the wrongs which the sensitive author endured when located in a public school; but it is nevertheless certain, that the moral character of youth is frequently by no means improved by the system of education as pursued in England. It may produce scholars, but it fails in producing right-minded men. William Gervase is an example of this. Early in boyhood his father had sent him to one of the best public schools; that is, one of the most noted in imparting a sound education as regards languages, &c., which he could find. But, like all public schools, in that to which William was sent, there was a deficiency of moral training. Boys learned of boys in the play ground, and it is well known what boys

generally teach each other; any thing that is wrong and mischievous. He had at all events learned to be headstrong. "William was a very good and obedient boy," said Mr. Gervase one day to me after his son had shown symptoms of disobedience, "till he went to school; but he now likes to be his own master: he is impatient of restraint. He is improved as regards learning and education; but his moral conduct, I fear, has not been bettered by instruction." Mr. Gervase did not see, however, that this was partly his own fault. Nothing is more necessary in the formation of the youthful mind than family government. It is better than all the education and instruction which all the schools in all the world can give. "Example hath a louder tongue than precept," and whose example is equal to that of a parent? Now, William Gervase, as before mentioned, was sent to school in his earliest boyhood, which is the very time that family government is needed for the formation of character. It should begin immediately as reason begins to dawn, that so a deep impression may be made on the mind, and this impression should be kept alive in after years by the constant exercise of a parent's authority. But William Gervase had been sent to school at this critical point of his life, and what wonder is it then that he was impatient of restraint. If little or no restraint had ever been exercised upon him at home when young,

could it be expected that at the age when youth generally wish to be their own masters, he would willingly submit to any authority—even that of a parent's? A colt, if not duly broken in, will prove an unmanageable horse. Doubtless, my old friend Gervase thought, like most parents, that the best way of making a man of his son was to send him to a public school; but whether that is the best way or no demands a doubt. Mr. Gervase thought otherwise that this was the only way in which his son William could receive a sound education. He spared no expense, he said to me one day, in his son's education, because if by any unforeseen circumstance he should be deprived of his wealth, then William would be able at least to provide for himself in comfort and respectability. When he made this observation, he little thought that such an unforeseen circumstance would ever occur. Yet so it happened. On visiting Lee Cottage one day, my old friend met me with his usual smile, though there was an air of thoughtfulness about him which I had never seen before. I wondered at the change, for my old friend's face was invariably free from care, but I did not have to wonder long. I was soon informed that I should not find him located in Lee Cottage many months longer, and upon inquiring "why?" I was told that by speculation his circumstances were so reduced that he should no

longer be able to afford to keep up his present establishment. "But for myself," continued Mr. Gervase, "this gives me no deep anxiety. My brow may assume an air of thoughtfulness, but my heart has never been so set on my money, that I could not part with it without being, as some people would be, miserable. Besides, I have known what it is to be poor before: I was poor before I was rich, and I ought not to murmur if I become poor again. It may, moreover, have been my own fault; but if it is, I cannot now recall the act which led to the consequences. What I did was done for the best, and if it has not succeeded it was not my fault. All that is left for me now to do is to 'cut my coat according to my cloth;' that is, shape my course according to my circumstances. I am sorry for William, but then he has a good education, and if he would but fall in with my views, I have no doubt he may live, if not as respectable as he has hitherto lived, yet with great comfort. But unfortunately William will not fall in with my views. His desire is to try his fortune in India: it is a wider field for him, he says, than is England. He seems, indeed, resolute in the matter, and unless you, my friend, who possess some influence over his mind, can prevail upon him to forego his intentions, I fear that I shall be deprived of my son as well as of my wealth. For the latter I care but little: I can retire to

some smaller cottage where I am persuaded I shall live with as much comfort on the wreck of my fortune, as I have done in my present residence with all my wealth."

I promised my old friend Gervase that I would endeavor to divert his son from his purpose, but I found him proof against all argument: he would leave the parents who had shown such tender anxiety for him, and seek his fortune in the Indies: there was gold there if not in England. It was in vain that I urged the duty which he owed to his parents,—that he should do nothing without their consent,—and that if they refused their blessing on his exertions he would not prosper: he would not remain in England to be laughed at by his old companions: he must seek for his fortune in India.

A few weeks found William Gervase on his route to the land of gold, and his parents in a small but neat cottage. It was a pleasure to me occasionally to call upon my old friend in his humble dwelling, for though he was reduced in circumstances, his spirits remained as unbroken as ever. His dame and he, he has frequently observed, were still happy, and they were never more happy, he was pleased to say, than when I called upon them. It gave them pleasure that I, as some others had done, had not cast them off. They would have done me injustice had they supposed for one moment that any alteration in their circumstances could have estran-

ged my heart *from* or rendered me indifferent *to* them. In the language of the honest old poet Wither:—

"I have no friends, that once affected were,
But to my heart they sit this day as near
As when I most endear'd them, though they seem
To fall from my opinion or esteem:
For precious time in idle would be spent,
If I with all should always compliment;
And till my love I may to purpose show,
I care not whe'er they think I love or no;
For sure I am if any find me chang'd
Their greatness, not their meanness, me estrang'd."

No, no; my old friend Gervase has never had to complain that I slighted him because he lacked the gold he once possessed. His cheerfulness and cordiality are to me worth all the gold some twenty merchants might possess. One feature in his character, it is true, frequently gives me pain,—namely, that although he is aged, although "the keepers of the house tremble," and "he rises up at the voice of the bird," although "the grasshopper has become a burden to him," yet he too frequently forgets that one grand fact in the life of man, that "the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." Still my old friend Gervase does not altogether forget that he is mortal: he knows that he shall die, and he sometimes talks of his approaching end with calmness, but I fear he does not "prepare to meet his God." He goes to church, and he has family prayers, but for all that he still lives

to the world. I was in hopes that the event which caused him so much pain—the loss of his only son, would have weaned his heart from earth, but it is an acknowledged fact that the longer a man lives in the world, the more loth he is to leave it.

"The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to leave the ground;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages
That love of life increas'd with years.
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears."

My old friend Gervase is not, indeed, a man who sets his heart upon the world: but then he is content to live in it, and does not show any anxiety to prepare for the day when he shall be called out of it. His little cottage is all he wants in this world, and he is anxious to remain in it as long as possible. Possibly his rare spirits may have the effect of causing him to live thus contentedly, without thoughts of the future, for though he is bordering upon fourscore, yet is he light-hearted as the young man of twenty. It is refreshing to see him thus happy at his years, and especially as the sudden and melancholy death of his son caused him to anticipate a life of continued sorrow. My old friend still deplores the loss of his son, and descants with fond affection on his memory; but the smile again plays upon his countenance, as

in former years. It may not be so radiant as it once was, but it still shadows forth a happy and contented mind. Time is a great mitigator of the ills of life: but for this my old friend Gervase would have gone down to his grave in sorrow and in tears. There are few parents who could have sustained the loss of a beloved, though disobedient son, with such fortitude as he has done; and my advice to all my young readers is, that they should avoid the conduct of William Gervase. The good child is a stork to his parents, and feeds them in their old age: he has a tender regard for their happiness: pays a cheerful attention to their advice; and shows a willing obedience to their command.

CHAPTER IV.

AN EMBLEM.—FRANK GODDARD.—HIS CHARACTER.—OBTAINS A GOVRNMENT SITUATION—HIS FATHER'S PARTING ADVICE AND WARNING.—HIS FIRST VISIT TO HIS PARENTS.—HIS SECOND VISIT.—A SCENE ON THE LAWN.—CONVERSATION ON THE LOVE OF NATURE IN THE HUMAN BREAST.—REMARKS ON THE GRATITUDE DUE FROM MAN TO GOD.—THE DEATH OF MR. GODDARD.—FRANK GODDARD BECOMES AN INFIDEL.—CONVERSATION ON THE SOUL—THE RESULT OF HIS INFIDEL VIEWS.

"My hopeful friends, at thrice five years and three
Without a guide into the world alone
To seek my fortune did adventure me;
And many hazards I alighted on.
First England's greatest rendezvous I sought,
Where vice and virtue at the highest sit;
And thither both a mind and body brought,
For neither of their services unfit.
Both woo'd my youth, and both persuaded so,
That like the young man in our emblem here,
I stood and cried, 'Ah, which way shall I go?'
To me so pleasing both their offers were.
Vice, pleasure's best contentment promis'd me,
And what the wanton flesh desires to have:
Quoth Virtue, 'I will wisdom give to thee,'
And those brave things which noblest minds do crave.'
'Serve me,' said Vice, 'and thou shalt soon acquire
All those achievements which my service brings;
'Serve me,' said Virtue, 'and I'll raise thee higher,
Than vices can, and teach thee better things.'
Whilst thus they strove to gain me I espied
Grim Death attending Vice, and that her face
Was but a painted wizard, which did hide
The foul'st deformity that ever was.'—WITHER.

THE engraving for this emblem is a youth standing between Virtue and Vice, each of which is endeavouring to secure him for their own. The idea is one of a universal application: vice on the one hand endeavours to allure, and virtue on the other, to charm every youth born into the world: it would be well if every one, like the young man in the emblem, saw the grim attendant on Vice, for then they would use the concluding prayer in the emblem:—

"Lord, grant me grace for evermore to view
Her ugliness; and that I, viewing it,
Her falsehoods and allurements may eschew,
And on fair Virtue my affection set,—
Her beauties contemplate, her love embrace,
And by her safe direction run my race."

It is too frequently the case, however, that Vice so successfully hides her deformities that youth embraces her allurements, and sets at nought all the charms of Virtue. Many instances have I known of this proneness to err among my youthful companions, but perhaps no one affords a more remarkable instance than Frank Goddard.

Frank Goddard was the son of a gentleman, who resided in the village where my parents resided, and with whom they were on the most intimate terms. Frank was about the same age as myself, and was the youngest of several children. His parents were religious, and endeavoured to bring up their children in the paths

of religion and virtue. It was their piety that bound them so close in intimacy with my parents, who was ever careful as to the company they kept. As was natural, the intimacy of my parents with the Goddards led to the intimacy of their children. With Frank I was intimate from my earliest childhood: we played with the rattle together in infancy, and as we grew up joined in every game suitable to our advancing years. Our companionship was the more close because our parents were equally engaged in training us up in the paths of religion and virtue. As I grew up, indeed, I fancied that I should have in Frank Goddard a companion for life, whose views, and tastes, and habits, would in every respect assimilate to my own. In my earliest years, indeed, Frank and I never differed on any subject. We played together in harmony; we conversed together in harmony. Of the two, he seemed to have profited more by the teaching and the example of his parents than I had by mine. At that period, in fact, I never heard a sentiment fall from his lips that I could not have adopted as my own. "Whatever companion you give up," my parents used to say, "do not give up your friend Frank Goddard. He will be an ornament to society, and his conduct will serve to stimulate you in the ways of righteousness."

Such was Frank Goddard; but, oh! how soon he became changed. This picture which

Solomon has drawn of the desperate simplicity of youth is by no means an imaginary one, for it has its counterpart in all ages of the world, and among all nations.

"At the window of my house
I looked through my casement
And beheld among the simple ones,
I discerned among the youths,
A young man void of understanding,
Passing through the street near her corner;
And he went the way to her house,
In the twilight, in the evening,
In the black and dark night:
And behold there met him a woman
With the attire of a harlot.
* * * * *
So she caught him, and kissed him,
And with an impudent face said unto him,
I have peace-offerings with me;
This day have I paid my vows.
Therefore came I forth to meet thee,
Diligently to seek thy face, and I have found thee.
I have decked my bed with coverings of tapestry,
With carved works, with fine linen of Egypt.
I have perfumed my bed
With myrrh, aloes, and cinnamon.
Come, let us take our fill of love until the morning:
Let us solace ourselves with loves.
For the good-man is not at home,
He is gone a long journey:
He hath taken a bag of money with him,
And will come home at the day appointed.
With her much fair speech she caused him to yield,
With the flattering of her lips she forced him.
He goeth after her straightway
As an ox goeth to the slaughter,
Or as a fool to the correction of the stocks;
Till a dart strike through his liver;
As a bird hasteth to the snare,
And knoweth not that it is for his life."—

Prov. vii. 6—23.

Although Frank Goddard's father was a man possessed of considerable property, yet having a large family, some of his sons were obliged to engage in some profession or another for a livelihood. When Frank was about sixteen years of age, his father was enabled, by interest, to obtain for him a lucrative situation in one of the government offices. I well remember the time Frank was about to depart for the modern Babylon. On the day before, all his old companions were invited to spend the day with him, and I was one of the number. It was one of the happiest days of my life; although it was marked with the sorrow of parting with an old friend. Old Mr. Goddard, I recollect, was more than usually thoughtful on that day. He was evidently anxious not only for his son's temporal, but also his spiritual welfare. His anxiety was shown in his address to his son Frank immediately after the dinner cloth was removed. "Well Frank, my boy," he remarked, "this is the last dinner we shall have together for some time. You will now soon be away from your anxious parents. For although I trust we have trained you up in the way wherein you should go, I must still say that I am very anxious for you. London is a gay place, and unless you are constantly on your guard, depend upon it you will be soon led astray. The harlot with her painted face, will waylay you at every turn, and the man of pleasure will seek to lead you into all

the fashionable vices of the age. I would entreat you to be watchful, and daily to pray for grace to resist all the temptations by which you will be surrounded. Do not yield once, for if you do all is lost. The path of moral turpitude is downward: he who takes one step is morally sure of taking many. There is no knowing, in fact, to what yielding once may lead. You may be induced to argue, for instance, on receiving an invitation to go to the theatre, that there can be no harm in going once, and in yielding to the temptation, you may resolve never to go again: but it is pretty certain that if you yield but once in this matter, you will become a play-goer. Once step your foot on the edge of a precipice, and you will very likely be precipitated into the gulf over which it hangs. No, no; my dear Frank, do not yield once. Act always in the spirit of a consistent Christian: act as though the eye of God was always watching you. If you do this you will not err; but if you lose sight of your character as a Christian, you will easily become a prey to the arts of the designing."

Frank Goddard assured his father that he would attend to his admonition and counsel: adding, that he need not be under any apprehension as to his going astray. "I hope," said he, "that my principles are not of a character that will so easily be overcome." But the fact is, one of the traits in Frank Goddard's character

was an overweening confidence in his own integrity. He prided himself on his high moral and religious principles, and could not think that he would ever act otherwise than the way in which he had acted under the immediate eye of his parents. But he little knew the plague of his own heart.

It was not long before I discovered that a change was taking place in the character of my old companion, Frank Goddard. It was his usual custom to spend three or four weeks with his parents in the summer, when I had an opportunity of seeing him. The very first time he returned, I saw that he was not the unsophisticated youth he once was. He exhibited a fondness for dress, and he seemed to take a pleasure in displaying gold rings on his fingers. All this might, indeed, be harmless in itself, but I felt convinced that there were other evils lurking behind them, although they had not yet manifested themselves. On his first visit, however, Frank's manners did not appear to have undergone much change. He seemed to delight as of old in my company, and was willing to enter into conversation on religious topics. His parents, indeed, seemed well pleased with his behaviour on this occasion, for old Mr. Goddard remarked to me that he was pleased to see Frank had not lost any of his piety. I was pleased also, but still feared that his gay appearance indicated a change of heart.

"A heavenly mind
May be indifferent to her house of clay;
But how a body so fantastic, trim,
And quaint, in its deportment and attire,
Can lodge a heavenly mind, demands a doubt."
COWPER.

Frank Goddard's second visit to his parents unfolded the change which was taking place in his character more fully than the first. I was walking one fine evening down the beautiful lane leading to his father's residence, musing on the wonders of creation, when on coming near, I beheld Frank walking on the lawn with one of his sisters. I had not heard of his arrival, but pleased to see him I hastened forward to give him the hearty welcome of an old companion. There was not that warmth in Frank's shake of the hand as in former years, but taking no notice of it, I asked how long he had arrived?

"I came three days ago," said Frank, laconically.

"Three days ago?" I reiterated; "three days ago! and not let me know that you were here! I must say, Frank, I take this very unkind of you."

Frank blushed and said nothing; but his sister remarked that she had chid him for his delinquency, and had urged him either to come to me, or send for me. She added, "I cannot think why he acted thus, unless he wished to enjoy as much of our company at home as possible during his holiday."

"It may be so, Margaret," I rejoined; "and if it is so, I will not chide him; he could not have been in better or more congenial company. We ought to love our own relations before strangers."

"Do not call yourself a stranger," continued Margaret; "one who has been as a brother from his earliest infancy, as you have been to Frank, ought not to be considered a stranger. For my own part, I think there is no excuse for him, and so I have told him."

I saw that Frank was more and more embarrassed as we proceeded; and therefore, dropping this subject, I remarked that the evening was a very lovely one, and took occasion to make a few observations on the goodness of God to his creatures in spreading before them such scenes as those by which we were surrounded.

Frank was silent; but Margaret responded to my sentiments with a warmth which showed that her heart was duly impressed with the goodness of the Creator, after which she excused herself for a short time, as she had some duties to attend to within doors.

I was not sorry to be left alone once again with my old friend Frank, inasmuch as I thought I might be able to discover the present state of his mind. I felt convinced that he was a changed character, and was anxious to discover how far his views coincided with my own. To this end, I continued the subject of God's goodness to his

creatures. "His goodness is the more wonderful," I remarked, "because we generally are ungrateful for it. Yon lark, now almost beyond the reach of sight, pours forth its grateful notes for this evening's glories, but how few of us utter one note of praise and gratitude."

I paused, but Frank was still silent.

"And this ingratitude, my dear Frank," I continued, taking no notice of his silence, "is the more remarkable, because we know of and acknowledge God's goodness with the lips. We know from whom all mercies come, and that we can only receive them from him, and yet we are too proud, or too thoughtless, to be grateful."

Again I paused, but Frank was still silent.

"It was the custom of the Jews of old," I continued, "to give God thanks for every good thing which they enjoyed, saw, or heard of. Thus, if they smelt a rose, they would say, 'Blessed be God who made that flower;' and if they ate bread, 'Blessed be He that appointed bread to strengthen man.' I own that it is our custom daily to thank God for the food which we eat, but we can pace even through this grove of flowers, if I may so express it, without once ever thinking of blessing the hand that made them for our use and comfort."

I paused a third time but Frank Goddard was still silent. We walked by each other's side for some few minutes without speaking, and at length our embarrassment was relieved by the

approach of old Mr. Goddard, who expressed himself glad to see me with his Frank again: nothing could give him greater pleasure. "And what," he asked, "were you talking about? Old times, I suppose?

"Why," I replied, "I can hardly say that *we* have been talking about anything. I have been making a few remarks on the gratitude we owe to God for his goodness in surrounding us with pleasure to delight the senses and exhilarate the heart; but my old friend, Frank, has not responded to my sentiments. I suppose he has of late been so accustomed to view houses instead of groves, and flowers, and trees, that he has become insensible to their charms. And yet, if the poet Cowper is right in his estimation of human nature, the very citizen of London, whose chief occupation is amassing riches, delights in catching a glimpse of the country. He says:—

Suburban villas, highway side retreats,
That dread th' encroachment of our growing streets,
Tight boxes neatly sash'd, and in a blaze
With all a July sun's collected rays,
Delight the citizen, who gasping there,
Breathes clouds of dust, and calls it country air.
O sweet retirement! who would balk the thought,
That could afford retirement, or could not?
'Tis such an easy walk, so smooth and straight,
The second mile-stone fronts the garden gate;
A step if fair, and if a shower approach
You find safe shelter in the next stage-coach.
There, prison'd in a parlour snug and small,
Like bottled wasps upon a southern wall,

The man of business and his friends compress'd
Forget their labours, and yet find no rest;
But still 'tis rural—trees are to be seen
From every window, and the fields are green;
Ducks paddle in the pond before the door,
And what could a remoter scene show more?'

"I am afraid," said old Mr. Goddard, as I ceased, "Frank's lack of response to your sentiments is at all events the result of changed views. He may admire nature as much as ever, but I fear he does not adore the God of nature as in former years. He has not, indeed, uttered any thing that would confirm my fears; but, on the other hand, he exhibits a general reluctance to talk upon serious subjects, which you know was not his usual wont before he went to London. I was half afraid London would not improve his character. But it gives me pleasure to find you in each other's company again, and I trust that you, my young friend, will never discard him, if you can consistently retain him in your friendship. Things are not so bad, I hope, at present, that you must no longer keep company with each other."

I assured my friend, Mr. Goddard, that my friendship for Frank was as strong as ever, and that it would not be a trifling matter that should separate us. Many seasons, however, did not pass before I felt that I could not consistently consider him as one of my chosen friends. Every time he visited his parents, we met several times, and every time we met I saw that

he was going rapidly down the path of moral turpitude. After he had been in London about five years he lost his father, and in a short time his mother died likewise. The property was inherited by an elder brother, at whose table I was as welcome as I was to that of their parents. The elder brother was, indeed, a character which bore a strong resemblance to that of old Mr. Goddard, and he was therefore one with whom I was pleased to associate. With me he deplored the declension of Frank Goddard from the path of piety; but still he was always a welcome annual visitor to his roof. He trusted that he would see the error of his ways, and amend. But Frank Goddard not only learned to slight the ways of religion, but to doubt whether man had any occasion to trouble his head about another world. All the while his parents were living he had studiously avoided making any remarks which could have led them to have believed that he had departed from the faith. Respect to their feelings caused him to be dumb on religious subjects, and their impression was that he was only indifferent to religion. It was not long after their deaths, however, before Frank Goddard began openly to state his infidel views. Yes, Frank Goddard, who had been brought up in the path of piety, over whose spiritual welfare his parents had anxiously yearned, had become an infidel. He had become associated with a knot

of "choice spirits," as they are often termed, who, in their revelry and mirth, had learned to despise all that was good and holy, and to contemn religion as priestcraft.

The day in which Frank Goddard first disclosed his infidel views will never be forgotten by me. We were sitting alone in his brother's parlour, and I embraced the opportunity of pressing him once more with a religious topic, in order, if possible, to obtain a knowledge of the present state of his mind. His brother had, in truth, left us alone together for this purpose, he not being able, as he had said to me privately, to discover what they now were; for, as before the death of his parents he still preserved the most profound silence on the subject of religion in the heart of his family. The remarks I made to him were these:—"While sitting in this room, my dear friend, my mind always recurs to past scenes—to those happy days when your pious and revered parents were living, to make all around them cheerful and happy. It must have been a great loss to all of you, when death laid his hand upon them; for even I, who am only an occasional visitor, miss their presence. But your loss was doubtless their gain; they have reaped, and are still reaping, the fruits of their habitual and active piety. It will be well for our souls if we follow their example."

"I am not quite sure that we have souls,"

said Frank Goddard, with a half-hesitating voice.

"Not quite sure that we have souls!" I reiterated; "not quite sure that we have souls! Have my ears deceived me? Was it the voice of Frank Goddard that uttered these words?"

"It was not the voice of Frank Goddard," he replied, reddening with anger, and pushing his card across the table.

"Oh, I see!" I resumed; "but I am not much mistaken: it was Frank Goddard once, but now Francis Goddard, Esquire. I beg your pardon; I was only addressing you as my once familiar and pious companion. But does Francis Goddard, Esquire, wish to prove himself to be, notwithstanding his self-importance, nothing better in the end than a beast that perishes? Does he wish to prove that, though he is something now, he will be nothing hereafter? That would be strange indeed! Most men shudder at the bare idea of annihilation; they would not only live long in this world, but they would live for ever. But may I ask you on what grounds you doubt the soul's existence?"

"I am not singular in this respect," replied Frank Goddard. "Most of the ancient philosophers, though they taught the multitude there was an hereafter, nevertheless believed to the contrary."

"If you say this from your own reading of history," I rejoined, "then I must say you have

either read it with a bias or superficially. The very reverse of this is the fact. The many taught the existence of the soul, and that honestly: the few taught it with a mental reservation. The immortality of the soul was, in truth, the leading feature of the religion of the Pagan world. It is to be met with in every part of their literature. Thus, in the Homeric poems, the shade or soul of Patroclus is represented as wandering about, out of Hades, until funereal rites had been performed over the body it had left, and is made to appear to Achilles as he slumbered on the sea-shore after the funeral feast, and to address him thus:

"And sleeps Achilles—thus the phantom said—
Sleeps my Achilles, his Patroclus dead!
Living, I seemed his dearest tenderest care,
But now forgot I wander in the air.
Let my pale corps the rites of burial know,
And give me entrance in the realms below;
Till then the spirit finds no resting place,
But here and there th' embodied spectres chase
The vagrant dead around the dark abode,
Forbid to cross the irremeable flood.
Now give thy hand: for to the further shore
When once we pass, the soul returns no more;
When once the last funereal flames ascend
No more shall meet Achilles and his friend."

I grant you Pythagoras rejected a future state of rewards and punishments; but Ovid finely refutes him on the very principle of his own metempsychosis. He says:

'Pleased as I am to walk along the sphere
Of shining stars, and travel with the year;
To leave the heavy earth, and scale the height
Of Atlas who supports the heavy weight;
To look from upper light, and thence survey
Mistaken mortals wandering from the way,
And wanting wisdom; fearful for the state
Of future things, and trembling at their fate.
'Those I would teach, and by right reason bring
To think of death as but an idle thing.
Why thus affrighted at an empty name,
A dream of darkness and fictitious flame?
Vain themes of wit, which but in poems pass,
And fables of a world that never was!
What feels the body when the soul expires,
By time corrupted or consum'd by fires?
Nor dies the spirit, but new life repeats
In other forms and only changes seats.
'E'en I, who these mysterious truths declare
Was once Euphorbus in the Trojan war—
My name and lineage I remember well,
And how in fight by Sparta's king I fell.'

"If you had said that the philosophers of old were ignorant as to the real nature of the soul, and of its state in eternity, I would have granted it; but when you say that they generally doubted of its existence, then I answer, that it is a libel on their knowledge and principles. Cato's address to Plato, in his soliloquy, is applicable to the mass of Pagan sages:—

It must be so. Plato, thou reasonest well!
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself and startles at destruction?

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.'—ADDISON.

"But," I continued, "I do not take the ancient sages as my oracles in this matter: their testimony is valuable, but not indispensably requisite to the establishment of this truth. I rather place greater emphasis on the evidence of my own senses: sleeping or waking, I feel that I have a never-dying soul. Above all, I confide in Revelation, by which I am taught that I have a soul, and that it will exist in bliss or woe throughout the ages of eternity. If I parted with this belief, I should part with all my hopes of happiness."

I paused for a reply, but Frank Goddard was silent. My reasoning, however, did not convince him that he was in error, or prevent him from avowing his sentiments. It was like the breaking of the ice with him, for from that time he became more bold in the promulgation of his views. In my presence, indeed, he never again ventured to bring them forward: but I have discovered from others, that whenever he could do so with any hope of success or impunity, he never threw away the opportunity. Such conduct as this was highly reprehensible, inasmuch as it might have unsettled the faith of weak Christians. A man should never bring forward in company any views which could either prove offensive to the feelings, or injurious to the prin-

ciples, of those with whom he may associate. But Frank Goddard was in the end the loser by his infidelity. He lost caste: friend after friend gave up his company; and in a few years he confined himself to the "choice spirits" of London society who had led him astray. He is still living, and I trust that before he dies he may see the error of his ways: may learn to feel the truth of, and subscribe to, these sentiments of the poet Watts:—

"Flesh is the vilest and the least
Ingredient of our frame—
We're born to live above the beast
Or quit the manly name.

"Pleasures of sense we leave for boys—
Be shining dust the miser's food;
Let fancy feed on fame and noise,
Souls must pursue diviner joys
And seize the immortal good."

CHAPTER V.

THOUGHTS ON MAN'S INNATE POWER OF IMPROVEMENT.—THE CHARACTER OF MATT NORDEN.—A SCENE AT THE COACH OFFICE.—MATT'S PURSUIT OF THE COACH.—HIS FATHER'S DESIGNS OF BRINGING HIM UP TO THE CHURCH FRUSTRATED BY HIS INACTIVITY.—THE CHARACTER OF A DUTIFUL SON DELINEATED.—MATT NORDEN LOCATED IN LONDON.—THE EFFECTS OF HIS INDOLENT HABITS.—BECOMES INSOLVENT.—ADVICE TO THE READER.

"Call now to mind, what high capacious powers.
Lie folded up in man; how far beyond
The praise of mortals may the eternal growth
Of nature to perfection half divine
Expand the blooming soul! What pity, then,
Should sloth's unkindly fogs depress to earth
Her tender blossom, choke the streams of life,
And blast her spring! Far otherwise design'd
Almighty wisdom!"—AKENSIDE.

IT has been well said, that "well-being and happiness are not an inheritance of which we take possession at our birth, and which we are destined to enjoy at our ease." We enter upon life, in fact, destitute of everything but simple existence, and all that we enjoy in our passage through life are acquisitions—they are the results and rewards of our own diligence and care, communicated by the diligence and care of others. And it is wonderful how rapidly man may acquire the acquisitions of diligence. Let any one devote himself to any art or science

ever so much, he may still find leisure to make considerable progress in other acquirements. The greatest painter of his age, Leonardi da Vinci, was at the same time no mean mathematician, musician, poet, and anatomist; and the pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds are not so polished and classical as his discourses. The real labour of man, indeed, lies in a nut shell; let the mind but make one Herculean effort, and all the rest will be mechanical. Let youth climb the steep and narrow precipice of learning in one particular branch of study, and once gain its heights, and he will then find the way broad and easy, so that he may with ease drive several accomplishments abreast. But it too frequently happens in the pursuit of knowledge that youth sees "a lion in the way," and turns aside from the path which would inevitably lead him to honor. This maxim of the American Philosopher, Franklin, is worthy of being inscribed in letters of gold over every domestic hearth:—"Resolve to perform what you ought: perform without fail what you resolve."

Had my old friend, Matthew Norden, acted upon this maxim from his youth upwards, he would have escaped many of the ills of this life. The cane of his schoolmaster would not have been so often called into action as it was, and when advanced to manhood he would not have met with the many disappointments and anxieties which have embittered his life.

Matt Norden, as I used familiarly to term him, was the son of a rich old farmer, who had, for a series of years, imitated the lark for early rising, and the bee for industry, by which means he had chiefly acquired his wealth. If example could have made Matt Norden industrious, then he would have become a worthy prototype of his father. But Matt Norden did not see the utility of being active. And it is probable that his father's activity might have had the effect of lessening that of his son; he might have thought that his father's gold would support him as a gentleman through life, without any very extraordinary efforts of his own. Be this as it may, Matt proved one of the most indolent spirits I ever met with in the round of my acquaintances. He was so inert, indeed, that he could never be depended upon. If he promised to join me and others of his companions in a game at any particular hour, the game was sure to be half over at the least before he made his appearance; and many a fine walk has he missed altogether, from being behind the appointed time of meeting. "Matt is not come again," we used to say to each other; "we must go without him, and leave him to follow if he pleases."

Many amusing instances recur to memory of Matt Norden's lack of punctuality. On one occasion, he, myself, and others engaged to go by our village coach to see one of our compan-

ions, who had a few months before left our village, and who sent us a general invitation to spend the day with him. William Doane was a great favorite of us all, and especially of Matt Norden's; and I thought, to be sure, that for once in his life he would be punctual. At the same time, I thought it as well to caution him. "Now recollect, Matt," I observed, "that Coachy is the soul of punctuality, and that if you are not at the inn in time, although you may have taken your place and have paid your fare, he will surely drive away without you."

Matt replied that he should certainly pay his fare, and that he would as certainly be in time. We were all assembled at the time appointed, however, except Matt Norden, and it was in vain that we looked after him in the direction of his father's residence. "Coachy," said one of my companions, "will certainly be here before him, and if he does we shall have no Matt Norden with us to-day." He had scarcely uttered these words, when "Coachy" made his appearance. The horses were changed in a minute, and there was yet no sign of Matt Norden's arrival. Now the reins are adjusted, and "Coachy" steps upon his box. "Be pleased to mount, gentlemen," he said, as he took his seat; "you are all here, I suppose."

"No, Coachy, we are not," I replied, "Matt Norden is not come; cannot you wait a minute or two? He will surely be here directly."

"Can't, indeed, sir," said Coachy, touching his hat; "time's up, and I must go."

"Only wait one minute, Coachy," we all vociferated; "Matt will be much disappointed if he misses the opportunity of going."

"Can't help that, gentlemen," Coachy exclaimed with an air of impatience; and again touching his hat—"Can't help that, gentlemen; he should have been here in time. Time and tide wait for no man, you know. Please to take your seats, gentlemen."

It was quite clear, that if we had not taken our seats, Coachy would have driven off without any of us, so without any more entreaties we mounted, and smack went the whip. We were off; but we had not proceeded above twenty yards before Matt Norden was seen in the distance, running at the top of his speed to overtake us. "He is coming, Coachy," we vociferated at the top of our voices; "he is coming; pray stop one minute." We repeated our petition full forty times, but the more we prayed Coachy to stop, the more he shook his head and smacked his whip; and the faster went his horses. Matt, also seemed to run faster still as the coach receded from his view; but the more he ran, the further he was behind, and in a few minutes we were out of his sight. Matt lost this opportunity of seeing an old companion through his indolence. As we ceased calling to Coachy, I observed that he would pay dearly for

his want of punctuality that day, inasmuch as he had set his heart on spending a day with William Doane.

To pay dearly for his want of punctuality was no new thing with Matt Norden. He did not go to school with me, but during our vacations I had an opportunity of ascertaining how he fared where he went, and it was by no means creditable to himself. Old Mr. Norden was desirous of bringing his son up to the church, and he fancied that his son had both the piety and the abilities requisite for the priestly office. And in this estimate of the character of his son perhaps he was not mistaken. Matt Norden was one of the most pious among my companions, and I do not recollect his ever having uttered a word in my hearing, or committed any action, which detracted from his character as a Christian. His abilities, also, were unquestionably good; he only lacked one thing requisite to make him a shining character, and that was industry. His father was well aware of this sad feature in Matt's character, but still he thought he would improve in this respect, and therefore he resolved to spare no expense in order to promote his interests. One of the best schools of the day was selected for Matt's education, and his fond father flattered himself that his son would surely benefit by the instruction of his learned preceptor. His pleasing dreams, however, proved visionary. Not long after Matt had been thus fa-

vourably placed out, a letter from his master to Mr. Norden showed, that, however skilful the preceptor might be, it was of little avail unless his efforts were seconded by the industry of his scholar. These letters were repeated at different intervals during the whole of the time Matt was at school, so that old Mr. Norden finally despaired of ever seeing his son mount the rostrum. Matt's own lips, also, bore testimony to his lack of success in ascending the ladder of learning, for during his vacations he was ever pouring complaints in the ears of his father about the punishments he had to endure at school, because he could not con his lessons in time for his master. He seemed to have an instinctive dread of his preceptor, and often, when comparing the treatment which we received under our respective masters, did he wish that he could join me at Truth Hall. On no occasion, however, did I give him any hopes of being treated better at Truth Hall than he was under his own master. I saw clearly that it was his own fault, and my constant advice to him was, "Be industrious and punctual, and then I have no doubt that you will escape punishment, and even gain the approbation of your preceptor." Matt, however, used frequently to solicit his father to let him go to Truth Hall: he was sure that he could learn there. But Mr. Norden turned a deaf ear to all his son's intreaties: he knew best at what school to place him, and he

should not remove him. At first Mr. Norden negatived Matt's intreaties, perhaps, from a hope that his son would benefit most where he was, and from the feeling that "a rolling stone gathers no moss." But latterly he seems to have denied his request from a conviction that Matt would never learn his Latin and Greek anywhere. "I tell you what, Matt," he said one day in my hearing, after one of these petitions had been presented to him by his son, who intreated him with tears to let him go to Truth Hall,—"I tell you what, Matt, you will never learn anywhere. As your present master says, you have good abilities but you will not use them. You have got into such a habit of delaying things, that, unless you alter, you will never succeed in any thing. What do you think I should have done, if I had acted as you are acttin? Depend upon it, diligence and perseverance are necessary if you would wish to succeed in the world. A man may have even money: but if he has not these qualities as well. he may squander it away before he is aware. It is industry alone that will make a full purse for a man."

I have often thought that Matt Norden would have done much better, if, instead of soliciting his father to let him go to another school, he had resolved to please him by profiting to the utmost at the school where he was placed. It has been well said, that "he best bowls at the mark of his

own contentment, who, besides the aim of his own eye, is directed by his father, who is to give him the ground. The good and dutiful son, indeed, is one who honours his parents by paying them the utmost deference and respect, by a filial affection for their persons, a tender regard for their happiness, a cheerful attention to their advice, and a constant obedience to their commands. As he becomes every day more sensible of his obligations to his parents, he grows every day more desirous of showing his gratitude to them. He employs, also, his childhood in the strictest attention to the education bestowed upon him, and his youth to the profession or business that he is designed for, so that he may, by his proficiency in each, both please and be an honour to his parents. Now I would not for a moment infer that Matt Norden was wanting in respect, love, or duty to his parents; but at the same time his habits often exhibited something like a want of these essential qualities in the character of a good son. I have been at his father's when he has been asked a dozen times to do a thing before he actually did it; and at these times I always felt pain for him, because I knew that it was not from any disobedient spirit that the thing was not done at first, but simply from his habit of procrastination. Matt, I have no doubt, loved his parents with all his heart; but he had no sense of the value of minutes and hours. He seems to have

thought that every thing he had to do might as well be done at an hour hence as at the present moment; and that the thing he had to do would be, or could be, done as well then as now. But this was a grand mistake on his part. There is nothing like the time present for the performance of our duties: if we delay them, they are generally ill done, or left altogether undone. We should take care of our minutes, and our hours would be sure to take care of themselves. Every man, indeed, who has obtained for himself a great and permanent reputation, has won and secured it by patient and persevering labour —by treating time not as waste land fit only for geese to feed upon, but as an estate, every corner of which is worthy of being cultivated. Depend upon it, if youth neglect time, time will neglect youth. The stream of time, it has been observed, is fraught with golden sand; but it flings to the idler nothing but its froth, and he falls "like the fat weed in Lethe's stream," without ever having flourished.

I regretted Matt Norden's indolent habits the more because I foresaw that if his character as a Christian did not suffer at first by it, it certainly would in the end. I occasionally reminded him of this, and he would promise to be more active: but, although he may have at these times exhibited signs of reformation, he invariably relapsed into his habitual indolence. Energy of mind must, in fact, like strength of

body, be acquired by exercise, and he who fails to exercise it must become habitually indolent.

My forebodings that Matt Norden's character would eventually suffer from his indolent habits, were too fully realized. Although old Mr. Norden was rich, yet having a numerous family, he could not leave any of them sufficient to live without some employment. When, therefore, he found that his son Matt's habitual indolence had prevented his making such progress in his classical studies as would secure him an entrance into the church, he began to consider to what profession or business he should devote him. A profession was, indeed, almost out of the question, for the youth who is not sufficiently educated for one profession can scarcely hope to succeed in any other. I happened to be present when Mr. Norden made up his mind on this subject, and when his mind was made up, like many other aged people, there was no hope of changing it. We were sitting round his hospitable table, when all on a sudden the old gentleman exclaimed, "Well, Matt, I have at length decided on the business to which you shall be brought up. It has cost me a good deal of anxious thought to find out what would be best for you, but I hope I have found it out at last. We will say no more about the church: in that matter, as you know, I am sadly disappointed. I should have been pleased to have seen you serving at the altar, but I must submit. Well,

then, when I found that I had no hopes of seeing you there, I began to consider what would be best for you. At one time I thought of training you up as a farmer, so that you might be able to take my farm after my head is laid in the dust. But upon second consideration, I thought this would not do for you. I thought to myself that you would never rise with the lark, and I pictured ro myself the ground which I have by constant industry got into such beautiful order, all overrun with weeds. That thought, therefore, was dismissed from my mind; for if my farm should go to ruin from the indolence of a son, I almost fancy it would disturb me in my grave. It is a sad thing to be of an indolent disposition; depend upon it. Matt, it sadly mars the prospects of a youth. But I hope you will yet alter; and to this end I purpose sending you to London to learn a business, which, when you become master for yourself, will, if you are active, prove very lucrative. I send you to London in the hope that the activity which you will constantly see displayed before your eyes may incite you to action. Example, perhaps, may do more than precept; for I must say, that the latter has failed to have the effect I desired."

Matt Norden thanked his father for his kindness, and promised to be more active: he thought he should, if placed among others who were industrious. Matt, indeed, seemed highly

delighted with the idea of being placed out in the midst of hurry and bustle, and he seemed to think that it was impossible for him to be otherwise than active in such a situation. But there are drones in every hive; and Matt Norden, notwithstanding his promises and expectations, added to the number of the idlers in that large hive of human beings, London.

It was not long before I discovered that Matt Norden had not improved in his habits. On visiting old Mr. Norden, a few months after he had been located in London, the old gentleman told me with tears in his eyes, that a letter recently received from his master showed that he was still indolent as ever. "He is every thing he could wish besides," said Mr. Norden, "but he will not be as industrious as he ought." On several occasions Mr. Norden complained that Matt was still inactive, and he sometimes intimated his intention of not advancing his interests when he was "out of his time," unless he altered his behaviour in this respect. I was never afraid, however, that Matt would be unbefriended by his father at the most critical period of his life. I felt assured, indeed, that he would be provided with ample means for establishing a business. Nor was I disappointed. Matt had scarcely attained the age of manhood when Mr. Norden purchased his master's business for him, engaging all in the establishment to serve his son, in the hope that if he should

yet prove indolent, they would not relax in their accustomed activity, and that the business might, therefore, go on as prosperously as before. Matt Norden was, in fact, placed in such a situation as might have caused him the envy of many a youth wishing to advance themselves in the world. With all his advantages, however, he never prospered. Time after time old Mr. Norden had to advance him money in order to save his credit; business not succeeding so well as he could wish. It was easy to see what was the cause of all this. A mere glance into his counting-house told a tale not very creditable to him; and his own bewildered look confirmed that tale. I never stepped into that counting-house but what I found him embarrassed with the turmoil of business. Every thing, according to his own testimony, went wrong: promises were not fulfilled, and custom was daily falling off. On one occasion, I recollect, he threw all the blame on his men; he could not get them to work as they ought. I could not forbear asking him whether he thought some blame might not be attached to himself; and I reminded him of the morning when he ran so nimbly after the coach while his old companions were receding from his sight. I added that I feared he was still inert as ever, and reminded him of the old, though somewhat vulgar adage, that "When the cat's away the mice will play." My old friend did

not deny that he might still exhibit the failing he had exhibited in his youth; but he contended that this was no excuse for his men. They were always paid for their work, and they ought not to be idle. Matt, however, forgot that it is in the very nature of man to live without work, if possible; and it is to be feared that the want of principle is so prevalent that most people would live without it, if they could receive the same wages as though they did work, although it might be at another's expense.

A few years only had passed away when Matt Nordon received all that he had to expect from his father's stores. At that time old Mr. Norden died, and he with the rest of the family received his portion. I did not fail to remind him that now he ought at least to bestir himself, for if he did not now succeed, he would never have another opportunity. "Imitate," I said, "the examples which your father set you, and you may yet be a prosperous and a happy man. I am the more convinced that you would be so, because I feel that you are in heart as pious as ever, and if you are industrious, depend upon it, God will bestow his blessing upon your endeavours." Matt promised to "turn over a new leaf" in good earnest, but the leaf on which he acted was the same page during his whole career of business. On visiting London, I never failed to enter his counting-house to see how things were going on; but it was not many

months after this as I was in the act of raising my foot to the step of his door, my eye lighted upon these words in capital letters—THIS HOUSE TO LET. The tale is soon told. On inquiry I discovered that Matt Norden was insolvent; and when I heard it, I attributed the catastrophe to his inactivity. I regretted it on two grounds, because of the sufferings he might have to endure in being reduced from a state of comparative affluence to a state of poverty: but chiefly because he had brought a stain upon his character as a professing Christian. The character of Matt Norden was, I believe, and still remains to be, one of fervid piety; but he marred that piety, from his youth up to the period of his insolvency, by his inactive habits, whereas his motto should have been—"Not slothful in business."

My young reader, if you would shun the rock on which Matt Norden foundered all his prospects in life, be active in all your pursuits. If at school, pursue your studies with diligence; and, if acquiring the knowledge of a profession or business, pursue it with all your might. If we read the lives of distinguished men in all ages of the world, and in any department, we find them invariably celebrated for the amount of labour they could perform. Demosthenes, Lord Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton, Franklin, Cecil, and others too numerous to mention, were all renowned as hard workers, rising early, and late

taking rest, that they might excel in their pursuits. Sir Jonah Barrington tells this pleasing tale:—"I recollect in Queen's County to have seen a Mr. Clerke, who had been a working carpenter, and when making a bench for the session justices at the court-house, was laughed at for taking particular pains in planing and smoothing the seat of it. He smilingly observed that he *did it to make it* easy for himself, as he was resolved he would never die till he had a right to sit thereupon; and he kept his word. He was an industrious man—honest, respectable, and kind-hearted. He succeeded in all his efforts to accumulate an independence: he did accumulate it, and uprightly. His character kept pace with the increase of his property, and he lived to sit as a magistrate on the bench that he shaved and planed." I would have all my young friends act in the spirit of this carpenter, and, though they may not have all their hopes realized as he had, they will never fail to receive a high reward. The industrious are always known by their livery: it is always whole and wholesome.

CHAPTER VI.

AN EASTERN TALE.—THE END OF FRIENDSHIP SHOULD BE CONSIDERED.—JOHN MORPHEW.—SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS PARENTS.—A LESSON ON CONTENTMENT.—IZAAK WALTON QUOTED.—THE CHARACTER OF JOHN MORPHEW.—DESPISED BY MATT NORDEN.—HIS CAUSE PLEADED BY MYSELF.—MY SUCCESS.—THE STORY OF MASTER EVERETT AND CHARLES MURPHY.—JOHN MORPHEW'S FRIENDSHIP INCREASED BY MY VINDICATION OF HIS CHARACTER.—JOHN MORPHEW GOES TO RESIDE IN LONDON.—HIS INDUSTRY REWARDED.—SENDS HIS FIRST REWARD TO HIS PARENTS.—HIS FILIAL PIETY.—BECOMES A PARTNER IN THE FIRM BY WHICH HE WAS EMPLOYED.—LIVES IN HONOR VND AFFLUENCE.—THOMAS FULLER'S DESCRIPTION OF A TRUE GENTLEMAN APPLIED TO HIM.

"Brother, for so I call thee, not because
Thou wert my father's or my mother's son;
Not consanguinity, nor wedlock laws
Could such a kindred 'twixt us have begun;
We are not of one blood, nor yet name neither,
Nor sworn in brotherhood with ale-house quarts;
We never were so much as drunk together.
'Twas no such slight acquaintance join'd our hearts,
But a long knowledge with much trial did it,
(Which are to choose a friend the best directions;)
And though we lov'd both well at first, both hid it
Till 'twas discover'd by alike affections;
Since which thou hast o'erdone me far in showing
The office of a friend; do so and spare not;
Lo, here's a memorandum for what's owing;
But know, for all thy kind respect I care not,
Unless thou'lt show how I may service do thee,
Then will I swear I am beholding to thee."—WITHERS.

It is related that a certain cham of Tartary, on going a progress with his nobles, was met by a dervise, who cried with a loud voice, "Whoever will give me a hundred pieces of gold, I will give them a piece of advice." The cham, on hearing this, ordered him the sum: upon which the dervise said, "Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end." The courtiers, upon hearing this simple sentence, smiled, and said sneeringly, "The dervise is well paid for his maxim." The cham, or king, however, was so well pleased with the answer, that he directed it should be written in letters of gold, in several parts of his palace, and engraved on all his plate. Not long after, the king's surgeon was bribed to kill him with a poisoned lancet at the time he let him blood. One day, when the king's arm was bound, and the fatal lancet was in the surgeon's hand, he read on the basin, —"Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end." He immediately started, and let the lancet fall out of his hand. The king observed his confusion, and inquired the reason, whereupon the surgeon fell prostrate before him, and confessed the whole affair. He was pardoned; but the conspirators suffered death. On his confession the king, turning to his courtiers, who had sneered at the advice of the dervise, remarked, "That counsel which has saved a king's life cannot be too highly prized."

Analogous to the advice of the dervise is this couplet of an English poet :—

> "Think well ere you resolve; weigh each event,
> Lest, when too late, in sorrow you repent."

It would, indeed, be well if mankind in general acted in the spirit of this advice. Youth, especially, would exhibit their wisdom if they began nothing of which they had not well considered the end; or, in other words, if they thought before they resolved, and weighed the result of that which they undertook to perform. The maxim of the dervise is especially applicable to the important subject of friendship. This should never be commenced without serious consideration : the end of it should be kept in view : that is, whether it is likely to be beneficial or hurtful. For my own part, I must confess that I should have escaped much uneasiness in my early years had I acted upon some such maxim. I should not have had to have blushed for the follies of this companion, or mourned over the moral turpitude of others : in a word, I should have been spared the pang of being compelled to give up the company of those to whom I had attached myself, because our thoughts and pursuits were not in unison.

One friend, however, never caused me a moment's uneasiness—that friend was John Morphew.

John Morphew was born of humble yet re-

spectable parents, who were our near neighbours. Old Mr. Morphew had been engaged in trade, and had accumulated, by unceasing industry, a small competency—just enough "to keep the wolf from the door." He would, doubtless, have accumulated a larger income, but ill-health prevented his personal attention to business; and, like a careful parent, he considered it safest to retire with the little he had collected, than intrust his business to others and run the risk of losing it. It is true, from having a large family, he found enough to do to make "both ends meet," notwithstanding Mrs. Morphew was a careful housewife; but then he had what is worth more than all the gold and silver in the wide world—a contented mind. No, no, my young reader, it is not in riches that true happiness consists: a contented mind is of more value than the far-famed wealth of Crœsus.

True happiness, in truth, has no localities, no provincial tones, and no peculiar garb: she resides as often in the cottage, nay oftener, than in the mansion. Old Izaak Walton, in his "Angler" says:—"I sat down under a willow-tree by the water side, and considered what you had told me of the owner of that pleasant meadow, in which you then left me; that he had a plentiful estate, and not a heart to think so: that he had at this time many lawsuits depending, and that they both damped his mirth,

and took so much of his time and thoughts, that he had not leisure to take the sweet content that I, who pretend no title to them, took in his fields. For I could sit there quietly, and, looking in the water, see some fishes sport themselves on the silver streams, others leaping at flies of several shapes and colours: looking on the hills, I could behold them spotted with wood and groves: looking down the meadows, could here see a boy gathering lilies, there a girl cropping culverkeys and cowslips; all to make garlands suitable to this present month of May." Here was happiness, and just such happiness reigned in the cottage of old Mr. Morphew.

It was early in life that I became acquainted with John Morphew, and from that hour to this I have never had the slightest occasion to repent my choice of his friendship. On the contrary, it has been a constant source of pleasure.

"But little of the past will stay!
And quickly all will melt away!
All—but that freedom of the mind
Which hath been more than wealth to me—
Those friendships in my boyhood twin'd,
And kept till now unchangingly;
And that dear home, that saving ark,
Where Love's true light at last I've found
Cheering within when all grows dark,
And comfortless and stormy round."

It is true, John lived in humble circumstances, and was even despised by some of my

other companions; but I never once thought of this. His manners were so agreeable and pleasing, and his good sense and right moral conduct so palpable, that I became attached to him as though he had been born of the same parents. Nor would I ever see him slighted without defending him. I recollect, on one occasion, when some of my companions and myself had agreed to have an afternoon's ramble to "the beeches," at some considerable distance from the village, that I proposed John Morphew, who was not then present, should accompany us. This proposition was agreeable to one or two of my companions; but as soon as I had made it, I could see that there were others to whom it was any thing but agreeable. Matt Norden, indeed, plainly said that he thought we could do very well without him. I saw there was something which gave offence, and I therefore demanded to know *why* we could do without him? and whether we could not do as well or better with him?

As before related, Matt Norden was "intended" for the Church; and this, it appeared from his answer to my queries, had so elated him, that he was unwilling to associate with the son of a petty tradesman. Such was the burden of his reply, and feeling the utmost scorn for such sentiments, I insisted that John Morphew should be asked to accompany us, and threatened, if he were not, that I would stop at home myself.

"What," I continued, "if John Morphew is only the son of a petty tradesman? I will venture to say, that not one among us exhibits better manners, or higher morality, than he does. He may not be our equal in wealth, though none of us have the wealth of a Dives; but this I will assert, that if he is not our equal in this respect, he is our equal, if not our superior, in all that tends to dignify the human character. The poet observes justly that

'Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow.'

Let me ask you, Matt, if we possessed the highest hereditary nobility, of what value it would be if we were without merit? The actions of our ancestors could not possibly ennoble us: they could not prove any part of our commendation, especially if we wanted abilities to imitate them. As an old writer has observed, 'it is a sign that a man is very poor when he has nothing of his own to appear in, but is forced to patch up his figure with the relics of the dead, and to rifle tombstones and monuments for reputation.' Juvenal also gives this sage advice:—'If you would have your pre-eminence admired in yourself, and not for your predecessor's worth, give some specimen of personal merit, that may signalise your character, more than those honours which we have always given to them from whom you derive your nobility.' For my own part I can only say, that

if you all resolve to go without John Morphew, you may go without me. I scorn the idea of slighting him because he has not so much wealth in store for him as Matt Norden and the rest of us."

It was seldom that I carried matters with such a high hand among my companions. In fact, I think this may be considered a solitary instance of my dogmatism in early years; and I trust I should not then have exhibited such a feeling, if there had not been some occasion for it. I saw that Matt Norden was inclined to sacrifice the happiness of one of the most worthy of our youthful companions at the shrine of his pride. I saw also, that it was my duty to defend the character of John Morphew; the more so, because he was absent, and therefore unable to defend himself.

"Who seek a friend should come dispos'd
T' exhibit in full bloom disclos'd
The graces and the beauties
That form the character he seeks—
For 'tis a union that bespeaks
Reciprocated duties.

"Mutual attention is implied.
And equal truth on either side,
And constantly supported;
'Tis senseless arrogance t' accuse
Another of sinister views,
Our own as much distorted.

"But will sincerity suffice?
It is indeed above all price,
And must be made the basis;

But every virtue of the soul
Must constitute the charming whole,
All shining in their places."—COWPER.

Having declared my resolution not to go to "the beeches" without John Morphew was invited, it was put to the vote whether he should or should not go. All voted for his presence except Matt Norden, and he, evidently half ashamed of displaying his pride, seemed inclined to hold up his hand also. On gaining my point I resumed the subject thus:—"There is nothing like sincerity in friendship: a friend who does not show himself to be such at all times and seasons,—that is, who shows himself now warm and now cold in his friendship,—begets my utmost contempt. It is better not to commence a friendship at all than to show yourself insincere, or swayed by the circumstances under which it is formed. I recollect at the latter part of "My School-boy Days," our excellent master Mr. White, allowed myself and Charles Murphy, with one or two others, to ramble about occasionally at our pleasure. In our rambles Charles and myself managed to become acquainted with the son of Sir Marmaduke Everett. Master Everett was about the same age as ourselves, and when he was not engaged in taking lessons from the different masters who attended at Sir Marmaduke's, was allowed, like ourselves to ramble abroad for his pleasure. It was in one of these rambles we

became acquainted, and often did we meet in order to have a game or take a walk together. Master Everett, indeed, seemed happy in our company, and often expressed the pleasure he felt at being with us in our rambles. He appeared both to Charles and myself to be sincere in his friendship, and had any one told us he was not, we should have defended his character from the imputation. It happened, however, that one day our views of the sincerity of Master Everett were proved by ocular demonstration to be fallacious. When walking up "Mansion House Lane," Charles and myself caught sight of our dignified friend in the distance. He was then walking with two or three youths of about his own age, and who, I suppose, were visitors. No sooner had Charles Murphy caught sight of him, than, presuming upon his oft-repeated expression of friendship, he set off at the top of his speed to overtake him. As was natural, I followed, and every now and then Charles shouted in order to attract Master Everett's attention. I perceived that he looked back once, and rather wondered to see him turn his head and pursue his way without stopping. Charles afterwards told me that he saw this, but notwithstanding, on Charles went and I after him, and at length we reached the object of our pursuit. Charles had the start of me, and as soon as he reached Master Everett he extended his hand to shake hands with him. Mine was

ready to follow his example ; but before I had an opportunity of extending it, poor Charles had met with a most mortifying repulse. Now that Master Everett had some companions of his "own class," he did not know his old friend, Charles Murphy. He drew himself up with an air of indifference, and passed on without saying a word. I must say that I partook of Charles Murphy's embarrassment ; but I was heartily glad that I was not the first on this occasion to hold out my hand. After recovering from our stupor, I observed,—"So, Charles, we are deceived."

"We are," replied Charles ; "but, depend upon it, if I have an opportunity, I will repay Master Everett in his own coin."

"He will hardly venture to give you the opportunity," I rejoined ; "but if he does, and I am with you, I shall certainly second you in your intentions :—

> 'The friend I trust, if shy to me,
> Shall find me as reserved as he.' "—COWPER.

I don't know that I ever knew Charles Murphy feel any thing more than he did this slight of Master Everett. 'He could not,' as he observed, 'get over it.' For several days he renewed the subject, always ending in wishing that he might have an opportunity of showing Master Everett that 'he did not think so much of him as he thought of himself.' About a month

elapsed before we saw any thing of him except at church: and as he rode in his father's carriage, and we as schoolboys walked, we had then no opportunity of coming into contact with him. At length, however, on walking up Mansion-house Lane again, we once more had the pleasure of meeting with Master Everett. He was this time coming towards us; and to my surprise, when he saw us, he came almost as fast to meet us as we ran, on the occasion alluded to, to overtake him. Charles saw his opportunity, and rejoiced in it. "Now's the time, Philosopher;" he observed; "show yourself to be my friend."

Charles had scarcely uttered this sentence when Master Everett approached us with hand extended, as though nothing had happened. Without taking any notice of him, however, both Charles and myself hastened past him; Charles slyly asking me, loud enough for Master Everett to hear, 'who that was who presumed to hold out his hand to us, as though he had been an old friend?' For myself, I met Master Everett with a face so lengthened with gravity, that Charles frequently asserted afterwards I had acted my part well. "Your very face showed," he would remark, "that you would not countenance any pretended friendship."

We often met Master Everett afterwards, and though we respected our characters too well to insult him, we passed by him as though he had

always been a stranger to us. Now, if Matt Norden or any of us, slighted our excellent friend John Morphew, he might treat us very justly in the same manner as Charles Murphy and myself treated Master Everett; and I have no doubt that we should feel more degraded under such circumstances than John Morphew himself would at our slight. For my own part, when Master Everett turned his back upon Charles and myself, the only feeling I had for him was contempt. I remarked to Charles, indeed, that his friendship was not worth a thought, and that I had no doubt he would treat the companions he was then with just in the same manner as he had treated us, if, at any future day, they should become so much reduced in circumstances, as to make him consider them 'beneath him.' I added to all this "Depend upon it, my friends, the verses I am about to repeat speak the language of experience:

'Where are now the friends who came
Round my board with eager eye?
Fortune shines no more the same,
Care is standing grimly by!
And I gaze on vacant places,
Where there should be smiling faces:—
Surely friendship cannot be
Scared at sight of poverty!
Lone and stricken, here I stand,
Desolation! 'neath my roof;
They who owe a helping hand
Calmly, coldly, stand aloof.

'Like the timid field-bird fleeing
When a tatter'd garment seeing,
Craven-hearted friends will be
At the sight of poverty.
Friendship, thou art like that flower,
Sweet and fair to gaze upon,
Opening at bright morning's hour—
Closing with the setting sun;
And thy heart (as I have felt it)
Ice that needs a *sun* to melt it.
Fair, but false, thou wert to me
Ere I tasted poverty.'"

I have never regretted taking the part of my humble but worthy companion John Morphew. The event strengthened our friendship, for I discovered afterwards that John had been informed of it, and from that time he seemed to think more of me than ever. Every day, also, strengthened my friendship for him, and it has continued up to this hour. For many years our friendship has been under different circumstances to those under which it was commenced. As the common saying is, "The tables are turned." John Morphew is now the rich man, and many of his old companions, and especially Matt Norden, the humble citizen of the world. Had Matt's views of friendship been well founded, and had we carried them out, John Morphew might turn round upon us to some purpose; he might shut the door of his residence in our faces, as not being rich enough to enter; or, in other words, as not being sufficiently wealthy to be his friends.

The character of John Morphew has proved to be the very reverse of that of Matt Norden. It has been well said that,

> "He who despairing, in dull languor lies,
> To glorious deeds will never, never rise;
> Like a dull weed, he vegetates and dies."

These lines powerfully portray the character and the fate of poor Matt, but they have no reference to John Morphew. His character was one of energy and perseverance. His career has, in truth, been a practical illustration of the truth that my first schoolmaster uttered on my leaving his school, namely, "that honour and rewards are ever obtained by diligence."

I was visiting at old Mr. Morphew's one day, when his son was about sixteen years of age, when I discovered that he was about to leave my neighbourhood for London. Mr. Morphew had received a letter that morning from a mercantile house with which he used to have transactions, offering to take John into the counting-house. The old gentleman was evidently grieved at the idea of parting with his son, but he expressed a hope that he would occasionally be allowed to come and see him. "At the same time, John," he observed, "do not let my desire to see you interfere with your duties. It is of the utmost importance that you should be diligent in your undertaking. You must show the firm you are going to serve that you have their interests at heart as well as your own.

All who have any intention of doing well for themselves must strive to do well for others. You may exhibit this feeling by a constant and patient perseverance in your duties. Be punctual at your post; be diligent when you are at it, and never leave it till you have performed all that is required of you. It is astonishing what may be done by perseverance. The pleasures of fortune, the fruits of industry, the acquirements of learning, and the monuments of glory, are to be referred to perseverance. All the performances of human art, indeed, at which we look with praise and wonder, are instances of its resistless force. By it the quarry becomes a pyramid, and by it distant counties are united by canals and railways. If we compare the effects of a single stroke of the pickaxe, or of one impression of the spade, with the general design and last effect, we should be overwhelmed by a sense of their disproportion: yet these petty operations, incessantly continued, finally surmount the greatest difficulties: mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded by human industry. Whatever I may hear of you, John, I trust that I shall hear of your diligence."

Not many months elapsed before Mr. Morphew heard of John's diligence. Happening to call upon him one morning to inquire if he had heard any thing of my old companion, instead of replying to my question in a direct manner, he put into my hand this letter:—

"My dear Parents,

"It is with great satisfaction that I am enabled at length to make some small return for all your tender care of me in my infancy. I have ever borne my dear father's exhortations to diligence and perseverance in mind, and I trust have acted upon them to the utmost of my power. I have at least so acted as to gain the approbation of my employers. One of them called me into the parlour this day, and thus addressed me: 'I have great satisfaction, John, in stating, that your diligence has gained my approbation, and that of my partners generally. We are highly pleased at your industry and perseverance, and present you with this note as a small token of our approbation. He added, 'Depend upon it, if you continue as you have commenced, you will not go unrewarded.' I thanked Mr. Rumbold for his kindness, and having promised to serve the firm to the utmost of my power, I retired. I did not look at the amount of the note in the parlour, but I fully concluded that it was a present of five pounds. I thought this a large sum for a present; but judge of my surprise when on opening it I found the word 'Twenty' written on it. Yes, my dear parents, it was a twenty-pound note that was given to me; and I send it to you that you may be enabled to purchase some of those comforts you denied yourselves for my sake when I was young. I hope I may be enabled to send

you still more on a future day; it will be the greatest pleasure of my life to add to your comforts. Hoping that it will give you as much pleasure to receive this note as I have in sending it, I remain, my dear parents,

"Your affectionate Son,

"JOHN MORPHEW."

When Mr. Morphew perceived that I had read this letter, he asked, with evident pride, what I thought of its contents.

"It is just such a letter," I replied, "as I should have expected John would have written, so soon as it was put into his power to administer to your comforts; and depend upon it this will not be the last time you will thus hear of John: the more he has it in his power, the more he will add to your comforts."

Many a time since the date of the first act of kindness shown to his parents did John Morphew add to their comforts. Year after year he was rewarded by his employers, and year after year did he offer to his parents the fruits of his industry. The language of his heart at all times seemed to be:—

"Nature brought me in your debt,
And still I owe you for your cares and fears;
Your pains and charges I do not forget;
Besides the interest of many years.
What way is there to make requital for it?
Much I shall leave unpaid, do what I can.
Should I be then unthankful? I abhor it;
The will may serve when pow'r wants in man."—

WITHER.

For the last few years of their lives John Morphew's parents were enabled by his bounty to live in comparative affluence. During that time the firm had ceased to reward him annually for his diligence—they had taken him into partnership with them. He was, therefore, become a man of considerable importance and wealth, and was enabled to provide bountifully for his parents. Up to the hour of their deaths he was unceasing in his tender care for them, and when they died he paid the last tribute of respect to them in a way that did honour to his filial piety. I saw him drop the last tear over each of their graves, and never did I feel prouder of a friend than I did of John Morphew on those melancholy occasions. I felt that he had acted as a son should act towards his parents—that he had "honoured his father and mother," and that a blessing from on high would rest upon his head. "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Such is the Divine promise, and it has been verified in the history of my friend John Morphew: he still lives, and is had in honour by all who have any knowledge of his character. I should not be surprised, indeed, one day to find that John Morphew was made "Lord Mayor of London." If he is, no one will congratulate him on his honours with greater sincerity than myself, for there is none of my

youthful companions now living whom I hold in higher estimation.

Such was the friend whom poor Matt Norden wished myself and my companions to repudiate. Matt himself has seen his error, and confessed it: "he was more worthy of your friendship," he once observed to me, "than I was." Matt also saw the folly of seeking friends merely because they happened to possess money, or were born of noble ancestors. "Merit alone," he said to me on one occasion, "should be the test of friendship." It was the "merit" of John Morphew that endeared him to me in my youth, and which renders him still dear to me as well as to all his friends. Adopting the language of the quaint Fuller, in his description of "The True gentleman," I may say with regard to John Morphew, "What if he canno, with the Hevenninghams of Suffolk, count five-and twenty knights of his family, or tell sixteen knights successively with the Tilneys of Norfolk, or, with the Nauntons, show where their ancestors had seven hundred pounds a year before the Conquest, yet he hath endeavoured, by his own deserts, to ennoble himself. Thus valour makes him son to Cæsar; learning entitles him kinsman to Tully; and piety reports him nephew to godly Constantine.'

CHAPTER VII.

A FABLE.—THE STORY OF ALNASCHAR.—THE FABLE AND STORY OF UNIVERSAL APPLICATION.—A TALE FROM THEOCRITUS.—FRED SHERBOURNE.—THE CHARACTER OF HIS FATHER.—FRED'S EXPECTATIONS.—INTENDS TO LEAD THE LIFE OF A GENTLEMAN.—COMMENCES GENTLEMANSHIP.—THE OBJECT OF ENVY AMONG HIS COMPANIONS.—THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER.—HIS DISAPPOINTMENT.—RESOLVES TO LEAVE ROSE COTTAGE TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE.—MY PARTING ADVICE TO HIM.—BECOMES A BANKRUPT.—PLACED IN A COUNTING-HOUSE.—HIS REGRET.—LINES ON CONTENTMENT.

FABLE relates, that

'One evening, as a simple swain
His flock attended on the plain,
The shining bow he chanced to spy,
Which warns us when a shower is nigh.
With brightest rays it seem'd to glow;
Its distance eighty yards or so.
This bumpkin had it seems been told
The story of the cup of gold,
Which fame reports is to be found
Just where the rainbow meets the ground;
He therefore felt a sudden itch
To seize the goblet and be rich;
Hoping, yet hopes are oft but vain,
No more to toil through wind and rain,
But sit indulgent by the fire,
'Midst ease and plenty, like a squire.
He mark'd the very spot of land
On which the rainbow seem'd to stand,

And stepping forward at his leisure,
Expected to have found the treasure.
But as he moved, the colour'd ray
Still chang'd its place and slipp'd away,
As seeming his approach to shun.
From walking he began to run;
But all in vain, it still withdrew
As nimbly as he could pursue
At last through many a bog and lake,
Rough, craggy road, and thorny brake,
It led the easy fool, till night
Approach'd, then vanish'd in his sight,
And left him to compute his gains,
With naught but labour for his pains."—WILKIE.

In eastern story there is also this tale, whereby men may be warned from building castles in the air. Alnaschar, the story relates, was an idle fellow, who would not set his hand to any business during the lifetime of his father. When his father died he left him the value of one hundred drachmas in Persian money, and Alnaschar, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in glass and the finest earthenware. He piled these up in a large basket, and having made choice of a small shop, he placed the basket at his feet in expectation of customers. While waiting, he fell into an amusing train of thought, and was overheard by one of his neighbors to talk to himself thus:—"This basket cost me at the wholesale merchant's one hundred drachmas, which is all I have in the world. By selling it in retail I shall quickly make two hundred of it. These two hundred drachmas will in a little time rise to four hundred, which in time will

amount to four thousand. Four thousand drachmas cannot fail of making eight thousand. As soon as by this means I am master of ten thousand, I will lay aside my trade as a glass-man, and turn jeweler: I will deal in diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of rich stones. When I have got together as much wealth as I can desire, I will make a purchase of the finest house I can find, with land, slaves, eunuchs, and horses. I shall then begin to enjoy myself, and to make a figure in the world. I will not, however, stop there, but continue to traffic till I have heaped up one hundred thousand drachmas. When master of this sum I will set myself on the footing of a prince, and will demand the daughter of the Grand Vizier in marriage, after having first represented to him the information which I have received of the beauty, wit, discretion, and other noble qualities which his daughter possesses. I will let him know at the same time that it is my intention to make him a present of a thousand pieces of gold on the marriage night. As soon as we are married I will buy my princess ten black eunuchs, the youngest and the finest that can be obtained for money. Afterwards I will visit my father-in-law with a great train and equipage, and when I am placed at his right hand I will give him the pieces of gold which I promised him, and afterwards, in order to surprise him, I will present him with another purse of the same value,

saying, as I present it, 'Sir, you see I am a man of my word; I always give more than I promise.'" Analschar was absorbed in his vision, and his joy at the honors that awaited him were so great that he could not forbear leaping for happiness. Unfortunately, however, in his joyous leap, he struck his basket of brittle ware, which was the foundation of all his grandeur: its contents were broken into ten thousand pieces, and all his hopes vanished. The castles he had been building in the air were suddenly demolished by his own imprudence.

The simple swain in the fable is not the only one who has sought the cup of gold at the point where the rainbow meets the ground; nor is Alnaschar, the Persian, the only one who has indulged in visions of wealth, honour, and greatness. The fable and the Eastern story are alike of universal application. In every age, and in every country, men are to be met with who dream of gold and glory. The Greek poet Theocritus, in his work entitled Idyllia, relates a beautiful tale exhibiting this passion of the human heart. He relates that two old fishermen, Asphalion and his friend, had been sleeping "on the dry sea-weed," and that when they shook from their eyes

> ——"The sleepy dews
> They cheer'd their bosoms with an artless muse."

Their muse thus discoursed :—

"ASPHALION.
Sure, friend, they lie who say the summer light
Soon brings the day-spring, and curtails the night;
For I have seen this night full many a dream
Though yet far distant from the morning beam.
Have I forgot? In truth I am not wrong:
The tedious hours lag heavily along.

"FRIEND.
How vain to blame the summer sun's delay!
The hours unvarying urge their destined way.
'Tis care that lengthens out the gloom more deep
At every tedious pause of broken sleep.

"ASPHALION.
Pray, hast thou learn'd, my friend, the happy art
A dream's mysterious meaning to impart?
To thee I would unfold my nightly care,
And as we share our fish, the vision share.
Come then, I tell thee, 'twas a charming sight,
And trust thy genius will interpret right.
He seems, my friend, the shrewdest judge of dreams
In whom the spirit of conjecture beams.
We've ample time: here sleepless on a bed
Of leaves, the billows gurgling round our shed,
What shall we do? Indeed the living light
In Prytaneum burns both day and night.

"FRIEND.
Come, then, recite this vision to thy friend,
Whose ear shall ev'ry incident attend.

"ASPHALION.
When weary from our labours on the deep,
Last evening, I had clos'd my eyes in sleep
—My stomach was not full, for supping late
A sparing meal we hastily had ate;—
Methought upon a shelving rock I stood
And eyed the gambols of the scaly brood,
Let down as I was wont my baited hook,
And oft the glancing lure impatient shook.

Then one—in sleep we image what we wish,
Dogs dream of bones, and fishermen of fish—
A huge one gorged the bait; and flouncing, dyed
With gushing crimson the transparent tide.
I stretch'd my arm, and, fill'd with anxious hope,
Loosen'd the line and gave him ample scope:
Yet, if my bending rod asunder snapp'd
Fear'd the strong animal was vainly trapp'd,
Debating, how I could contrive at all
To take so large a fish with hook so small,
At length I cried, 'Doth still thy vigour brave
My toils?' as, grasping, him above the wave,
He prick'd full sorely. Yet, o'ercome at last,
He faintly struggled, and I held him fast.
But how amaz'd when, all my labour o'er,
I saw a fish of gold upon the shore!
Fear crept through all my frame. 'Perchance,' thought I,
'It may be one of Neptune's favourite fry,
Or Amphitrite's treasure!' So I took,
And gently loos'd him from my faithful hook,
Lest from his glistening mouth a grain of gold
Might stick about the barb: and now, more bold,
With cords I drew him on the beach—and swore
That I'd set foot in fishing boat no more;
But here, since gold would purchase every thing,
I'd live at home, at leisure, like a king.
I straight awoke."

Asphalion concluded by expressing his fear of his oath, and asking the advice of his friend, which he thus expresses:—

"Fear not, 'tis all a phantom of the brain—
Vain is thy fish of gold—thy oath is vain:
To realise thy hopes, be thine to take
The finny fry not sleeping, but awake.
Go, then—for fish more solid try the stream,
Nor die for hunger in a golden dream."

Tales of a similar description to this of Theocritus, may be met with in the literature

of many countries, and such might even be related in most family and friendly circles. Among my youthful companions I myself numbered one of these dreamers of gold and glory—Fred Sherbourne.

Fred Sherbourne was the son of "a gentleman" who lived upon his property. And what was a great matter in Fred's consideration, he was the only son, and only child of his parents. "I shall have all that they possess," he used to say, "and then it shall be seen who I am."

Mr. Sherbourne was a man who did not live in very high style. On the contrary, he was one of those who are rather inclined to live below than above their means: he was content with a humble dwelling, a humble equipage, a humble household, and in one word, a humble every thing. Report said that his humble appearance was owing to his penuriousness—that he was hoarding up instead of spending his money. Many were the tales related of his great wealth, and the old gentleman, when some of his neighbours—more bold than good breeding would allow—hinted, as they did sometimes, that he could set up his carriage and four, never said a word to discourage the delusion. If he had done so, however, it would have been but of little use: the general opinion was that he was "rolling in gold," and few would have given credit to any assertion to the contrary, even if that assertion had fallen from his own lips. So universal was

the belief, that old Mr. Sherbourne was worth a "mint of money," that he was called throughout the parish in which he resided, and in many parishes round it, "Plum Sherbourne."

It might have been expected that Fred Sherbourne, as he grew up towards the age of manhood, would have become acquainted with the real extent of his father's wealth. But this does not appear to have been the case; or if the old gentleman ever told him, then he, like the neighbours, would not believe the tale. He was quite sure that his father was immensely rich, and would not he let the world know it when the riches hoarded up came into his possession? He would not live in a cottage, or drive an old horse in a crazy worn-out chaise: he would have his mansion, and his carriage; and it should be at least Frederick Sherbourne, Esquire, if not Sir Frederick Sherbourne.

Thus impressed with the idea of future wealth, Fred Sherbourne repudiated all thoughts of engaging in any business or profession. I recollect on one occasion, when myself and several of my companions had been relating to each other how our parents intended to place us out in the world, that the question was put to him, what his father intended to do with him? "Oh!" replied Fred, his face reddening with anger, "he will not do any thing with me. He wants me, indeed, to be a lawyer; but I have no occasion to trouble my head about the law,

or about any thing else. I shall have sufficient to keep me in fine style: none of you will cut such a figure as I shall."

"You must recollect, Fred," I replied, "that riches are very unstable. Even if your father has the wealth report ascribes to him, it may, by some unforeseen event, slip through your fingers."

"Never fear," interrupted Fred, "never fear that, my fine fellow. When I once get it within this grasp"—Fred held forth his clenched hand to suit the action to the word—"trust me it will not be able to get through my fingers."

"You may think so," I rejoined; "but the wise man has said, that riches often make to themselves wings and fly away. Nay, you have only to look into yonder cottage for a proof of this. Old Herbert, who lives there, was once, as I have been informed by those who knew him, a man of great wealth, but he has scarcely now got a sixpence wherewith to help himself. Depend upon it, Fred, you would do well to follow the advice of your father, and become a lawyer. If your fortune should fail you, then you would have something to fall back upon; and if it should not, why, if you should roll in wealth, you will have no occasion to follow your profession. You remember the story of the basket-maker: he was more honoured by the savages among whom it was his lot to be cast than the fine gentleman who was the companion of his mis-

fortunes. And why? Simply because he was useful, and the fine gentleman useless. In my opinion, it would be well if every gentleman were brought up to some trade or profession: if wealth should fail, then they could obtain an honest livelihood by their own industry, and avoid becoming dependant on the precarious charity of those who had known them in their days of prosperity."

Fred Sherbourne, however, still persisted that he had no occasion to trouble his head about any profession or business; and he intimated that however his father might urge it, it would be vain. He was determined to be "the gentleman" so soon as he came into his property.

Long before Fred Sherbourne succeeded to his father's property he began to act "the gentleman." Among the whole of my companions, there was not one who assumed such airs of consequence as he did. It was seen particularly in his dress. Up to the age of ten or twelve years the village tailor had been honoured with his father's orders, but after that time his clothes were made in the fashion. Fred, it appeared, had to struggle hard for a change of tailor. He wanted a new suit, and his father was willing to give his old village tailor the order, but Fred would rather go without clothes than not have them made in the fashion. The struggle lasted for some weeks, and then Fred triumphed; tailor Sparks, from a neighbouring town, was sent

for, whose board set forth that he was from "Bond Street," and my companion appeared amongst us quite an altered figure. As for his hat, that had come direct from "Bond Street," being sent for expressly from that locality by tailor Sparks, who "obliged" his customers by dealing in that important article. Having begun to act the gentleman by his change in his tailor and hatter, Fred Sherbourne carried his views of gentlemanship further by having his boots and shoes from Bond Street: or at least from a tradesman in the neighbouring town, who, like tailor Sparks, professed to come from that avenue of fashion. In a few years Fred Sherbourne proceeded still farther. After another struggle with his parent he obtained a gold ring or two, which he displayed on his fingers, besides a gold-headed cane, which he sported every time he left his doors, although he might be only going over the way on a message to a neighbour. It really seemed as though "Plum Sherbourne's" gold was at last coming from its hiding-place, in order to see the light of day. Fred's gold rings and gold-headed cane, indeed, had the effect of confirming all who saw them in the great wealth of his father. It was not every one who could afford to purchase such things for their sons, and there was no doubt old Mr. Sherbourne could buy many, many thousand gold rings, and many, many thousand gold-

headed canes, for his son, if he thought proper. He possessed untold wealth.

With many of my youthful companions, after Fred Sherbourne began thus to display his gentlemanship, he became the object of envy. Often have I heard them wish that their parents were able to purchase such things for them, and that they had been born under such a lucky planet. On these occasions I never failed to show them the foolishness of their wishes, and to assure them that they had it in their power to be equally as happy as Fred Sherbourne. "For my own part," I would say, "he is rather the object of my pity than my envy. If he should have the money he expects is in store for him, I much question whether he will not squander a large portion of it away; and if he should not have it, depend upon it, he will feel grievously disappointed. In either case I pity him."

Time discloses all things. One morning, as I was walking down the village, the heavy tolling of the bell fell on my ears, and on inquiring who it was for, I was informed it was for old Mr. Sherbourne. My informant remarked that however wealthy he might have been, he could not arrest the arm of death. He added, "I dare say we shall now see some fine doings. Master Frederick will no doubt leave his cottage and take a fine mansion. The old gentleman's

money will no doubt come forth from its hiding-place." I simply remarked in reply, that "Time discloses all things."

It was a few days after the death of old Mr. Sherbourne that time disclosed the fact of his not being so rich as he was reported to be. On calling upon my old companion Fred to condole with him on the loss of his parent, I perceived that there was sorrow on his brow for something more than for the loss of his parent. Indeed, when I uttered a few sentences of condolence on his loss, he scarcely seemed to notice them. No, no; that was not all that he sorrowed for. He probably felt the death of his parent, but he soon disclosed the secret that he had other cause for grief. Having expressed my hope that his expectations had been realised, Fred uttered a deep sigh, and replied that as to the matter of money, he could not say that they were: he expected to have had twenty times more than was left to him. Where his father's wealth was gone to, he could not say: but he certainly was not so rich as might have been expected, and as had been reported.

In order to soothe the sorrows of my old friend, I suggested to him, that if he was not so rich as he had expected, there could be no doubt but sufficient was left him to enable him to live in the same style, if not in a superior style, to his deceased parent.

"That may be," Fred interrupted; "but you,

and all my companions, know how I intended to live when I came into my fortune. I dare say I shall be taunted by many of them, although I feel that you will not act thus towards me. However, I may yet show that I can live as I intended. Money, you know, gets money; and my mind is made up to leave this cottage and go to London, where I may use what I have to advantage. I am my own master now, at all events, and if there is any possibility of becoming rich, I will be so in a few years. You may yet see me drive through our village in a carriage, instead of the old chaise now in the stable."

It was in vain that I endeavoured to change Fred Sherbourne's views, and to press upon him the lesson of contentment. His mind was made up; he would employ the *few* thousands left him in getting more, so that he might live in the style he desired. In a few weeks, indeed, all the goods and chattels of Rose Cottage were disposed of by auction, and Fred took his departure for London. As he shook me by the hand for the last time, I ventured to whisper into his ear this advice:—"Whatever you embark in, Fred, be careful; if you do not act prudently, you may lose the wealth which God has bestowed upon you, instead of adding thereto."

Fred Sherbourne promised to act upon my advice. "Depend upon it," he said, "I will be careful: and you may rest assured of one day seeing me again as I wish to be seen." He

promised to write to let me know how he succeeded, but week after week, and month after month passed away, and nothing was heard of him. I often thought of him, and wondered that he did not write. Sometimes I concluded that he was getting so wealthy that he had forgotten his old companions, and at others, I would fancy that his expectations had again been disappointed, and that therefore he was ashamed to write. My old companions, who had mostly left the vicinity in which we had been brought up together, used frequently to inquire by letter whether I had seen or heard any thing of "Frederick Sherbourne, Esquire," and whether I had had "the honour of riding with him in his carriage and four." As for themselves, they informed me that they could hear nothing of him: he was too great a man to let them discover him. At length, however, one of them, who resided in London, wrote to me thus:—

"My dear Friend,

"On reading the list of bankrupts, the other day, I saw this announcement: 'Sherbourne, Frederick, Leadenhall Street, merchant, to surrender October 19th, November 23. Solicitor, Mr. Harper, Old Jewry; official assignee, Mr. Grant, Coleman Street.' 'Can this be my old companion, Fred Sherbourne?' I thought to myself; and on conceiving the thought that it might be him, I immediately sallied out with

the view of ascertaining. And, would you believe it? I found that it was our old companion, and that he has not only spent all his money, but is also so much in debt that his creditors will not receive, at the most, more than the eighth part of their dues. I am sorry for our old friend, though he did sometimes despise us when he was in the expectation of his great wealth, as he used to call it. As for you, I know you will commiserate him, and seek to find out the garret to which he may have retreated. I cannot go so far as this, but if you should call upon me at any time for something to assist him, you will find both my heart and my pocket open.

"I am, my dear friend,

"Yours faithfully,

"ARTHUR WARREN."

"And so my worst fears are realised in reference to Fred Sherbourne's riches," I ejaculated, as I laid down this letter. "He had better have been bred up to the profession his parent desired, for then he might yet possibly recover his reputation. As it is, I fear it is gone forever: few of his old companions could relieve him to any great extent, and if they could, it would scarcely be wise. If he has run through thousands, it would not be very difficult for him to get rid of a few hundreds more. All that can be done is to assist him to some light employment, which he may be capable of undertaking; but this, I

fear, will ill accord with his former notions. He may even despise such assistance."

Fred Sherbourne's pride, however, was humbled. One of his old companions, on being written to, obtained him a situation in a counting-house, where he now labours for a livelihood, and which he accepted with thankfulness. Often has he expressed his regret that he had not been contented with his lot, for then he might have lived free from all anxiety and care. It appears, indeed, that Fred Sherbourne might have been an independent man, in the true sense of the word, had he been disposed to have lived on the means left him by his father. Ambition was his bane: he desired wealth, and he grasped poverty. Well had it been for him, if he would have adopted these sentiments of the poet:—

"My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss,
That God or Nature hath assign'd.
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

"Content I live; this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice:
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies.
Lo! thus I triumph like a king.
Content with that my mind doth bring.

"I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall;
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all;

These get with toil, and keep with fear;
Such cares my mind could never bear.

"No princely pomp nor wealthy store,
No force to win a victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to win a lover's eye.
For none of these I yield as thrall;
For why? my mind despiseth all."—DYER

CHAPTER VIII.

THE REFLECTING BOY: LINES FROM WORDSWORTH.—FRED SHERBOURNE'S CONJECTURES.—ALFRED ROWLAND.—HIS CHARACTER VINDICATED BY MYSELF.—A GAME OF CRICKET.—ALFRED'S ARRIVAL ON THE CRICKET GROUND.—HIS PLEA FOR HIS LATE APPEARANCE.—DISCOURSES ON THE WONDERS OF CREATION.—FRED SHERBOURNE'S INTERRUPTION.—ALFRED'S REJOINDER—ALFRED'S EXAMPLE FOLLOWED BY MYSELF.—OUR SOLITARY RAMBLES.—JOINED OCCASIONALLY BY OUR COMPANIONS.—FRED SHERBOURNE'S CONFESSION OF INFERIORITY.—ALFRED'S REPUTATION.—LINES ON THE BEAUTIES OF THE MIND.—THE ATTAINMENT OF KNOWLEDGE URGED.—THE HAPPY WARRIOR: LINES FROM WORDSWORTH.

"He had received
A precious gift; for as he grew in years,
With these impressions would he still compare
All his remembrances, thoughts, shapes, and forms;
And being still unsatisfied with aught
Of dimmer character, he thence attain'd
An active power to fasten images
Upon his brain; and on their pictured lines
Intensely brooded, ev'n till they acquired
The liveliness of dreams. Nor did he fail
While yet a child, with a child's eagerness
Incessantly to turn his ear and eye
On all things which the moving seasons brought
To feed such appetite—nor this alone
Appeased his yearning: in the after day
Of boyhood, many an hour in caves forlorn,
And mid the hollow depths of naked crags
He sate; and ev'n in their fixed lineaments,
Or from the power of a peculiar eye,
Or by creative feeling overborne,
Or by predominance of thought oppress'd
Ev'n in their fixed and steady lineaments,
He traced an ebbing and a flowing mind,
Expression ever varying." WORDSWORTH.

"Most likely he is gone to watch the setting of the sun," said Fred Sherbourne, as he twirled his gold-headed cane in the faces of his companions. "Most likely he is gone to watch the setting of the sun. Or it may be," he added, as he gave his gold-headed cane another twirl, "that he is insect-hunting. He may even be standing over a frog leaping in the pathway before him, with his hands lifted up in admiration of its wonderful structure. He is a singular being. For my own part, I cannot say that I like solitude. It is very well to take a walk in the fields, but when I do this I like to have a companion with me. I cannot think what pleasure he can find in leading such a hermit-like life. He cannot possibly discover any thing new every evening, and yet he is always wonder-seeking. I pity him: and rather than wait any longer for him, I think we had all better take our coats off, and begin our game. If we do not do so pretty quickly, we shall, like him, only have come out this fine evening to watch the setting of the sun."

It was thus that Fred Sherbourne addressed myself and his companions as we were resting each on our cricket-bats, waiting for Alfred Rowland. As he ceased, the general opinion was, that we should wait a little longer before we commenced our game. He had a pressing invitation to join us in "the lea:" and as he had not replied, it was most likely that he would come.

'He may come, and he may be coming," replied Fred Sherbourne; "but the question is, what time will he be here? It is a full mile from his house, and he will find so many wonders on his road, that I will venture to say he will, in pondering over them, forget our invitation; or, if he does not forget it, his cogitations will so delay him that he will not reach the lea before it is time to draw our stumps. My opinion is, that if we want to have a game, we should forthwith commence, and let Alfred join in with us when he comes, *if* he comes in time."

As he said this, Fred Sherbourne laid his gold-headed cane on the grass, and began to prepare for action. His companions, however, still rested on their bats leisurely, hoping every moment to see Alfred appear. While thus at our ease I took occasion to eulogize Alfred's character. "After all," "I observed, "I am not certain but that Alfred Rowland is in the right, and that we are all in the wrong. Well do I recollect the lesson which my dear old schoolmaster, Mr. White, gave his pupils, ont he importance of seeking knowledge in our early years. Now this is exactly what Alfred Rowland is doing; and, whoever lives to see it, depend upon it he will be our superior in manhood. I do not mean to insinuate that any of you altogether neglect to seek knowledge; but then I believe that not one of us seeks it so earnestly as Alfred Rowland, and therefore we are not so

likely to obtain it to the extent he will. And that the possession of knowledge is a desirable thing not one of you will deny. And how can it be obtained without it is ardently sought after? The wise man persuades youth to become familiar with wisdom in these words :—

'My son, keep my words,
And lay up my commandments with thee.
Keep my commandments and live;
And my law as the apple of thine eye.
Bind them upon thy fingers,
Write them upon the table of thine heart.
Say unto Wisdom, Thou art my sister;
And call Understanding thy kinswoman.'—*Prov.* vii. 1--4.

"Solomon also thus speaks of the desirableness of wisdom for the blessedness it bringeth :—

'Now therefore hearken unto us, O ye children:
For blessed are they that keep my ways.
Hear instruction, and be wise,
And refuse it not.
Blessed is the man that heareth me,
Watching daily at my gates,
Waiting at the posts of my doors.
For whoso findeth me findeth life,
And shall obtain favour of the Lord.
But he that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul:
All they that hate me love death.'—*Prov.* viii. 32—36.

I must say," I added, "that I half envy Alfred Rowland for his studious habits: depend upon it, one day he will make a greater noise in the world than all of us put together. Fred Sherbourne in his carriage and four will be nothing to him."

A hearty laugh at this hit on Fred Sherbourne's vanity went the round of my companions, and as they ceased, Alfred Rowland not yet having appeared, each one instinctively prepared for our game of double wicket. We played with ardour till we could no longer see where the ball went, and then we drew our stumps. In our ardour we had fairly forgotten Alfred Rowland; but on approaching the gateway of "the lea" we perceived him coming towards us. "Did I not tell you," said Fred Sherbourne, as he gave his gold-headed cane a most triumphant twirl; "did I not tell you that he would not make his appearance before our game was finished?"

"It scarcely required an atom of sagacity to foresee that, Fred," I replied; "I have no doubt but Alfred has been better employed."

"Ask him," said Fred, nothing abashed at my doubt of his sagacity; "ask him how many insects he has pondered over this evening? And whether he discovered any thing new in them? Whether they had any thing but bodies, heads, wings, eyes, legs, and all the et-ceteras that usually make up an insect? If he has, then he will not have been a wonder-seeking in vain."

"I shall ask him no impertinent question, Fred," I rejoined: "I shall meet him as a companion whose character I admire, and whose example I would imitate."

"Bless me," interrupted Fred, as he gave his gold-headed cane a jerk rather than a twirl; "I should not wonder if you became an insect hunter and admirer; or, in other words, a wonder-seeker."

"I may," I replied laconically; and hastening forward grasped the hand of Alfred Rowland. "I am sorry, Alfred," I remarked, "that you did not join us this evening. As you did not reply to our invitation, we fully expected you, and were grieved to begin our game without you. We were all disappointed when we found that you did not come, and none more so than myself."

"I really beg pardon most sincerely," rejoined Alfred, "for not having reached you before. But, to tell you the truth, I have been loitering on the road, looking at the works of creation. I started full half an hour before the time I had any occasion, in order to be at the lea at the hour named; but for all this, you see I have only reached you in time to walk home with you. But really you must excuse me: you know my habits. And, in truth, there is so much to admire in the works of creation, and so much to be daily discovered therein, that I almost wonder that I have reached you now. Shakspeare has well said, that a contemplative mind finds—

'Tongues in trees—books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones—and good in ev'ry thing."

Creation contains miracles of wonders; and I have been amazed this evening at the thought, that the variety of beautiful obects that passed before my eyes all spring from nothing. It is, indeed, wonderful to observe by what a gradual progress the world of life advances. Some living creatures are only raised just above dead matter, others have only the senses of feeling and taste, others can likewise hear, some may also smell and have sight, but most of them are a considerable time before they are complete in their senses; and when they are complete some animals appear to have them in greater perfection than others. Instinct also varies much in animals: some have but little, while amongst others it rises till it becomes almost akin to reason. And how infinitely various are the features of the animal world. Really, when I ponder over the boundless variety of objects displayed in creation, I am lost in wonder and admiration. The whole universe may be considered as a museum of the natural works of God, and I pity those who pass them by unheeded."

"But surely," interrupted Fred Sherbourne, twirling his gold-headed cane, "surely, Alfred, you don't mean to say that you can discover any thing new in creation every time you walk across the fields. A butterfly, for instance, can be but a butterfly to-morrow, the same as it is to-day."

"It may be a butterfly only in name" rejoin-

ed Alfred Rowland; "but I look to more than the name of the insect. *I* look at the structure and the endless variety of colours which that insect presents to our view. The butterfly, Fred Sherbourne, is an object of wonder in the creation. You scarcely can find two alike; and in viewing the beauty of even the meanest among the tribe, I am at all times constrained to ask, with the poet Thomson,—

> 'Who can paint
> Like nature? Can imagination boast,
> Amid his gay creation, lines like these?
> And can he mix them with that matchless skill,
> And lay them on so delicately fine?'

"Hervey, in his Meditations, makes these sensible remarks:—'The beauties of creation are far beyond the refinements of art, the pageantry of theatres, the glitterings of assemblies, or the ornaments of palaces. If we properly inspect the stately volume of the creation, every leaf is a wide plain, every line a flowing brook, and every period as a lofty mountain. In the works of creation we scarcely know which to admire most; their endless variety or their beautiful simplicity, and above all, their perfect execution. All human performances, the more they are scanned, the more imperfect they appear; but the works of nature have stood the test of the most minute investigation for near six thousand years, and appear more and more beautiful.' To me," continued Alfred, "creation is a

perpetual feast; it is both cheering and delightful to meditate upon its wonders, and you will pardon me, my companions, when I say that I am never more happy than when I am thus employed. Creation affords a fund of pleasure to my imagination. And then how delightful it is sometimes to take a book, and, sitting on the moss-grown bank, to read it without distraction. These are the greatest pleasures of my life, and while I am pursuing what may appear a novel course to many of you, I have the satisfaction of feeling that I am preparing myself for usefulness in the world. I always keep this sentence in one of our old copy slips in mind: —'Youth is the season for improvement.'"

Some of the sentiments uttered by Alfred Rowland contained a very quiet reproof to most of his old companions, but I do not think any one felt it more keenly than did Fred Sherbourne. As I glanced my eye towards him, I perceived that he was touched to the quick, and I have no doubt that, if he had been of a quarrelsome disposition, he would have picked a quarrel with Alfred for treading, if I may so express it, "so hard upon his toes." For myself, I resolved to profit by it, and to follow Alfred's example more than I had ever done before. Hitherto, indeed, I had often accompanied Alfred in his solitary walks, but I now resolved to accompany him oftener. From that time, therefore, I became a close companion to Alfred Row-

land. Evening after evening have we walked arm in arm far from the busy haunts of men, discoursing of the wonders of creation, and admiring the beauties it unfolded on every hand. Sometimes we would take our seats on the margin of the rippling stream, watching the fish as they glided along, or the various insects that were skimming on its surface. It was very rarely that we were interrupted in our employment; but occasionally our old companions would seek us out in our solitude, and compel us to join them in a ramble. "You are not going to occupy solitude alone always," they would say; "you shall have company sometimes, although you may not like it. If you do not come to us—we will come to you. And now," they would add, jokingly, "what new wonder have you to point out to us this fine evening, Alfred? Surely you ought to show us some rare insect, or some rare blade of grass, or some rare specimen of a frog, or toad, or newt. Or perhaps you can bid us listen to some rare sound which we have not heard before. The cuckoo, perhaps, may have learnt another note since last spring, or the woodpigeon may have learnt to sing the song of the nightingale. It will be hard at all events if you cannot point out to us something new. You must recollect that you once said 'Nature was your library;' you ought, therefore, to show us something that is rare and curious therein."

Alfred Rowland usually received this banter with a good-natured smile, and in a few minutes would very quietly point out something which our old companions themselves confessed that they had never dreamt of as existing. At the same time none of them ever showed an ardent disposition to follow in Alfred's track. It was not many years, indeed, before they felt their inferiority to Alfred, and were compelled to look up to him as pupils to their master. Even Fred Sherbourne confessed that Alfred had outstripped most, if not all of us, as regarded knowledge: "but then," he added, on one occasion, "I do not require it as he does. Being one among many children, he will be required to use his knowledge in order to obtain a livelihood; but I being the only child, shall live as a gentleman. And notwithstanding his knowledge, I much question, whether I shall not make the greatest noise in the world. A man who rides in his carriage with a 'Sir' preceding, or 'Esquire' following his name, will surely be thought more of than a man who walks along the by-paths of life, who creeps his way by the hedge-side, however full his head may be of knowledge."

"Those who live longest will see most, Fred," I rejoined; "but I have still no hesitation in saying, that Alfred Rowland will be the greatest man amongst us, whoever may live to see it. You may ride rough-shod over him

in the matter of wealth, but you will only be known in your neighborhood, while he, one day, I will venture to assert, will be known for his talents and his learning to all the world."

Although I have no pretensions to the character of a prophet, yet my predictions concerning the fame of Alfred Rowland have proved true. He still walks along the by-paths of life, and creeps his way by the hedge-side, but he is known for his talents and his learning on both sides of the Atlantic. He has the high satisfaction of knowing that his activity in intellectual pursuits in early years has fitted him to become one of the noblest characters the world can produce—AN INSTRUCTOR OF MANKIND.

"The rose, the sweetly blooming rose,
Ere from the tree 'tis torn,
Is like the charms which beauty shows
In life's exulting morn.

"But, oh! how soon its sweets are gone!
How soon it withering lies!
So, when the eve of life comes on,
Sweet beauty fades and dies.

"Then since the fairest form that's made
Soon withering we shall find
Let us possess what ne'er will fade—
The beauties of the mind."—Fox.

It was "the beauties of mind," that Alfred Rowland sought after in his youth, and having sought, found. Youth was his seed-time; he is now reaping his harvest, in which many of

his fellow-creatures partake. His career affords a fine lesson to every one of my young readers to be careful to store up knowledge while they are yet young. They may not gain the reputation for learning and wisdom that Alfred Rowland has, but they may depend upon it they would fit themselves for being more useful in the world, and would enjoy much happiness in after life if they followed his example. There is not a more pitiable sight in nature than to see a youth grow up heedless of knowledge. When the former part of life has been spent idly, and has been nothing but vanity, the latter part of it can prove nothing but vexation. There is not, indeed, a greater inlet to misery and vice of all kinds, than the not knowing how to pass our vacant hours. By acting as Alfred Rowland did, youth would know what to do with every minute, and the habit of mental activity would become so permanent as to afford a fund of delight in age. But if knowledge is neglected in youth, it will be in vain to seek it in after years. The seed time will then be passed: the enterprising and spirited ardour of youth being over without having been applied to this noble purpose for which it was given, all ambition of excelling upon generous and laudable schemes will stagnate. If some poor expedient is not resorted to in order to deceive time, the length of a day will appear the length of a week, from a lack of enjoyment. No, no, my young friends, there is

no time like that of youth for storing up knowledge. Then is the time to gather in your stores for the winter of old age. My advice is, therefore, that you should strive, by all the means in your power, to obtain knowledge. Seek it in the works of creation—seek it in books—seek it in society—seek it everywhere. It may be found on every hand if sought after, and if sought after in a right spirit, depend upon it, will be found. Solomon represents Wisdom and Knowledge as having built a house, and prepared a feast for all who chose to be entertained. He says:—

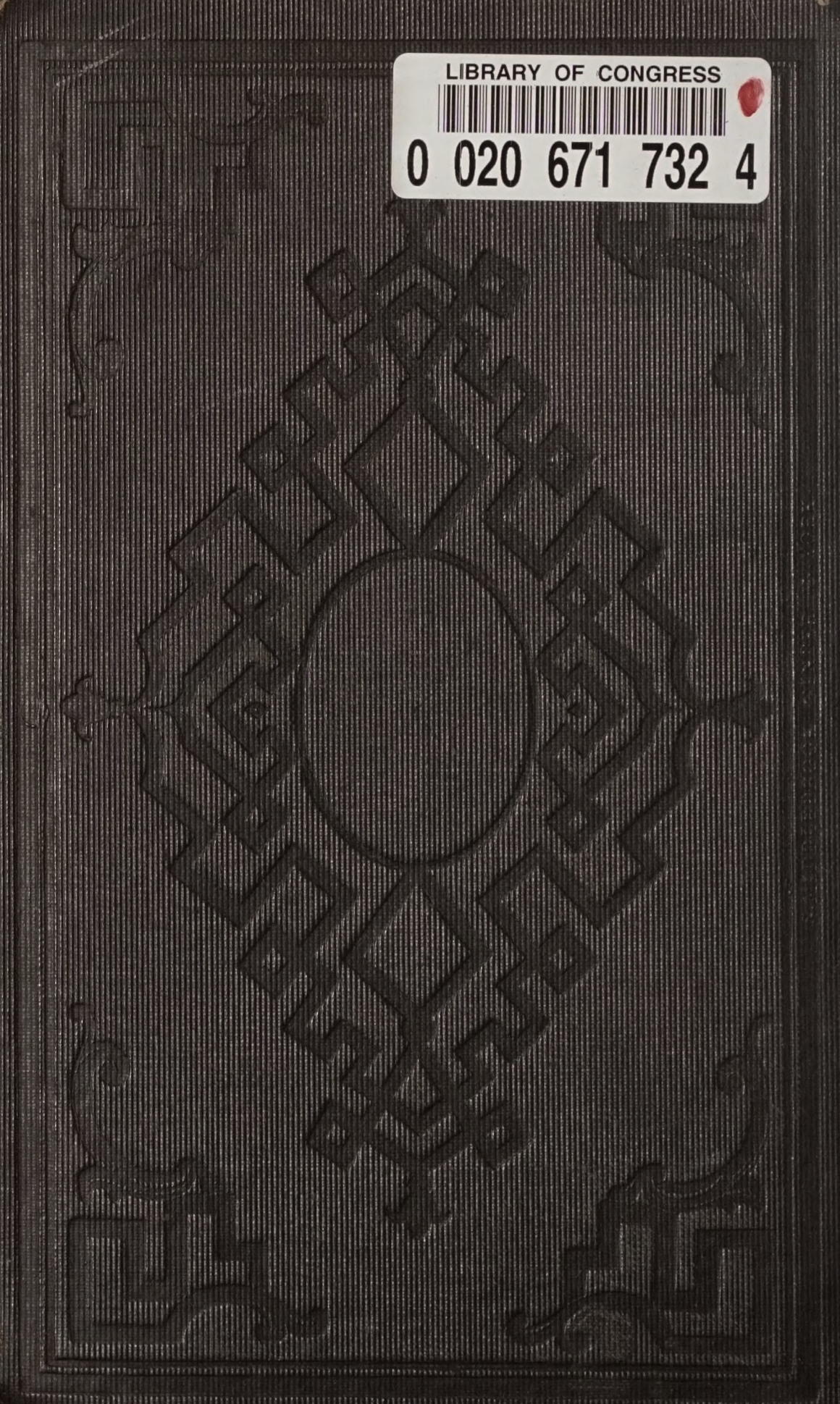
"Wisdom hath builded her house,
She hath hewn out her seven pillars;
She hath killed her beasts;
She hath mingled her wine; she hath also furnished her table.
She hath sent forth her maidens:
She crieth upon the highest places of the city,
Whoso is simple, let him turn in hither:
As for him that wanteth understanding, she saith to him,
Come, eat of my bread,
And drink of the wine which I have mingled.
Forsake the foolish, and live;
And go in the way of understanding."—*Prov.* ix. 1—6

This passage from the wise man affords great encouragement to the young to seek knowledge. If they will only seek, if they only want understanding, they may have it.

"Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?

It is the generous spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleas'd his childish thought.
Whose high endeavours are an inward light,
That makes the path before him always bright;
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care—
* * * * * * * * *

It is the man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,
Or left unthought of in obscurity,
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse to his wish or not,
Plays in the many games of life that one
Where what we most doth value may be won;
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward persevering to the last,
From well to better daily, self-surpass'd;
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth—
Or he must go to dust without his fame,
And leave a dead, unprofitable name—
Finds comfort in himself, and in his cause;
And while the moral mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:
This is the happy warrior; this is he
Whom every man in arms should wish to be."

WORDSWORTH.

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